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Australian PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 1980

SPECIAL HOLIDAY ISSUE

AROUND THE WORLD IN A DAZE: OUR GLOBETROTTING POLITICANS

NOOSA: THE JET-SET PLAYGROUND

RICHARD NEVILLE'S SUPPER WITH THE DEVIL

SHOCK ROCK JIMMY & THE BOYS

PET OF THE YEAR RUNNER-UP

CHRISTINE & LOUISE ROBERTS - FIRST TIME A WOMAN

BONUS PULL-OUT CHERYL RIXON POSTER CALENDAR

Australian Wine Vintages
Robin Bradley
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The BENSON and HEDGES Company
ORLANDO STEINGARTEN RHINE RIESLING
1966 6 Now
1967 5 Now
1968 6 Now
1969 5 1981
1970 6 1981
1971 7 1984
1972 6 1985
1973 to 1975 Not produced
1976 7 1981
1977 Not produced
1978 6 1982
1979 6 1983
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1976 7 1984
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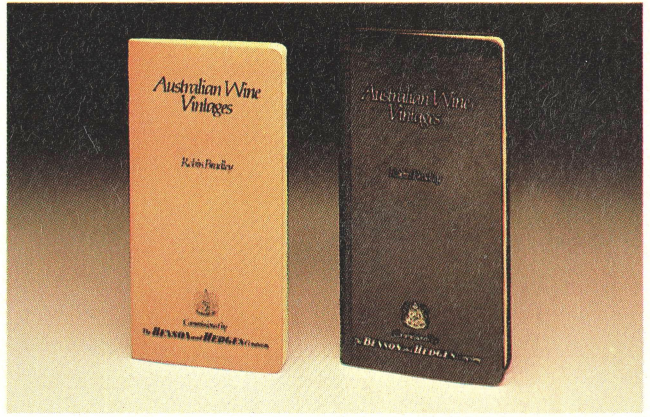
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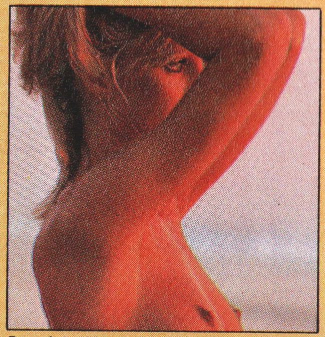
PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Australian Men/February 1980

CONTENTS

			PAGE
COVER	Debora Zullo	Photo by Bob Guccione	
HOUSECALL	Introduction		4
FORUM	Correspondence		6
FEEDBACK	Opinion		17
ARE YOU LOVABLE?	Quiz		21
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment		25
SCENES	Where the action is		26
PARLIAMENTARY JETSETTERS	Article	John Hampshire	34
THE IRON FIST OF FERDINAND MARCOS	Article	Steven Lee	46
DRIVE, SHE SAID/DANIELLE	Pictorial	Photos by Stan Malinowski	53
SURFERS IN PARADISE	Article	Frank Robson	62
JIMMY AND THE BOYS	Article	Glenn A. Baker	70
MERMAID MAGIC/LYN	Pictorial	Photos by Daniel Nolan	77
DRUGS: POWERS YES, PROGRESS NO	Advise and Dissent	David Hirst	90
FIRST TIME A WOMAN/CHRISTINE and LOUISE	Pictorial	Photos by Paul Abel	92
SUPPER WITH THE DEVIL	Article	Richard Neville	98
PET OF THE YEAR RUNNER-UP/DEBORA	Pictorial	Photos by Bob Guccione	105
TRIGGER	Fiction	Richard Owen	116
THE DISPOSAL DRESS-UP	Fashion		124
LEE MARVIN	Interview	Fred Robbins	128
HOOKED ON THE MARLIN GAME	Article	Phil Jarratt	136
REVIEWS			
FILMS		Alex Anthony	145
TV		Neal Akerman	147
SOUNDS		Phil Jarratt/Carol Ashdown/John Clare	148
WORDS		Edited by John Hampshire	151
THROUGH A LENS SHARPLY	Cameras		154
ALIENS OF THE DREAMTIME	Article	Dennis Hancock	158
OH, WICKED WANDA	Satire	Frederic Mullally/Ron Embleton	164
A SAAB FOR ALL SEASONS	Motoring	John Hampshire	172

Surfers in Paradise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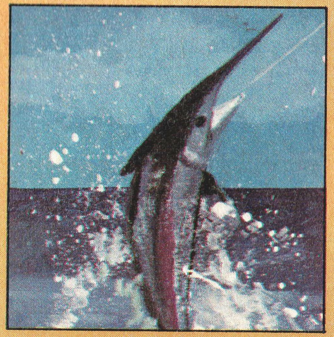
Hooked on the Marlin Game

Aliens of the Dreamtime

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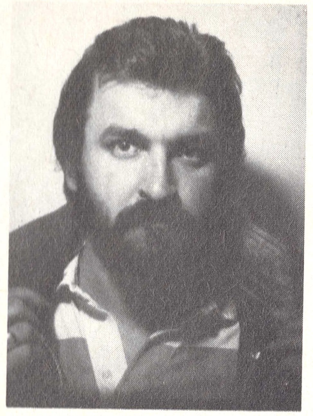
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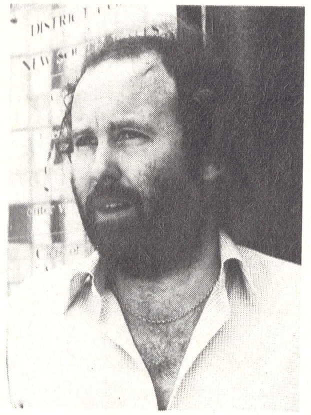
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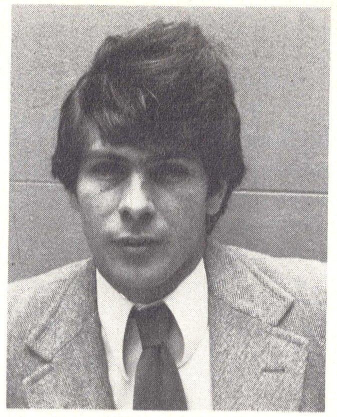
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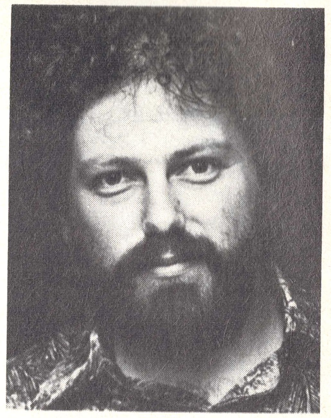
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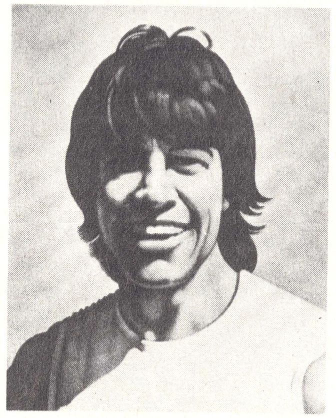
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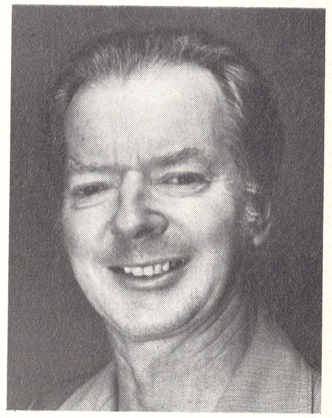
Dennis Hancock

HOUSECALL

There was a time, perhaps before the youth revolution of the early Sixties when some people trusted, even admired, some politicians. During the Seventies it seemed most politicians did their damnedest to eradicate what pockets of trust existed. And now, as we survey the wreckage of the Seventies we find among the lusty proponents of the Me Generation were the people we elected to serve us. The politicians of this country have been in the vanguard of the perk-grabbing, lurk-exploiting phenomenon of the decade.

In this issue *Australian Penthouse* surveys the global gallivanting of our politicians. **Frank Robson** in Brisbane, **Martin Riordan** in Sydney, **David Hirst** in Melbourne, **Terry Plane** in Adelaide and **Dennis Hancock** in Perth delved among the documents and distractions to find the cost — to you, the taxpayer — of MPs' overseas "study" tours. Their reports, brought together by senior editor **John Hampshire**, are particularly apt at this time of the year. As we say in our introduction, while you pay through the nose for your summer holiday, you've already paid dearly for the wanderings of the people you elected.

Talking of paying a high price for fun by the sand and surf: There is no place in Australia like Noosa Heads. Created by nature as a haven of sun and balmy seas, it has been taken over by the nation's rich as the most "in" place to be seen, summer or winter. **Frank Robson** reports on the strange mixture of hippies, born-again surfers, and the Porsche brigade of real-life monopoly players from the South who have made Noosa unique. The article is illustrated by **Tony Pyrzakowski**.

Further north in Queensland there exists a different kind of magnet for international holiday-makers. It is the giant black marlin, a superb fish sought after by the likes of actor Lee Marvin, filmmaker John Frankenheimer and the few Australians who can afford to hire boats at $1000 a day. The marlin is also under threat from Japanese long-line fishermen, but as senior editor **Phil Jarratt** reports, the commercial fishers are the last thing in the mind of the adrenelin junkies who chase the ultimate experience at sea. Marvin, who makes an annual visit to Cairns is famous for other reasons, and in this issue he talks about his precedent-setting battle against his former lover, Michelle. Marvin fought Michelle's claim that she should be legally treated as a wife, in spite of the fact they never married. To a chorus of relief around the world, Marvin won.

This issue we also cover both ends of the showbiz spectrum. **Glenn A. Baker**, the Australian editor of *Billboard* magazine, reports on Jimmy and the Boys, the nation's most outrageous rock group. Jimmy and the Boys turn shock into rock to the delight of a bored and gullible affluent middle-class audience. The photographs are by **Bob King**. On the other end of the scale we focus on **Christine Roberts** and her sister **Louise** who have caused more than a ripple in the sedate club circuits with their new album of sensuous songs, *First Time a Woman*. **Paul Abel** took the pictures.

The Roberts sisters are a bonus pictorial. Our Pet of the Month is **Lyn Barron**, from Queensland's Gold Coast, photographed by **Daniel Nolan**, who is making his debut in *Australian Penthouse*. Other Pets are the beautiful **Debbie Zullo**, who was runner-up to our own Cheryl Rixon for the Pet of the Year title in America. Debbie came to Australia last September with US publisher and editor-in-chief, **Bob Guccione**, and these pictures were taken in Italy on her return trip to the US. The fourth pictorial features delectable **Danielle Ginibre**, a fast lady from California. You'll see why we say fast on Page 53.

Martin Sharp again provides the haunting artwork for his former *Oz* mate **Richard Neville's** account of the marauding Charles Sobhraj. This is the second instalment from *The Life and Crimes of Charles Sobhraj* (Jonathon Cape), soon to be published in Australia. On other fronts, **Steven Lee** reports on Australia's nearest dictator, Ferdinand Marcos of the Philippines (with illustration by **Nicholas Harding**,) and **Ted Blackall** provided the art for Trigger, an extract from the forthcoming novel *Nightmare*, by **Richard Owen**.

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FEBRUARY

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which a panel of experts will discuss with and advise readers on the physical and emotional problems arising in day-to-day life. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

No confidence

I am a 26-year-old woman and I have a nine-year-old son and a 10-year-old daughter. As you can see, I got married when I was very young.

At the time I was very ignorant about sex and marriage. I could write a book about the hell I went through during my seven years of marriage. I am now divorced.

My problem is that I am extremely self-conscious about my body, especially my buttocks, which are rather shrunken. I am also self-conscious about my breasts. I've tried exercises and developers to make them larger and fuller, but nothing helped.

About a year before my divorce my husband and I checked into surgery and breast implants. We just couldn't afford it.

I believe that my attitude about my body helped ruin my marriage. I love sex, but my feelings about myself inhibit me.

There are certain positions I can't bring myself to use when the lights are on. I feel very unsexy in them because of the way my buttocks look.

When my clothes are on, I think I'm attractive. I have blue eyes, blonde hair, a good complexion, and a dimple in my chin. I love to dress sexily.

When my girlfriend and I go out dancing, which I love, I never lack male attention. Men tell me how beautiful and sexy I am. They also tell me I have a look of innocence, and that I'm too modest. I'm not! But I can't help thinking they wouldn't find me so sexy with my clothes off.

I've met a wonderful man and we're very much in love. With him I'm enjoying emotions that I thought I'd never feel again.

He thinks I'm beautiful naked. I know I should be grateful and accept what he says, but I can't overcome the feeling of being inadequate when I'm nude. The only time I'm not self-conscious is when I've had a few drinks in me. I want to feel confident when I'm stone-cold sober!

I've tried everything to overcome my lack of confidence. I went to counselling but it didn't help. I've even prayed.

I've heard it said that it isn't what you have or haven't got that's important, it's how you use it — but I give everything I've got to my man and it doesn't stop this feeling I have.

I don't know of anything besides surgery that could fix my buttocks. What about my breasts? Is there anything I can do to make my breasts larger or firmer?

I've heard that once the breast tissues are broken down there's nothing one can do. If I can't change my feelings or my body, what can I do? I'd appreciate any advice you could give me. — *Mrs S.P., Queensland.*

Frankly, you've tried most of the things we would suggest. We would have advised dressing sexily, going to dances or single bars, getting (hopefully) involved intimately with a man, getting professional help — all of which you've done. And still you're not convinced.

You've been lucky enough to get involved with a man who loves you and is turned on by your body, but even that has not been sufficient to overcome your innermost fears about yourself.

You might visit a plastic surgeon and ask him if cosmetic surgery is feasible. Your self-consciousness about your body seems so painful and so deeply rooted that surgery might be worth the money, time, and pain involved.

You might also consider group therapy, or a counsellor trained in a whole other school of therapy, for example, behavior therapy.

If this fails, you'll just have to carry on with what you've got that you do find attractive. It may be that your expectations for yourself are just too high and unrealistic.

Marriage fears

I was recently married. My husband is 24 and I am 21. We knew each other

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intimately for about three years before our marriage. My husband had had a few affairs with other women before we met. He is the only man I have had sexual relations with.

I have some traits which I guess you would consider bad for a relationship. I am quite jealous, and although I am better than average looking and slim, I feel insecure and inferior when my husband says another woman looks nice. I get really upset and nasty to him and feel rotten about it afterwards. My husband feels that we should both have extramarital affairs if we desire them. He doesn't think I should become upset because he wants to experience other people and he thinks I should have other lovers, too. I sometimes tell my husband that I feel the need to experience other men, but I really don't want to get involved in another relationship. I don't feel that I am ready now to attempt any sort of affair.

I would like to be able to have a free relationship with my husband, but sometimes I feel so mixed up and so infuriated at the idea of his being with another woman that I can hardly contain myself. It disturbs me that I become so emotional and upset when discussing this problem that I am hardly rational.

Please, try to help me accept or at least understand this situation so that if my husband does see other women, I can cope with the situation and not feel threatened by it. — *Mrs S.K., address withheld.*

In our society today, jealousy is often too simply regarded as a bad thing. Jealousy is not "good" or "bad" — it's a complicated feeling bound up with a complex of needs and values. The feeling can be experienced at different emotional levels and with different degrees of intensity.

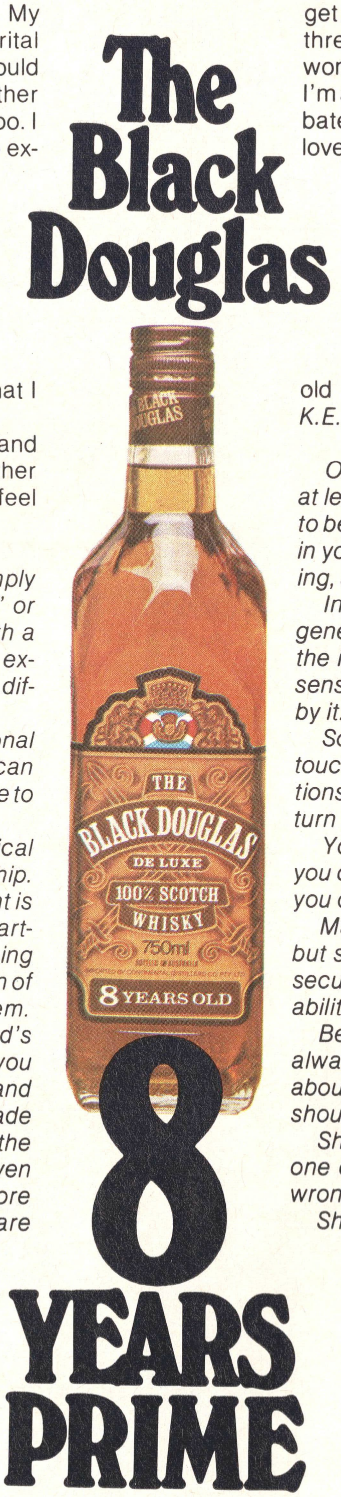
Some people marry for a combination of emotional and physical satisfactions they feel their spouse can uniquely provide, but at the same time they continue to want a variety of physical outlets.

They see extramarital affairs as a friendly physical sharing only, not as a threat to the marital relationship. When both partners feel that way, the arrangement is fine. However, in situations like yours, where one partner sees extramarital sex as a casual though enriching experience, while the other sees it as an expression of dissatisfaction with the marriage, there is a problem.

You probably feel pressured by your husband's desire for extramarital sex. You seem to feel that you are the uptight one, the one who ought to change, and at the same time you resent the demands being made on you. It would be very natural for you to react to the feeling of being pressured by resisting change even further. For example, you might find that the more your husband brings up the problem, the more you are horrified by imaginging him in bed with another person.

For him, feeling attraction to another woman is not an expression of dissatisfaction with you; he just likes variety. On the other hand, your husband should accept that right now love for you involves a sense of possessing and being possessed and that you are afraid of losing him.

Today you are jealous about sharing your partner with another woman. Tomorrow, next year, your feelings may be different. It's also possible they may not; you may never be comfortable sharing your husband. However, as you grow more secure and self-confident the intensity of your jealous feelings will probably diminish.



Starved man

I am a 62-year-old working executive. I'm a little heavy, but I'm considered good-looking. I've been married almost 40 years.

My children are now married and have wonderful families of their own. My wife is six years younger than me and she has never enjoyed sex in any form.

I have tried hard to get her to enjoy different things, but nothing turns her on. I can only get normal love at night in bed.

I have tried many things, but with her it's always, "Hurry up and get it over with". As a result, I haven't had any sex in three months, and I'm starving. I watch all the young women go by; they smile at me and I smile back, but I'm afraid to approach any of them. Yes, I have masturbated, but I hate it because I feel that I need a woman. I love to caress a female body and satisfy it. I still like and want sex, but what can I do? I went to see a shrink and he told me to look for another woman, but it's hard to do that. Not many women want a 62-year-old man, and I live way out in the country where women are few and far between. Even were I to meet women, it would be hard for me to be promiscuous, since I'm rather well known in my community. Please help me. I'm not a dirty old man, just a man who needs and wants sex. — *K.E., Victoria.*

Obviously your wife is a mystery to you, but you are at least as much of a mystery to her. Perhaps the way to begin improving your sex life is to try to put yourself in your wife's place, to try to imagine what she is feeling, and to help her tell you herself what she is feeling.

In sexual relationships like yours, the problem is generally that one partner can get turned on despite all the insecurity and tension, while the other partner is sensitive to emotional tension and sexually turned off by it.

Some people, like yourself, can find satisfaction by touching, forgetting any strains that may exist in a relationship. In other words, you can tune out your wife and turn on her body.

Your wife's turned-off state doesn't turn you off — you can just blot it out. Your wife, however, can't tune you out this way.

Maybe she could if she felt less pressured by you, but she is probably very sensitive to tensions and insecurities in your sexual relationship. As a result, your ability to turn on leaves her behind.

Being left behind can be a real turn-off, but it is always hard for the less excited partner to feel justified about complaining. Your wife probably feels that she should be able to turn on, too.

She must have very mixed feelings about it all, but one of her feelings is probably that you married the wrong woman (an idea you may also have).

She probably feels that she's abnormal, that she's a cold bitch. She may feel totally wrong despite the possibility that you are a less than terrific lover — so excited by your wife's body that you can't begin to comprehend what's in her mind. We suspect none of this has occurred to you, since you can so easily ignore your emotional relationship with your wife by focusing on her body. When you get in bed with your wife you start feeling aroused despite all your apprehensiveness about her coldness and prickliness — but when she gets in bed with you she starts feeling like a cold bitch. Think about it. It's no wonder she's turned off.

Start improving your situation by trying to respond to your wife's state of mind. You have to consider the possibility that a lot of things you do are turn-offs to her: perhaps your eagerness or your apprehensiveness, or your determined or pleading way of touching her. For anything to change you may have to take some hard knocks. You need to find a way to help your wife verbalise her complaints about how you approach her sexually.

This won't be easy since her basic problem may be a fear of rejecting you. Even though that's exactly what she is doing, it is probably also what's she's trying not to do, what silences her, and what makes her go along with you although she feels no pleasure. If she can learn to complain even a little, it would be the beginning of her finding a way to be emotionally present in bed with you.

Any further efforts to seduce your wife in your usual way, however, might only make her feel all the more like a cold bitch.

Decline of sex drive

My problem is probably common among middle-aged males. I married young, and my wife and I have been together for more than 30 years now.

Our sex life was pretty good for both of us until recently. Over the past seven years my wife's sex drive has declined until now she says that she is just not interested anymore.

I still love my wife and would much rather have sex with her than with anyone I know, but I sometimes think I should look for other sources of satisfaction.

It is a terrible blow to a man's self-esteem to have the woman he has loved nearly all his life tell him she no longer desires him sexually.

My wife's doctor said: "After 30 years who needs sex?" My doctor said that other men just adjust to the idea. I think we need two new doctors.

Is it normal for a middle-aged woman who has always enjoyed sex to turn off like this?

Do I need a new woman, or will my wife come out of it when she is through with the menopause? — *M.C., Victoria.*

In one sentence you say your wife has always enjoyed sex until recently, while in another you say her interest has been declining over the past seven years.

This is confusing, since a sudden drop in libido is a very different phenomenon from a gradual loss of sexual interest. A gradual decline in your wife's sexual drive probably would reflect the quality of your marriage and your wife's feelings about herself at this stage of her life.

On the other hand, a sudden drop in sex drive is often caused by hormonal imbalance or by anxiety.

Has there been any change in your marital life which would cause your wife additional anxiety?

Did the drop in your wife's libido occur at the same time as the onset of menopausal symptoms?

Whatever its cause, your wife's lack of interest in sex is clearly a problem in your marriage.

We suggest you find a responsible sex therapist who can, if necessary, refer

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your wife to an appropriate medical authority to determine whether or not she needs hormonal replacement as a result of entering menopause.

No sensation

My problem is that I don't have any sensation in my breasts at all. I feel nothing when my boyfriend stimulates them.

I know having your breasts and nipples played with is supposed to feel great and I want those sensations, too. What's wrong with me? — *Miss J.B., Queensland.*

Most men get a great deal of erotic satisfaction from manipulating or sucking on a woman's breasts. That's why you say you "know" that having your breasts played with is supposed to be so enjoyable.

You have accepted the male's point of view about what should turn you on, rather than relying on your own feelings or even doing a bit of reading on the subject.

This blind acceptance has led you, and many other women, to feel that there is something wrong with you.

There is nothing wrong with you. Although Masters and Johnson have established that there are breast changes during the various stages of sexual response, these changes are not necessarily accompanied by subjective awareness of sensations in the breasts or by feelings of pleasure.

Men undergo some of the same changes in their breasts during sexual activity that women do, but no one expects men to get turned on by breast stimulation.

The facts indicate that the expectations are false: many women do not get excited by breast stimulation and many men do.

After conducting extensive interviews with women about their sexual behavior and preferences, Kinsey found that only about 50 percent of the women interviewed really enjoyed breast stimulation, and that some women, like yourself, derived no erotic satisfaction from this activity at all.

Kinsey also found that only 11 percent of the women questioned used breast stimulation as an aid to masturbation.

Research made it abundantly clear that women achieve the most intense orgasms through masturbation. It seems logical that if breast stimulation were a real turn-on for women, they would most certainly use it to heighten sexual pleasure during masturbation.

On the basis of his research, Kinsey said of breast stimulation: ". . . the significance for the female has probably been overestimated . . ."

Kinsey's work led him to another conclusion that runs contrary to our expectations about sexual behavior. Interviews conducted with homosexual men led him to believe that "there may be as many males as there are females whose breasts are distinctly sensitive."

These facts will help you re-examine your feelings about yourself and reject the idea that there is something wrong with you.

A time for grief/joy

For the past five months or so my husband an I haven't been able to get along. We've been married over four years and have two children. Our son has a terminal illness.

Since he became ill I haven't been interested in sex. We've both been very uptight and worried about our son, but while my husband works out his troubles through sex, when I am upset I withdraw sexually.

We make love once or twice a week although my husband would like us to do it more often. When my husband wants sex and I don't, he gives me the cold shoulder.

This makes me feel as if he doesn't love me and is only nice to me because I might give him "a little." His idea of "a little" is three times a day.

When we have sex he says I am beautiful and a great wife and mother. But if I say no he walks away and finds fault in everything I do. The contrast in the way he treats me increases my feeling of being unloved.

I've tried to keep peace by surrendering and going along with the lovemaking, but he always sees through what I'm doing. Then he gets upset and says things like: "I'm not worth anything," or "I can't even turn you on any more."

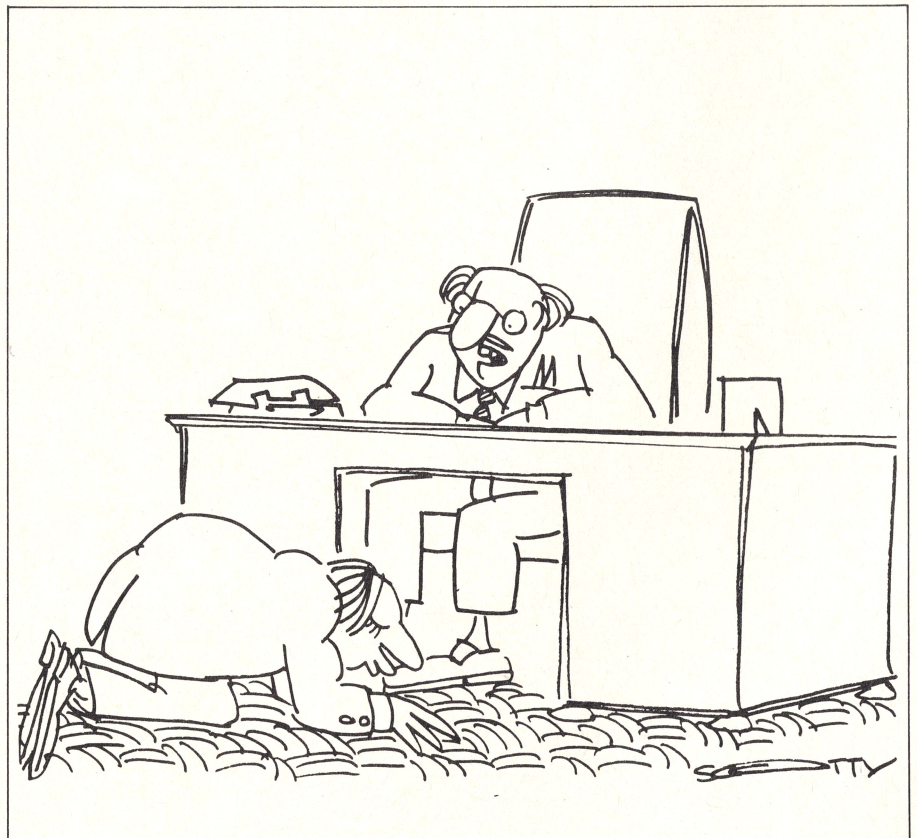
Please help me! I love him very much and I don't want to lose him. Is there anything I can do to improve the situation? — *Name and address withheld.*

We feel very compassionate about your anxiety over your son's illness. Such heartache is compounded when an illness is not reversible and you know that all your efforts and caring cannot bring your child back to health.

Many of us were raised with an old "parent tape" in our heads that says it is not fitting or proper for us to have a good time when a loved one is ill and that we must withdraw from pleasure at a time like that; otherwise, others may think of us as heartless and indifferent. But giving up your pleasure will not help your child one iota. Rather, having pleasure may help lighten your mood around your sick child.

Stop telling yourself that when you are upset, you withdraw sexually. Every time you say that to yourself, you are doing two things: you are reinforcing sexual disinterest on your nervous system and you are giving yourself permission to continue being disinterested in sex.

Change your thinking and open your mind to the idea of having relaxed sex with your husband. You especially need the



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warmth and comfort of his body to counteract your stress.

It is quite likely that your feelings of pleasure and the beneficial effect of orgasm on your body will help you to cope with your son's illness.

Also, you have another child to think about. It is important that you model some joyful feelings for that child so that he or she will learn an important lesson about life. There is a time for grief and there is a time for joy. And it is all right if we experience both of them almost simultaneously.

It is also important that your whole family, including your other child, see a counsellor who specialises in talking about death and grief. What a relief that could be for all of you! Ask at your hospital or church if they can refer you to such a counsellor. Even one such visit to a counsellor can be of tremendous help.

Shy and lonely

My parents raised my two sisters and me according to "old country" values. All my life I have been very shy, especially with women, including those in my own family.

Any mention of sex was a bad thing in our home; we just didn't speak about it. Nonetheless, my sexual feelings and need for affection as a child were very strong.

I would fantasise about my sisters, neighbors, and relatives, but was able to control my feelings by masturbating, which I learned to do early in life.

As I grew bigger, those feelings also grew bigger. Because of my shyness I had few dates as a boy and later as a man. When I did have a date, both the girl and myself were uncomfortable.

The furthest I got on a date was a few kisses. When I managed the courage to try to make the relationship more intimate, it was taken as a joke and laughed at. This of course just reinforced my shyness.

I should mention that I am masculine in my attitudes and looks and have always liked sports. I am now a 47-year-old bachelor, fairly tall and reasonably nice looking. However, my shyness is as strong as ever.

When I meet women socially, I cringe inside, get very nervous, and my speech becomes bumbly. In business I get along fine with women — I have no trouble at all.

At this time in my life my problem is becoming very difficult to live with. I have written letters and placed ads in personal columns to try to meet someone, but I have never received a reply.

My sexual fantasies and my desire for affection have become very strong, especially with regard to my sisters. I have inquired about psychiatric or psychological help, but I cannot afford it.

I don't want to give the impression that I am ready to go out and rape a woman or do something drastic. I'm just extremely depressed and uncomfortable.

What I want is simple: a woman to understand me, someone I can shower affection on.

I want someone who would not only allow me to make love to her but encourage and enjoy it and not make fun of my mistakes. Someone maybe who would love me.

I do want you to understand that I am not unbalanced or desperate, just a very shy and very lonely man with problems. I need someone to listen and give me some advice. I hope you can help. — G.A., address withheld.

You're scared to death of women and, let's face it, you're scared of therapy, too. Most shy people are, but it is something you must conquer.

The idea that you can't afford a few hours of counselling doesn't make sense. Chances are you just can't imagine how it would help, so we'll try to give you some idea of the way a therapist might help you approach your problem.

You are used to living in your head, in day-dreams. Now, day-dreams always fool people in just the ways yours fool you. Think about it.

In your day-dreams you're not scared. You're "showering affection" on the woman in a warm and open way, not at all "cringing" or "bumbly". All that this requires is for her to be totally accepting of you and your needs.

The problem is that you can't experience women as accepting of you. You expect to be treated scornfully and you undoubtedly act like you expect it. You feel powerfully drawn to your sisters because they can be accepting, but they can be accepting because, like women you meet in business, you're not asking them for love. You're not doing anything that requires acceptance.

What you need accepted is your shyness itself. The problem isn't just that you're scared of women, it's that you're trying to act like somebody who isn't.

Your shyness is what is absent from your fantasies and what you try to cover up socially.

It's a common mistake that shy people make, especially men. They try to act cool and as a result they seem much more awkward and unhappy than they would if they let themselves be shy.

In your fantasies all you are is a love slave showering affection on an accepting woman.

But in reality, women might find the love-slave trip pretty dull; they might find your shyness more interesting.

This may sound crazy at first, but it will start making sense if you realise that everyone is shy and that often what women prize in a man is his willingness to express feeling shy and awkward. This can make a woman feel freer to admit her own anxieties.

In short, you need to develop the ability to share your insecurities.

You could learn a lot from a woman who is able to express freely her fears and awkwardness in relationships.

One stumbling block you face at your age is the cover-up you have to go through to disguise still being a virgin. You're bound to worry that women are going to think you must be gay or a real loser: some probably will.

But you pay a bigger penalty for covering up your inexperience than you would for disclosing it, since maintaining a false posture makes you impersonal and inaccessible.

Keep in mind that at your age there are still many closet virgins of both sexes, as well as many women who have never had an orgasm.

They aren't going to be drawn to a man who acts like he's never had a care in the world and who wouldn't know what it's like to have to worry about sex.

Erection loss

I am a 45-year-old married woman enjoying a beautiful relationship with a 55-year-old married man. This is the first extramarital affair either one of us has had.

After a two-year relationship, there is a complete openness between us and we

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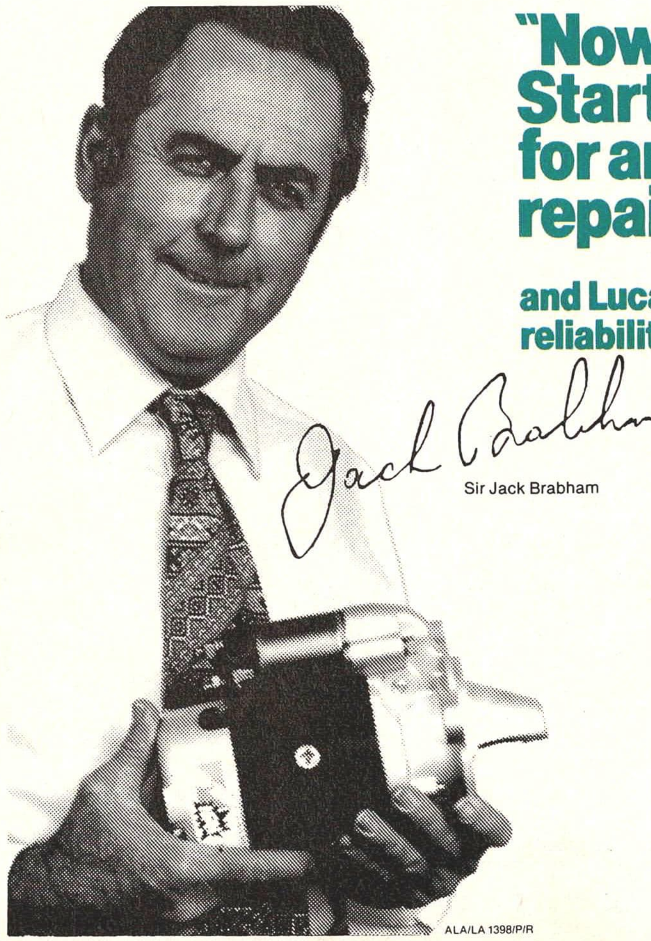

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are very frank and honest in giving ourselves to each other.

However, my lover tends to lose his erection just prior or actually during intercourse.

As we both enjoy oral sex, we do not consider this a real problem, but we would like an explanation of the phenomenon. — *Mrs I.D., Queensland.*

The loss of an erection just prior to entering the vagina or shortly after entering the vagina is called copulatory incompetence. The cause of this dysfunction is extremely difficult to determine.

The fact that the male is able to obtain an erection indicates that the physical mechanisms for the erection are in good working order.

The loss of the erection is therefore probably due to some psychological mechanisms.

Many sex therapists believe that copulatory incompetence can be overcome by the use of behavior modification.

The fact that your lover is 55 years of age may contribute significantly to the problem. The male is limited in capacity by his age.

Many men can remain sexually active until they are quite old, but the ease with which the average man obtains an erection decreases progressively as he grows older.

Your lover is 55; possibly, his inability to sustain an erection during intercourse is a sign of a generally less energetic erectile response.

Another possibility is that your lover is having some second thoughts about having an extramarital affair. He may be developing a little guilt, consciously or unconsciously, and showing it by developing copulatory incompetence.

We would strongly advise you to accept and enjoy the relationship as it is now. If you are happy with oral sex, then make it the basis of your sexual life together.

Enjoying a rich sexual relationship is more than just the coital act. For more and more people today "getting there" is most of the fun. This entails total sensuality, which in turn can give total pleasure.

Fertility examination

I am a 25-year-old woman and I have been married for five years. We've been trying to have a baby ever since we got married, but I haven't been able to get pregnant.

Three years ago my husband went to the doctor, who told him that he had a slightly low sperm count, but not low enough to keep me from getting pregnant.

Now I am thinking of going to a fertility doctor myself. Can you tell me what kind of tests they give to find out whether or not you can get pregnant? How do they examine you?

I don't want to go until I know what to expect because I am frightened of doctors. — *Name and address withheld.*

The first thing the doctor will do is take a very careful medical history to see if there is any past condition such as a serious pelvic infection which might account for your problem.

He will especially want to know all about your menstrual periods, when they started and how regular they are.

He will also want to see if you are in good general health, whether you are overweight, whether you smoke excessively or are taking any drugs, whether your diet is adequate, and how often and at what time of the month you are having sexual relations. After he has finished this phase, he will give you a complete physical examination.

There are two principal questions which must be answered: first, are you ovulating each month, and second, are your tubes and uterus normal?

The first question can be answered by taking your basal body temperature, by following the hormone changes during your menstrual cycle.

The second question can also be answered in a variety of ways. It is important to know whether your tubes are open or not, because if they are blocked, you can never become pregnant.

Finally, don't be afraid of doctors. Most of them are really nice people.

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Kids in Jail

I just finished reading your article, Kids in Jail. What a great job you have done on the subject. I have been to Daruk and Yawarra and there is more you could have printed about these places. I was 17 years old when I was sentenced to two life terms. I've been in boys' homes and jail and none of these places should be used for detaining human beings. Albion Street Holding Centre is too old and should have been condemned 20 years ago. Minda isn't as bad as Albion Street or Yasmar at Ashfield, as it is modern and big. Warami Shelter up here at Newcastle was just the same as solitary confinement. The boys have a space the shape of a 50c piece to play sports in, and a small dining room in which to watch TV and eat. I'd like to see a few politicians locked up in those sorts of places for six months, they would go round the bend. — *Tony Dent, Maitland Jail, NSW.*

Help the children

I have just finished reading your article in the December issue about kids in jail, and I hope you will carry on and try to pressure the government into doing something to improve the system for children.

As a kid, I was convicted three times and sent to boys' homes for being uncontrollable. Since then I have been to jail three times.

Once, when I was still a juvenile, I changed my name and boosted up my age just so I wouldn't be sent back to a *concentration*-type boys' home.

The New South Wales jails (even though they were pretty tough back in 1969-1970) were a holiday camp compared with boys' homes.

At least in jail you can still have some pride in yourself and although the security is tighter, at least when you are locked up at night you can have some time to yourself.

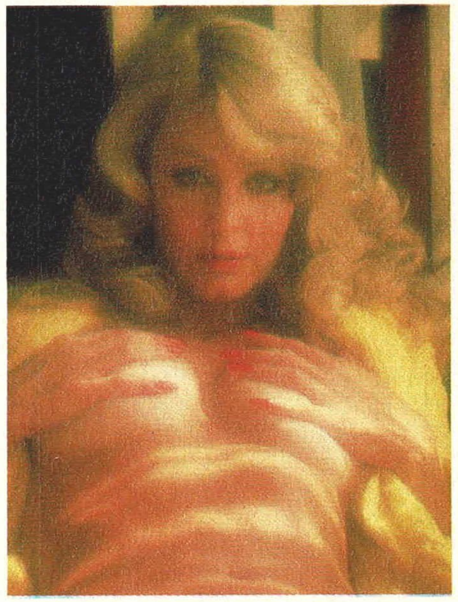
In a boys' home, which is run like a prisoner-of-war camp, you cannot even have five minutes to yourself.

The education system they had while I was in Daruk (just outside of Sydney) was almost non-existant, and I can't see how a place like that could help to sort out a kid's problems — let alone get him on the right track to go back into society successfully.

I feel that the government's policy regarding kids is "out of sight, out of mind", but that's no good. How can the kids of today hope to cope if their education is stuffed? These places should all be closed and proper places built with education, trades and social welfare kept in mind. If you get out with no education, and no trade, the poor kid is right back where he started and because of this, a big portion of the kids in homes today will end up in jail in the future, like I did.

I only hope that something can be done to improve the institutions before too many more lives are destroyed by them.

Get the writer of your story to get into Tamworth and have a look — it is a hundred times worse than Mt Penang — Thank you for a good story. — *Neil Harrison, Wangaratta, Victoria.*



Beautiful Cheryl

I wish to comment on the US Pet of the Year, Cheryl Rixon. How about Pet of the next 10 years? I must say, she sure is beautiful. — *David Wilkes, Flemington, Victoria.*

Here's another picture for David and all the others who asked to see Cheryl again.

Good work

Along with many other men in this country, I am held in H.M. prison. I would like to thank you for the stories in the national edition's Forum. I really get off on the experiences people write about. I must admit that after two years in prison Mrs P. and her five daughters are losing their attraction, but one must make do, I suppose. Keep up the good work so I can keep up the good work. — *T. Redshaw, Maitland Jail, NSW.*

Vintage interview

I really enjoyed the interview with Jim Hardy in your December issue. I've never been sailing and I'm not really interested in it as a sport, but the way Hardy described his adventures made this landlubbing female want to go to sea.

The bit I did like best was when he talked about wines and his family. It helped me to recall some very happy visits to the Barossa Valley. Now, when I sip on a Hardy's wine, I'll feel that I almost know the person who made it. Give me more of this type of interview. — *A. Harding, Glenelg, SA.*

Different lines

I read with interest your article, Kids in Jail, and while I realise you have made some very valid points, I would like you to know that the Tamworth institution known as Endeavour House is now run on quite different lines from those commented on by Judge Muir in his report several years back.

As a member of CRC (a committee founded to assist prisoners and their families) and also a member of an interdenominational Christian group, I visit Endeavour House bi-weekly, and have been doing so for about two and a half years. This has given me a very good opportunity to know what is really happening there, and I am encouraged to speak privately with any of the boys.

The whole system is orientated to restore self-worth and self-respect to the boys, and to engender a desire to stay out of custody.

Officer discipline is at a minimum, and self discipline and group discipline is encouraged, but not in the "dingo" system — a boy who is having real difficulties can, at any time, call either a small group or a larger group to talk out his problem when the problem is occurring.

I have found a ready co-operation with Mr Franklin and other officers, providing the interests of the boys are really being met by what I am doing.

It is a privilege to see a once sullen and rebellious lad begin to soften and change as he begins to sense the very real concern for his welfare, both from officers and visitors like myself.

One has to remember that this is a maximum security place, and the strain on the officers, and especially on Mr Franklin, is very real — for they have such high hopes for the boys.

Often being met with great disappointments, they continue to rise above these and present their case for supplementary programs and accommodation facilities to follow up the present program. It all takes time, patience and a lot of money, but if the boys show a response to this kind of program, then no doubt it will receive more government support.

I believe that to the best of its ability, in the present circumstances, Endeavour House is now programmed in a constructive way to begin to give hope to those who are willing to respond, and I look for government recognition of, and expansion of, the present program and facilities, and an on-going supplementary program, including accommodation facilities. — *Joan Cole, West Tamworth, NSW.*

Nude bathing

While Sydney, Canberra, Adelaide and Perth all have their nude bathing areas or beaches, staid old Melbourne town seems set for another summer with the issue of a suitable nude beach for Melbourne unresolved. The Victorian Government's attitude last summer was that it will not approve an area for nude bathing until a local council states it is prepared to allow a beach area in its municipality to be set aside for nude bathing. But no local council, probably due to a fear of ratepayer reaction, has been prepared to allow part of its beach area declared a nude bathing area.

Nudists have fought for Red Bluff beach in Black Rock to be declared. In their efforts some nudists have stripped off there and been arrested. But Red Bluff could only hold 200 people at the most and is not really suitable.

The most suitable beach would be one with a capacity of up to 5000 people, within easy reach of the city, sheltered from houses and the road with a natural barrier, such as ti-tree or a cliff, to ensure privacy.

In my opinion, the most suitable beach would be the one at the end of Abbott Street, Sandringham, but I am open to other suggestions.

One way of circumventing the procrastinating State Government would be for all nudists and sunlovers to gather at that beach on a pre-determined date and strip off simultaneously. Perhaps the first Saturday, Sunday or public holiday on which the forecast is for a temperature of 25C or more would be a suitable date. As soon as all readers hear the forecast they could go to the beach at the same time, e.g. 3pm, and could all strip off to liberate the beach. Any takers? — *J. Rodgers, Brighton, Victoria.*

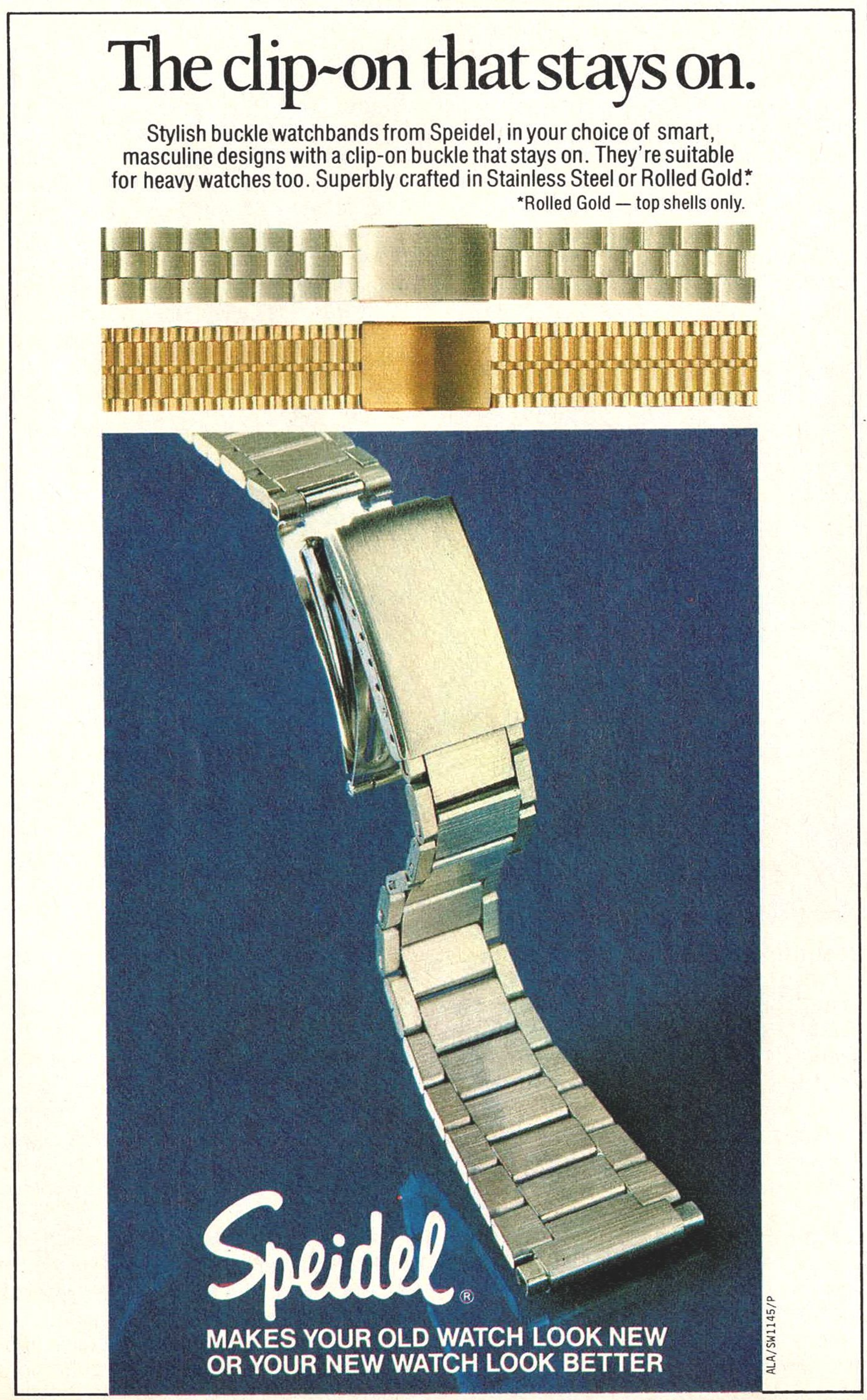
Australian Penthouse *will pass on replies to Mr Rodgers.*

MOANS & GROANS

After glancing through your December article, Unions v Freedom, I thought to myself: "who wrote this pathetic garbage?" A quick look at the heading of the article told the story. The king of bull himself, Maxwell Newton. Are you people hard up for contributors? — *Peter Goegan, Lillydale, Victoria.*

I must say the article by John Hepworth on the Melbourne Cup (November edition) would be one of the most stupid I have read for a long time. Surely something more interesting could have been written about the Cup instead of the dribble he wrote?

I think Australia could do without the image he paints of us, and I don't go for name-calling people of other nationalities. Obviously Hepworth is a beer-swilling bum himself and I don't give you any marks for publishing such rot. — *J.B. Ryle, Bundaberg, Queensland.*



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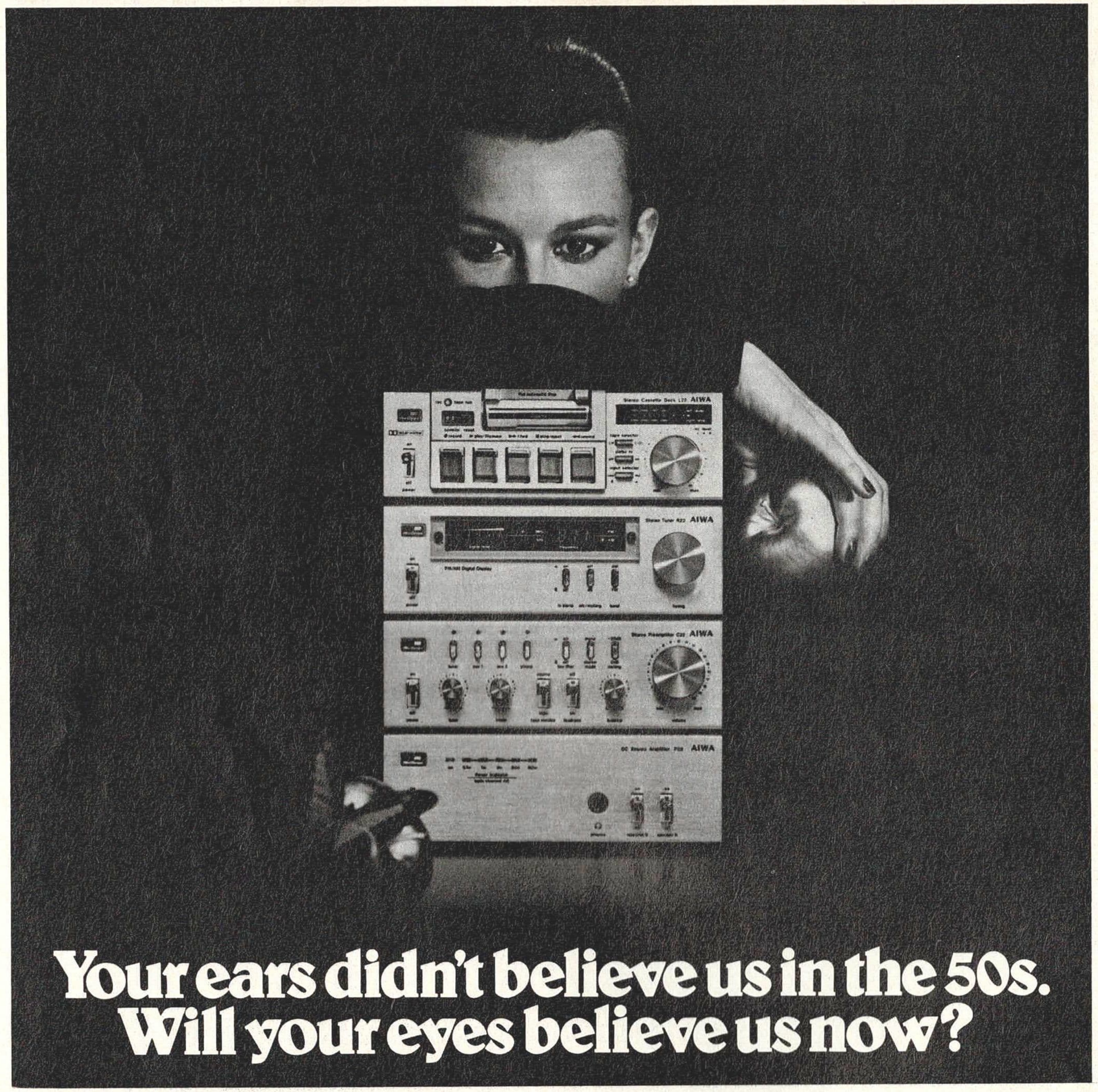
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JACKA 1711

PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

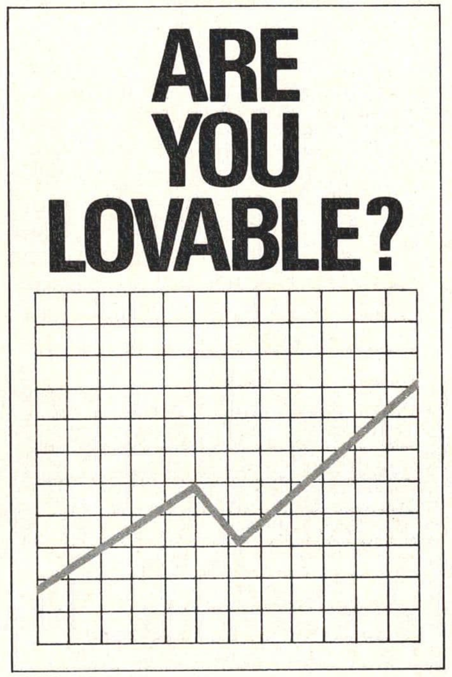
Test your desirability quotient with 20 questions to tell if you're exciting or uninviting.

Back when you were a kid, it was easy to tell how lovable you were. All you had to do was to wait around until Valentine's Day, when your primary school class exchanged amatory sentiments, and count up the number of cards you got from giggling, young females.

But as you get older, things become more complex. Big girls don't send as many valentines as little ones do. And when they giggle, it's hard to tell if it's out of affection or because they've just thought of a neat way to steal your job.

It's a rare man who doesn't harbor some doubts about his deep-down lovability. This psychograph may give you an idea whether your own doubts are well founded or unfounded. These questions aren't designed merely to reveal whether you're the type of man women are likely to *like*. This questionnaire aims at deeper qualities, qualities which become important after that initial "attraction" has been explored. Are women likely to view you as a mature, serious lover? Are you easy to love? Do you inspire the degree of trust and caring in women that makes them want to love you?

Experimental psychologists have only lately ventured into the field of love, which, traditionally, has been the turf of poets and philosophers. Plato was one of the first to record his speculations on the universal human need to love and be loved. He thought that once upon a time all of us had been cut in half for rebelling against the gods and that consequently we men spend our existences yearning to be found by our better (i.e., female) halves.


ARE YOU LOVABLE?

Modern researchers have taken a less imaginative approach to the subject and have devised experiments which give us a more concrete view of love. Still, the social psychologists are the first to admit that love remains as mysterious a quantity today as it was when Plato talked about it. For that reason we relied not only on their data in constructing this psychograph but also on the writings of the poets, philosophers, psychoanalysts, psychiatrists, sociologists, and anthropologists who've all been fasincated by this most basic human emotion.

Answer the questions quickly. Your first response is likely to be the most accurate.

1. How do you feel about this statement? "Most women don't get married or enter a long-term relationship because of love. They've usually got ulterior motives. They're looking for security, status, money, or kids."
   (a) I agree strongly
   (b) That's probably true
   (c) I don't think that's true
   (d) I strongly disagree

2. Have you ever written obscene graffiti on a men's room wall?
   (a) yes, I've done it often
   (b) once or twice when I was a kid
   (c) never

3. Do you think most people have a better life than you?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

4. When you first meet a woman, do you quickly try to steer the conversation toward serious, intimate subjects, such as sex and personal feelings?
   (a) no, I hate talking about that type of thing with anybody
   (b) no, I like the conversation to develop naturally, there's no need to get too intimate too fast
   (c) yes, "deep" talk is an aphrodisiac for most women

5. Are there a lot of people whom you hold a grudge against?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

6. How do you feel about this statement? "Expressing emotions causes more evil than good. Love may be a good emotion, but emotions like jealousy, hatred, and anger cause more trouble than they're worth."
   (a) I agree. It's best to keep all emotions, good and bad, under firm control, if you give free rein to your emotions, it disrupts your life and everybody else's
   (b) I understand those sentiments, but I think you can control your bad emotions
   (c) I disagree entirely. Emotions make life worth living. If you're not going to follow your impulses, why bother to get out of bed each morning?

7. Do you criticise the lady in your life when the two of you are out together in public?
   (a) yes. If she's done something

stupid, I tell her
(b) sometimes, but not often
(c) no, that's asking for trouble

8. When you argue with your lady, do you frequently point out to her that she is dumber, less educated, or makes less money than you?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

9. Do you make friends easily with women but then find that you seem to drift apart from them before the relationships deepen?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

10. When you first meet a woman, do you find that you often inflate the truth about things like your salary, the importance of your job, your sporting prowess, your sexual experience, etc.?
   (a) yes, the first thing you've got to do is impress her
   (b) I do it sometimes
   (c) no

11. If your sex life could follow only one of the following patterns, which would you choose?
   (a) a single, long relationship with one woman that lasts for decades
   (b) a series of short sexual encounters with different women

12. Do you agree or disagree with this statement? "I hate people who tell me their problems. Who wants to hear about somebody else's troubles? I've got enough of my own."
   (a) I agree
   (b) sometimes I feel that way; sometimes I don't. I guess it depends on my mood

13. Do you lose interest in any woman who won't go to bed with you right from the beginning of a relationship?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

14. How do you feel about this statement? "I find it hard to overlook a woman's faults. No matter how beautiful or talented she is or how much I'd *like* to like her, I lose interest rapidly as soon as I notice her bad qualities."
   (a) that's true; as soon as I see a woman's bad side, I realise she's not for me
   (b) that's not true of me. I figure we've all got bad qualities. I can overlook most of them as long as everything else seems to be going all right between us

15. Do you lose interest in a woman after you've had sex with her a few times?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

16. Which of these statements most clearly applies to you?
   (a) I feel relatively in control of my life
   (b) I usually feel overwhelmed by life

17. Do you dread being alone?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

18. Which of the following statements most accurately applies to you?
   (a) personal relationships are more important to me than my career. I'd change my job if it were upsetting my personal life
   (b) I'm about equally attached to my career and my personal relationships. I don't know what I'd do if I had to choose between them
   (c) My career is more important. I don't like having my personal life messed up by it, but sometimes that's the price of success

19. Would you say you're more trendy than most people?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

20. Would you say that this statement applies to you? "I'm really a very different person inside from the one the world thinks I am."
   (a) no, not at all
   (b) not much
   (c) somewhat
   (d) yes, very much

SCORING

Each possible answer has been assigned a point value. Add up the points for the answers you chose to find your score.

1. a-1, b-2, c-4, d-5
2. a-1, b-3, c-5
3. a-1, b-5
4. a-1, b-5, c-1
5. a-1, b-5
6. a-1, b-5, c-3
7. a-1, b-2, c-5
8. a-1, b-5
9. a-1, b-3
10. a-1, b-3, c-5
11. a-5, b-1
12. a-1, b-4
13. a-1, b-5
14. a-1, b-5
15. a-1, b-5
16. a-5, b-1
17. a-1, b-5
18. a-5, b-3, c-1
19. a-1, b-5
20. a-5, b-4, c-2, d-1

WHAT YOUR SCORE MEANS

The highest possible score on this psychograph is 97 points.

If you scored 72-97 points:

You seem to be the answer to every woman's prayers. Provided that you answered the questions honestly, you appear to have a sane, warm, mature, understanding nature that stands up well under the strains of a long-term, day-in-day-out love relationship. You've got a strong sense of self, an aura of security that makes you easy to love. You seem relatively free of the quirks and neuroses that, though they may initially attract and excite women, soon capsize most relationships. Actually, many women might not find you all that attractive *until they talk with you.* Because of your depth and complexity, you don't necessarily come across as the matinee-idol type who has to worry about being attacked by packs of women every time he goes to the shop for cigarettes.

But once women get to know you, they will be enormously attracted to you. You may seem low-key and quiet at first, but your inner strength and assurance can be a turn on once a woman gets close enough.

46-71 points:

Like most men, you're lovable, but with qualifications. If there were an "average man" category, this would be it. Men in this category sometimes mystify women. They seem warm and lovable one minute and cool, distant, and unfeeling the next. They often wish they were more lovable, but a lifetime of conditioning against being "soft" and "sissified" sometimes gets in the way. They may have a hard time expressing tenderness and may withdraw or get angry if they feel on the verge of becoming "soppy and sentimental". With men like this, women sometimes feel as if they're trying to love two people: one an attractive, appealing, emotional man; the other a tough, hard-nosed guy who acts as if he's a cross between a granite block and a gorilla.

Still, men in this category are a good bet in the long run. If you can become more open and vulnerable, you should see some extraordinary changes in the way women react to you.

20-45 points:

You're about as loveable as the Black Plague. After a woman spends an evening with you, she may feel that a date with Jack the Ripper would have been more emotionally fulfilling. Your personality probably has a broad streak of narcissism in it. You are so busy loving yourself that no one else has a chance to love you. Men in this category exhibit enough quirks, tics, and neuroses to keep an army of psychoanalysts in business for the next

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millennium. These men fall into one of two distinct groups.

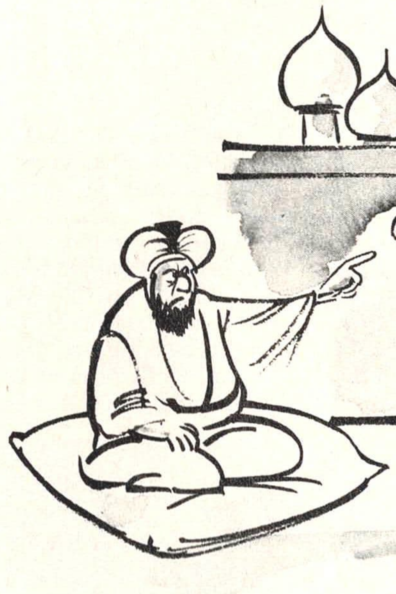
They may be extremely timid, withdrawn, and emotionally frigid, or they may display rampant, unchecked emotions. They can be cloying romantics one minute and vicious, angry tyrants the next. In any case, they are not easy to love. This does not mean they are completely unattractive to women (For every Adolf Hitler, there's an Eva Braun, right?), but the liaisons these men get involved in are more likely to be based on some mutual neurotic nuttiness than on love.

Men in this category tend to be insecure. They are afraid of the world at large, and are fearful that they don't have the internal strength to cope. Conquering fear is never an easy job. But if you pin down precisely what you're afraid of and try to overcome it, you may feel better about yourself.

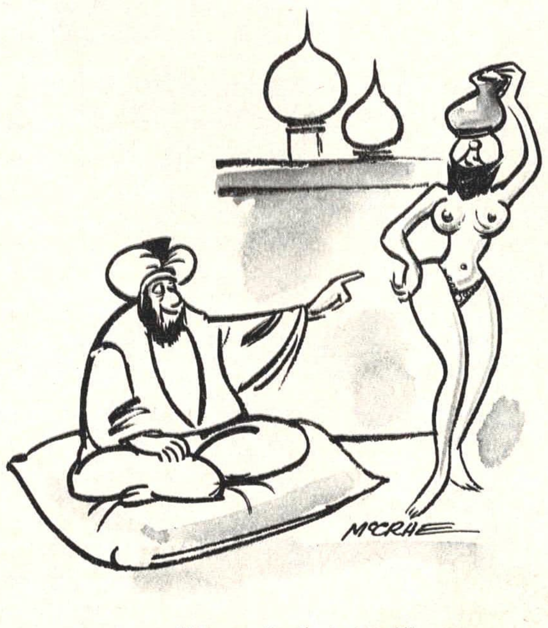
When that happens, you'll discover that women will feel a lot better about you, too.

CAN YOU BECOME LOVABLE?

Some men are born lovable; most have to work at it. Taking chances with another human being — opening up and exposing your emotions — can be an intimidating experience. In the course of preparing the questions and answers for this psychograph, we came across lots of good advice from counsellors, psychologists, and psychoanalysts.



"Cover yourself, you shameless wanton!"



"Ah . . . that's better!"

The first thing to remember is that women can't love you if they can't find you.

Many a man acts as if a nubile young thing is just going to drop through the roof some day, gather him up in her arms, and spend the rest of her life performing exotic love rituals. That's an infantile dream, which has to do with wanting to be mothered.

So the more you get out into the world, the more likely you are to find someone who wants to love you. This doesn't mean you should spend your life haunting singles' bars in hot pursuit of members of the opposite sex. It does mean that you should go to parties and dinners when you're invited and to concerts, museums, sporting events, or whatever else it is you enjoy.

A man who likes what he's doing automatically becomes more sexy and attractive to women.

Don't pretend. Men think they have to impress women. That's not the case. All that role playing gets in the way. We get so wrapped up in building a false front that women can't penetrate it to love us.

Or, even worse, a woman may begin to love the false man we've created. You can imagine the strain of trying to maintain that role as the relationship becomes more intimate.

When you sense that a woman is attracted to you, don't push the relationship too fast. Some couples, desperate to achieve a "meaningful relationship", work too hard at it. You've got to let it grow naturally.

Irene Claremont de Castillejo, a well-known Jungian psychoanalyst, put it this way: "Sometimes I wonder if it is wise to work directly at a relationship. What matters is to be centred oneself, willing and always ready for the moments or hours of meeting when they come. Then the relationship can be trusted to take care of itself.

"For the person who has achieved inner clarity, new paths will appear and doors will open without the need for one to knock."

Finally: pay attention. Many men, when they first meet a woman, spend so much time figuring how they're going to get her into bed and what they're going to do with her when they get her there that they don't really listen to her. They trade a quick score for the opportunity of making some real contact.

You have to pay attention as a relationship develops. If you begin taking your lover for granted and stop listening to her, don't be surprised if she suddenly seems to find you a lot less lovable than earlier in the relationship.

A woman has trouble sustaining love for a man who treats her like a household appliance. A woman is not a toaster; if you forget that, you're more than likely to get burnt.

VIEW FROM THE TOP

GETTING AWAY TO IT ALL

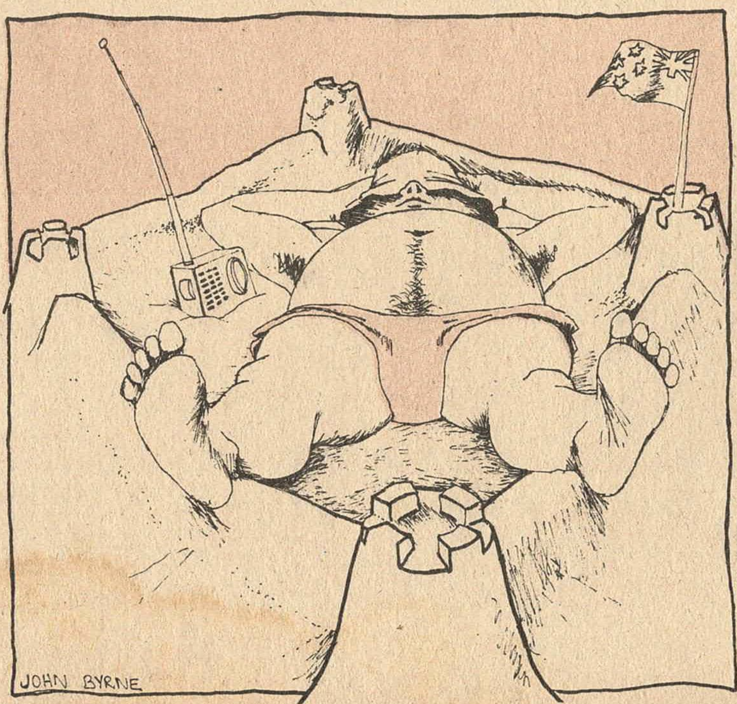
BY JOHN HINDLE

If Chips Rafferty had not existed, it would have been necessary to invent him. We all cherish the notion of lean, weather-lined outback heroes — like Chips — but we seldom admire the image enough to acquire it for ourselves through the adoption of the outback lifestyle. We find it easier to admire the myth than to impersonate the man.

The rude truth is that most inhabitants of Godzone country cling tenaciously to urban life. For the vast majority of us, anything north of Carlton or Coogee is "the bush".

With the possible exception of Monaco, Australia is the most urbanised nation on the face of the earth. And this is what makes the Australian holiday season so . . . well, *interesting*. Come summer, city-dwellers have one dream: they want to get the hell out of the city. The annual, hard-won R & R, with its 17½ percent holiday pay loading, affords them the opportunity they need. They take the money, and they run.

At the moment, so many people have failed to resist the lure of the cerulean sea and sky that we have become a nation divided. It happens this way every year. On the one (sunburnt) hand, there are those who are lolling on the beaches, and on the other (pallid) hand, there are those of us who are stuck to the city's dispiriting flypaper. And never the twain shall meet — except at weekends. I've tried it both ways, sunburnt and pallid, and I can honestly say that I prefer not to make the choice. It's better if someone else makes it for me. Right now, for instance, I'm sitting with my ear nailed to the typewriter, simply because some deviate decided that I would rather work than bare my ample body at any or all of the swish resorts. I don't feel any too wonderful about this, but I would have felt a whole lot worse had I chosen to go away!



Last year, when I opted to work through the silly season, a friend suborned my virtuous intent by offering me the use of a splendid house at Point Lonsdale. I concluded that the only way to win was to rekindle my dormant faith in serendipity.

Today, the empty city is strangely quiet. The people have gone away, and they have taken everything with them. Motor mowers, portable television sets, hair driers, pets, transistors, cassette players, Donna Summer albums, wives, kids — the whole circus is elsewhere. The scream, squeak, roar, hum and rattle of noisy creature-comforts can no longer be heard. It's so quiet that when the wind is in the east I can hear the plants make chlorophyll.

The lumpen proletariat has got away from it all — by taking it all with them.

But I'm not alone in the city. Not really. The seductive peace disguises a thriving sub-world that is the province of those randiest of men, the Holiday Season Bachelors. These men ferried everything they ever married, sired and owned to strategic dumping grounds near lonely beaches, then returned to the Big Smoke, ostensibly to work. The object? Well, even the least ambitious of them hopes to fit in seven or eight weeks of freestyle fornication before he has to go and find all his sun-blackened burdens and bring them back home. I see some of them now and then. They call in for protein. They eat in restaurants so often that they're desperate for home cooking. And the rigors of their nocturnal diversions have left scars — they all look as if they need holidays. So do I. Solitude is all very lovely, but it doesn't do the chores.

It doesn't seem to matter that I, as the sole resident of *Casa Crud*, can now luxuriate in the longest showers in the history of organised wetness — the real business of life is standing in an immense, greasy pile in the sink. A dear and beautiful friend called in here yesterday while I was out. She thought she'd tidy a bit. Unfortunately, she was disturbed by one of the Holiday Season Bachelors, a chap who had called in for protein. The smug way he reported

the event didn't cheer me up very much.

"I came in the back way," he said. "I was planning to forage for steaks, but there she was. A blonde vision. Apparently I alarmed her, because she gave a pretty little scream and scampered off. I chased her around the house for a few laps until she panicked and took refuge in the double bed. She left a couple of hours later, smiling nicely, then I hunted down the steaks."

I absorbed this news. Clearly, my visit to town had cost me much more than a kilo or two of Angus beef and a clean pair of sheets . . .

That's one of the things that is cocked-up about the holiday season: the wrong people go away! My friendly thief lives with a splendid, corn-fed sort of girl, whose generosity of spirit is spoken of with admiration wherever civilised men gather. But *she's* at Portsea — and *he's* in my refrigerator.

The whole problem of this obvious error played on my mind a couple of weeks ago. I was at a low ebb. Time was leaking away. Everybody in town was getting his oats but me. The final blow came when I arrived home one night to find a note written in a strange hand. It said: "Your dinner's in the dog!" I packed both pairs of Jantzens and high-tailed it to the surf.

Look, I can't remember shooting an albatross, but things began to go very wrong indeed as soon as I got to Anglesea. For a start, the weather turned so cold that seagulls were seen to freeze in mid-flight. The beautiful people that I had travelled to see were pub-bound; they showed all the verve and dynamism of sleeping Muppets. And they all — without exception — said this to me: "You should've been here yesterday!"

You should've been here yesterday . . . What a provocative, annoying, downright *infuriating* thing to say to a chap. Fair warning — the next person who says that is blowing his nose on Superman's cape.

Next year, I'm going to coax some virtue out of serendipity. If the pattern repeats itself, and I have to work, then I'm going to hide. I'm going to find myself a garret and lock myself away for the entire holiday period.

The trouble is that garrets are thin on the ground. When, indeed, was the last time you saw a vacant garret? They're all full of clinical psychologists, *avant garde* photographers, fey Holiday Season Bachelors, acupuncturists, ladies who perform interesting feats of neo-massage, honest working merchant bankers, and freckled girls with sexy overbites.

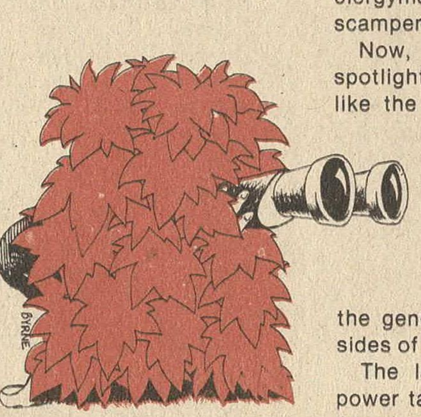
But get one I will. And I predict that it will change my jaundiced view of the holiday season. It ought to . . .

From my garret I will be able to see the survivors returning to the city after their sojourn.

And then, from my vantage point, I'll be able to see how long it takes for the whole effect to vanish in the city smog.

Really, the city is a hostile environment for the biped mammal. Why, then, does the said biped mammal find it so necessary to take the goddamn city with him when he moves back to nature?

I hope to find the answer in my garret. Happy holiday.



SCENES

PARENT POWER

Not so long ago when kids cut up wild, their mums and dads would sob quietly and blame it on that very handy but now forgotten problem: the generation gap. The good old gap was responsible for everything from bad table manners to mass murders — and for years, like inflation, it was used as the consummate excuse for inaction.

But in the early '70s the first organised parent-power groups sprang up in Australia.

They had a weird role — to "steal" back teenagers parents claimed had been stolen from them by brainwashing religious sects.

Most of the rescued "victims" came home screaming to confrontations with the family clergyman and a few days later scampered again.

Now, although the public spotlight is no longer on groups like the Children of God and Hare Krishna, parent-power is here to stay. It could have a lot to do with the age of the parents involved — most are young enough to remember the generation gap from both sides of the chasm.

The latest role for parent-power takes another leaf from American experience (sect kidnapping began in the US) allowing parents who suspect their kids are hooked on drugs to discover the awful truth . . . without involving the wallopers.

Pinkerton Investigations in Australia has begun a hire-a-snoop service, in which trained gumshoes ferret into kids' private lives to discover what type of drugs are involved and their source.

Then, once a day, the detectives report to the parents. The youngsters' names are not revealed to police but names of drug suppliers are.

Pinkertons is based in Brisbane but operates Australia-wide, co-owned by one of the country's best-known former Federal Narcotics Bureau agents, Reg Standfast.

Standfast is the one who busted his boss, Ian Brown, at the Bureau's Melbourne office after secretly recording Brown's admissions of involvement in a big drug syndicate.

After 15 years on the narcotics trail, Standfast says he can tell if a youngster is using hard drugs after a brief conversation with the subject. But Pinkerton's will take it a lot further than that.

The company has 22 agents — many young and trendy-looking for undercover work — and has already used some of them to infiltrate the private lives of suspect offspring.

"We'll go anywhere," says Standfast. "Anywhere at all where a kid might make contact with a drug supplier, whether the supplier is a friend or someone encountered just to obtain drugs."

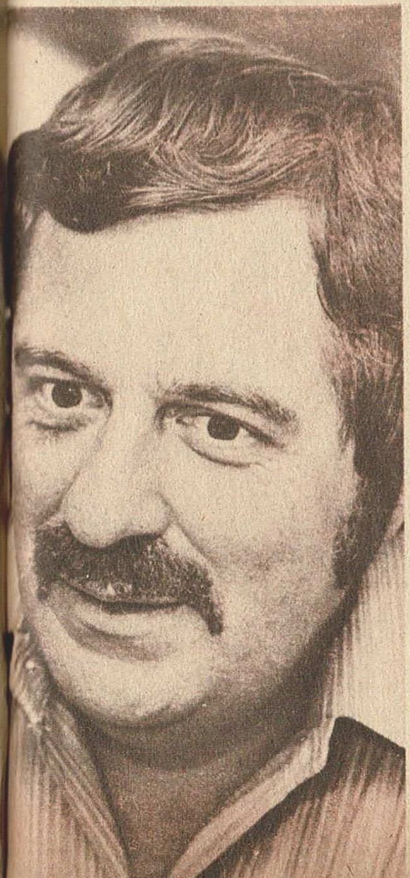
State drug squads have welcomed the intrusion of parent-power into their beat, but several cops sounded warnings that kids on drugs can have no guarantee of immunity if their names happen to come up for investigation.

And of course the blinkered love of mums and dads has overlooked one important point: the suppliers whose names the private eyes have vowed to give to the police are invariably someone else's little boy or girl.

If kids are involved with heroin it's odds on they're selling to support their habit. In a crazy world it would not be too bizarre for two private eyes checking out separate kids to each wind up naming the other's client as "pusher".

Standfast agrees there will be problems. "Our intention is not to terrify or victimise kids hooked on drugs — just to put parents' minds at rest by letting them know the facts," he says.

Investigations can cost from $100 for a one-night survey to $10,000 for a prolonged snoop. In the US it has been money like this and better which has prompted some of California's top lawmen to quit the force and freelance for parent-power.



Reg Standfast: drug reports.

TORTURE CLAIM

The exposure in the December issue of *Australian Penthouse* of harsh and archaic treatment of youngsters in Australian children's homes has had uncomfortable repercussions for Sir Charles Court's government.

It has been accused of "Asian-style torture" by voluntary welfare visitors to its Nyandi girls' institution in the Perth suburb of Bentley. The accusations are being investigated by the WA Opposition.

Nyandi, surrounded by a high fence and with barred windows, accommodates girls aged between 12 and 18. Many have never been convicted of a legal offence. Often, their "crime" has involved running away from a foster home or arriving back at a foster home late at night. The torture allegations have been made by visitors from the Australian Society of Women Writers, who have been banned from Nyandi in consequence.

"We had been making regular visits since the start of this year, to help improve the girls' literacy levels and to encourage them to become more outgoing by writing their own thoughts and experiences," says the society's State chairman, Perth author and poet Mrs Ethel Webb.

"We did not know of these punishment methods until we were told by a young occupational therapist on our first complete tour of Nyandi. We were absolutely horrified."

The punishment complained of by the society is officially known to the West Australian Community Welfare Department as Time Out: to anyone else it is old-fashioned solitary confinement — with rigorous additions.

One version involves isolating the girl offender in a narrow corridor with empty "cabins", or cells, on either side.

She is made to sit on a hard chair facing a blank wall at the end of the 7m corridor. She is allowed to talk to no one, and no one may talk to her. The girl must remain in this position for up to two days, except at lights-out when she is directed to a bed in one of the nearby cabins. Absolute silence is enforced there, too.

The alternative form of Time Out involves shutting a girl in a dark, windowless cell 2m square with brick walls and a concrete floor.

There is no furniture, and she is made to sit in the middle of the floor while watched through a spy-hole. After five minutes, she is sent into an identical adjoining cell and the process is repeated. Five minutes later she is again moved into the original cell.

"I call them Asian-style tortures advisedly. This punishment was developed in Asia to break the spirit and to reduce victims to a slave-like mentality," says Mrs Webb, who has majored in psychology. "No wonder the authorities call it Time Out — in a civilised society, it is 'out' by about a hundred years."

Western Australia's Minister for Community Welfare, Ray Young, defends the punishments on the grounds that they are necessary and effective. He described the system as isolating the out-of-control or misbehaving child and preventing her from continuing to disrupt the activities of others.

"Isolation is intended to be unpleasant," he says.

Young said a period in the dark cells was usually limited to 15 minutes, but he confirmed the corridor punishment, for "continuing uncontrolled behavior", lasted up to 48 hours.

His claim that Time Out is effective as a punishment seems contradicted by his admission that one girl, "a habitual absconder", had undergone 26 spells of corridor punishment. Mrs Webb has been told that the girl, who is 16, received all this punishment within three months and had made three attempts at suicide.

Meanwhile Mrs Webb is seeking ways of reversing the visiting ban imposed by Nyandi's superintendent, Kim Stotter, who says her revelations have caused his staff a great deal of concern and inconvenience.

"I am embodying this whole business in a book I am writing," Mrs Webb says. "The only trouble is, enlightened readers may have considerable difficulty believing it."

CELLAR SPOT

The most prominent landmark on King William Road in the Adelaide suburb of Unley is the old house known as Chateau Fort.

It has been a restaurant since 1961, and before that was one of those elegant family homes the free settlers of South Australia dotted about their colonial city. This one was built at the turn of the century, the abode of a wheat merchant whose family held on to it until the 1960s.

Its reputation as a restaurant enjoyed a steady, unpublicised growth for 10 years or so, then the idiosyncrasies of the Basil Fawlty-style proprietor wore thin and the clientele dropped away.

The man would put up a menu, then yell at the patrons if they didn't choose what he wanted to cook.

Kerry Terranova bought him out about three years ago. Terranova's come up through Adelaide's nightlife via a wine shop, Le Paris restaurant and Nelson's Wine Tavern. He's happy with what he's got, and he's been expanding it. Now there's the Cascade garden restaurant, out the back of the Fort, a relaxed luncheon setting with wooden furniture, parasols and a miniature waterfall.

The crowning jewel of the complex is in the labyrinthine cellar. This is Pips, an understated nightspot set in bluestone caves, with narrow passages, low ceilings and ample nooks and corners for serious conversation. The great thing about Pips is that it refuses to become a disco.

Terranova says he opened it to satisfy the after-dinner demands of the restaurant clientele: "It's a place for people to have fun and meet the opposite sex." Without too much of a wrap-up for the place, it has to be said he's made it work. It has an enviable reputation around Adelaide as a great venue for a drink and pleasant company.

The lines of hopefuls outside the door on Fridays and Saturdays attest to the popularity. It's $3 to go through, unless you've eaten upstairs, when it's free. Drinks are no pricier than in flash hotel bars. The band plays until nearly 3am.

TAPED FOR ACTION

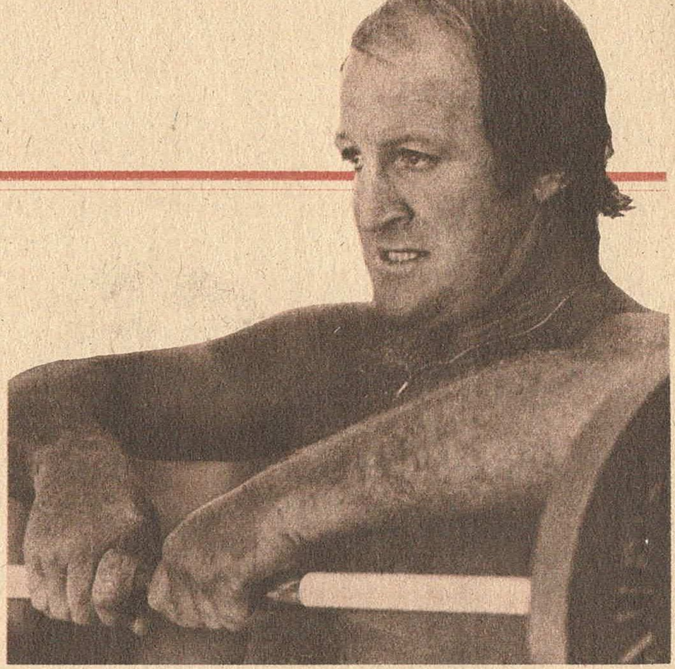
Former Australian Rugby League test captain Johnny Raper, the balding little Aussie battler who found stardom in a selling campaign for tyres — "Jax The Ripper Tyres" — has turned his varied talents to a new pastime, with far more potential than his best game on the field could ever produce.

He's now selling television video tapes. Raper became involved in marketing tyres for millionaire ad man John Singleton soon after his days as captain of Sydney's St George Rugby League team ended. He became a sales executive for one of the country's biggest transport companies, Thomas Nationwide Transport.

One day, Raper and a business colleague thought it would be a good idea if hotels could replay some of the best sporting events of the past. After some more thinking and an application to the NSW Rugby League executive, the bored drinkers' dream came true. Raper and video cassette salesman Terry Slade obtained exclusive rights to replay NSW Rugby League games in clubs and hotels.

The pair, with what they say is a matinee of magic sporting moments, have opened a shop in the exclusive Sydney suburb of Double Bay, and are confident they're on a sure winner.

"What better to do when drinking with a few mates than to watch St George thrash the greats of the past?" Raper asked. "It's better than watching the 83rd episode of *The Flintstones.*"



Johnny Raper: bringing sport to the people.

ROCKING THE BOAT

Goodbye Johnny O'Keefe, goodbye! The petition to have Sydney's multimillion dollar entertainment centre named after Australia's "King of Rock" seems to have failed. As the JO'K petition was gathering strength with more than 50,000 names, New South Wales Premier Neville Wran quietly killed the idea.

Some people say the centre is too big to be named after one person — especially, they say, after JO'K. Chairman of the centre, former State Country Party MP, public relations and ad man, Sir Asher Joel, is at the forefront of the anti-O'Keefe campaign. Sir Asher, who is 67, says Sir Robert Helpmann, Joan Sutherland or Roy "Mo" Rene would be more appropriate suggestions than "a rock and roll person".

The person organising the pro-O'Keefe petition, Ingrid Berg, who worked with O'Keefe as his publicity agent for several years, has responded simply by producing the letters and signatures which flow daily into her tiny Sydney office. Berg is determined to present the State Government with two million signatures, hoping the number may convince Wran of the huge support Johnny O'Keefe enjoyed.

She had something to say about Sir Asher's suggestions: "How could we name it after Joan Sutherland? She doesn't even live here. Helpmann belongs in an opera house or ballet theatre. Roy Rene, okay, but did he reach the numbers O'Keefe did, generation after generation?"

With the rate of progress on the centre so far, this altercation is likely to be all the entertainment the centre provides for sometime.

Johnny O'Keefe and wife, Maureen.

ACE FOR NEWK

Beauty Newk! Or should that be Lucky Newk? Two of the nation's former tennis greats, John Newcombe and Tony Roche, announced in November a national coaching scheme for talented juniors.

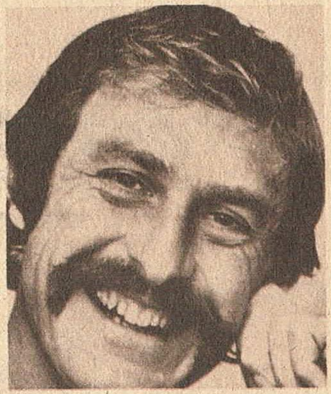
Involved is sponsorship for three years from three sources: the Federal Government for $60,000 a year, Custom Credit Corporation for $50,000 and the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia for $30,000. The scheme will be launched in February.

John Newcombe has talked about the sad state of Australian sport for years, with countless other local sporting giants: facilities were lacking, training hampered by poor promotion and no money, and so on.

Dismal results at the Munich Olympics brought the cry for Federal intervention in sports promotion.

Some money began to trickle through the Department of Home Affairs, but mainly on an ad hoc basis. The Commonwealth never became totally involved.

Out of the blue last October, no less a personage than the Prime Minister, Mr Fraser, noticed a front page story in Sydney's *Sunday Telegraph.* It told of Newk's idea of introducing a national junior tennis coaching scheme and his disgust at continued political apathy. Mr Fraser mentioned his interest through an officer of his department to Newk, who was staying at his tennis property in the US. Custom Credit, which had already expressed interest in the project, then formally proposed the scheme to the responsible Minister, Mr Bob Ellicott, who represents an electorate which incorporates a tennis club in Sydney known as White City. Twenty-four hours after landing on Ellicott's desk, the plan was signed, sealed and delivered.



John Newcombe

Many sporting people are wondering how far the generosity which inspired the Newk offer will extend. Our best advice is to try to ace Mr Ellicott before the Government decides the whole thing's a racket.

WHISPER WHO DARES

What do these people have in common: Bianca Jagger, Muhammad Ali, Johannes Bjelke-Petersen, Margaret Trudeau? You'll never guess so we'll tell — they were all on a short list to open Brisbane's first adult disco, Whispers, where sophistication is mandatory and civilised freaks (except in jeans) are encouraged.

Who won? He Who Never Loses, of course — and we don't mean Ali.

Joh got to open Whispers (formerly Maimie's in Fortitude Valley) because the other beautiful people were too expensive and because the chartered accountant who co-owns the place is a fan of the Premier.

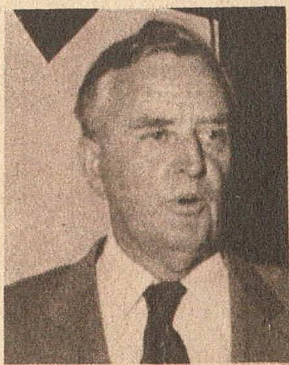
With Whispers' half million dollar light show bouncing off his steel-grey business suit, Joh mounted the stage and said "My goodness."

Then he faded away. His mouth moved in a familiar sort of way but no sound reached my ears.

As Joh wrapped it up with something sounding like "you young people" and "oh, jolly good" he was approached diffidently by a swarthy mental patient from Wolston Park Hospital.

"Why are you . . ." the looney, identified by his name tag, struggled to compose his writhing features. Joh waited. "Why are you here . . . tonight?"

It was the question on everyone's lips. The answer took four or five minutes and left the looney totally baffled. Reversing his name tag, the idiot (a drunken journalist) reported: "I couldn't understand a word . . . I thought I was going mad." Not everyone was confused. Whispers' co-owner John Hackett took the stage and declared that Joh's presence that night had destroyed forever his image as the darling of the church social and pumpkin scone set.



Joh Bjelke-Petersen

Disco Joh had arrived!

But minutes later when former Miss Australia, Anne Sneddon, asked Disco Joh to dance he shook his head and was soon back in the limo speeding to an all-night Cabinet meeting on the growing drug problem.

Hackett and his partners have spent heaps on Whispers and Hackett is adamant that it will become *the* place for the sophisticated set. The music — as the name indicates — is not too loud, commissionaires park your car for two bucks a throw and the dancing continues until 3 am.

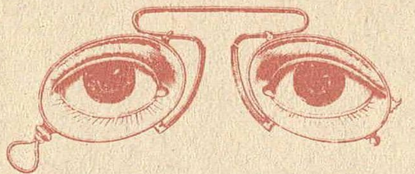
In the first two weeks after Whispers opened, says 43-year-old Hackett, 2000 people were turned away because they looked too young or too untidy to be sophisticated.

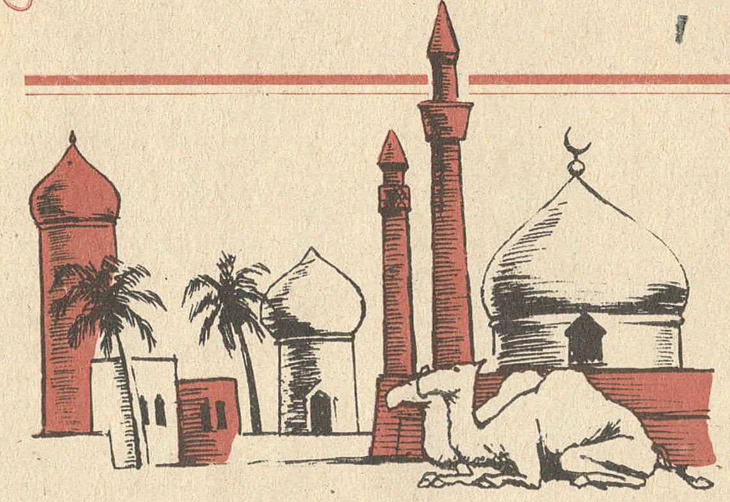
"Our doormen are under strict instructions. We don't want the young crowd to come here because they don't drink enough and because this is not a place designed for teeny boppers.

"We are filling a big space in the Brisbane entertainment scene — for adults of 25 plus. Our research shows there are 262,000 of them in the metropolitan area. If we get 10 percent of them spending $15 a night here we'll be happy . . ."

Whispers' lighting was designed by Peter Zopp of New York's Litelab Corporation, the electronic whizkid who did the effects for the movie *Saturday Night Fever* and the Big Apple's famous Studio 54. While acknowledging that Brisbane is not New York, Hackett admits that one reason for the strict standards of admittance at his establishment has to do with a desire to develop a little of Studio 54's famous mystique.

That's partly the reason why no cameras are permitted beyond the foyer of Whispers — but this is mainly to guard against anyone bent on ripping off the secrets of Mr Zopp's special — and expensive — flashing light show.





MOSQUE TROUBLES

The Ayatollah Khomeini may be firmly in the camel-saddle in Iran, but in Perth the local Moslem establishment is in danger of being bucked off in a complicated dispute also involving Al Grassby.

Amid demands for ethnic equality, a committee claiming to represent many of WA's 3000 Moslems has asked him to investigate alleged goat-in-the manger tactics by the trustees and members of the Perth Mosque, built by and mainly for Afghan camel-drivers more than 70 years ago.

The Afghans, on whom outback transport largely depended, were then almost the only worshippers of Mohammed in Australia. Apparently to protect their interests and those of their descendants, a clause in the mosque constitution stipulates that one of the mosque's two trustees must always be an Afghan.

In the past decade immigration has brought thousands of Moslems to WA from many countries. But Afghan representative Mr Ayub Khan, still controls the mosque as senior trustee, with a junior trustee whom opponents describe as "a very old rubber stamp".

The whole system is decidely undemocratic, according to Mr Almas Khan, a Pakistani schoolteacher who is spokesman for the opposition: "The two trustees are elected by the 20 management members of the mosque. But the management members are appointed by the trustees.

"And Mr Ayub Khan is not even an Afghan; his family comes from the Pakistan side of the North West Frontier.

"We have complained to the International Islamic League, which agrees the Perth Mosque constitution is undemocratic. Now we have asked for an investigation by Mr Grassby."

Mr Ayub Khan, who lives in Perth's traditionally Jewish suburb of Mount Lawley, maintains darkly that the opposition campaign is a plot to undermine Moslem stability.

"These people are not suitable as mosque management members because many of them have taken no interest in its affairs until recently and have not contributed financially," he said. "I am a Pathan, which is just the same as an Afghan, and we are just carrying out the wishes of the people who founded our mosque."

Mr Almas Khan brushes aside allegations that his committee is trying to undermine Moslem stability: "Nearly all of us are traditional Sunni Moslems, not Shi'ites like those in Iran."

"Our complaint is that under the present constitution, our Prophet himself could not become a trustee of the Perth mosque without the approval of Mr Ayub Khan."

WHAT'S ON

ACTION GUIDE

The Australian music scene has moved into high gear, and jazz, country and folk festivals abound.

Sydney is host to two jazz festivals in January. The Sydney International Jazz Festival is on from January 16 to 26 at the Seymour Centre, featuring the Art Ensemble of Chicago. Their music has been described as raw, chanting and barbaric and their instruments include African drums, zithers, kazoos, steer horns and conch shells. They play on January 16, 19 and 26.

During the festival, special days will be devoted to the trumpet, the guitar, to American jazz and Australian jazz. Tickets are $7.50 and $6.50 at Mitchells Bass.

The Art Ensemble also has a concert planned at Dallas Brooks Hall in Melbourne on January 27.

The other jazz event, the Sydney International Music Festival, will feature such stars as Dave Brubeck, Les McCann, Howie Smith and the Jazz Co-op, Lew Tabackin Big Band and Herbie Mann. This festival runs from January 14 to 19 at the Regent Theatre. Tickets are $12.90 and $10.90, from Mitchells Bass.

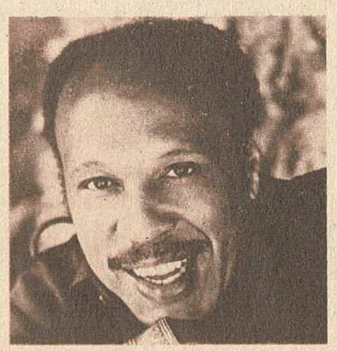
John Lee Hooker, the US blues guitarist, will tour Australia from January 21, and Earl Fatha Hines, arrives for a two-week stint on February 14.

Tamworth in NSW promises two weeks of non-stop country music, in the pubs, the parks, and under the Big Top with hundreds of artists, from January 19 to 31. Write to Terry Wescombe at PO Box 497, Tamworth, 2340, or call him on (067) 657-055.

Sixty-five country music performers will take part in Melbourne's Country Music Jamboree from January 14 to 20. Don't miss *Lady in Blue*, country music's answer to *Jesus Christ Superstar.* That's on at 8pm in the Sidney Myer Music Bowl on January 19, and it's free.

On January 20, the Grand Young Opry twangs into action at noon at the Music Bowl with country favorites like Reg Lindsay, Lenore Somerset, Denise Morrison, Ken Arnott, the Trailblazers, Saltbush and others. It's also free.

The Tasmanian Folk Festival takes over the small town of Longford, 25km south of Launceston, from January 25 to 28. The cost of $12 includes three days of workshops and concerts, camping space and the use of facilities. Bring your tent. The folk line-up includes Alistair Anderson from England, Eric Bogle, Bernard Bolan, The Larrikins, Bloodwood and many more. Ansett has a special package deal for interstate travellers.



Les McCann

For a brochure, write to the Tasmanian Folk Festival Inc., PO Box 298, Sandy Bay, Tasmania, 7005, or call (002) 39-176.

This year's Down To Earth Confest is being held on French Island, Western Port, off Victoria from January 25 to 28. Drive or take the train to Stony Point, and catch the ferry over. Vegetarian food will be available. There will be a healing village and a market place, and a stage will be set up for music and drama. Registration is $12 which includes ferry transport.

Herbie Mann: here for music festival.

For more information call Sydney 893-405, Melbourne 428-5677, Adelaide 565-635, Brisbane 345-2186 and Perth 386-7848.

The Sydney Festival continues to roll on with the *Daily Mirror* — Pepsi Cola Can Regatta at Manly Cove on January 19, beginning at 11am. All craft are made of Pepsi cans, with names like The Can Tiki.

The next day comes a boat race everyone is sure to remember ... the inaugural Sydney Harbor Great Ferry Boat Race. Five sedate ladies of the State's Public Transport Commission will line up for a specially prepared race around the Harbor foreshores. One not to miss!

The American Express Food and Wine Frolic takes off on January 28 all day in Sydney's Hyde Park South. About 30 restaurants and 30 wine and brandy producers will be flogging cheap samples.

Melbourne takes a more traditional approach to food fairs. At it's Australian Pie Day, on January 22, free hot pies will be given away from noon in the Treasury Gardens. It's part of Melbourne's "Salute to Australia", which includes "Ocker Day" on January 25 and a music festival tracing 200 years of Aussie music, in the Treasury Gardens on January 26.

A huge array of antique cars and other vehicles will be on display in the Melbourne parks on January 28. All this is brought to you free by Free Entertainment In The Parks.

Speaking about history, Carboni wrote a book about what it was like at the siege of the Eureka Stockade. Now there's a play about him, called *Carboni*. It's on at Melbourne's Pram Factory from February 7. It's a one-man show with Bruce Spence. Tickets are $5.50 and performances begin at 8.30pm. For bookings call 347-7133.

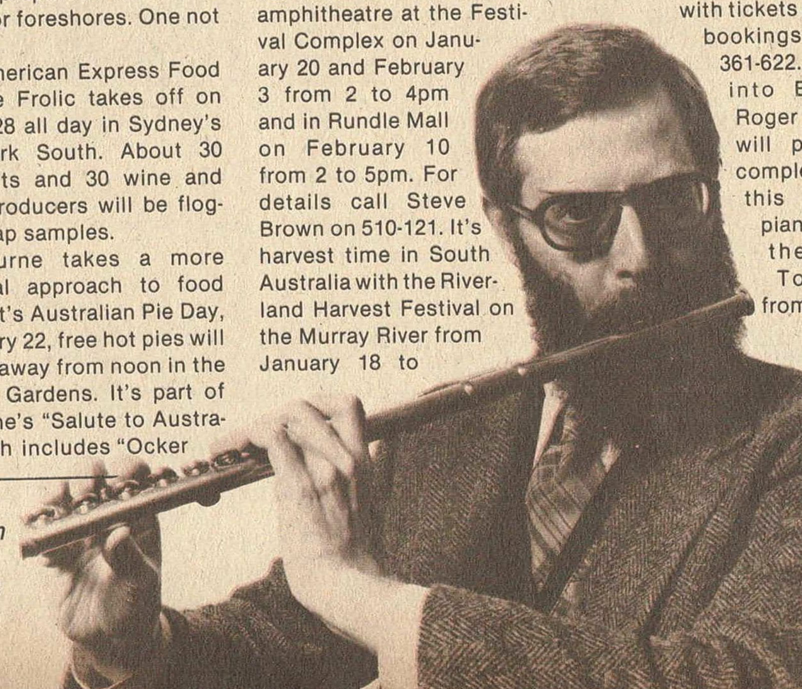
Don't miss the free rock concerts in Adelaide in the amphitheatre at the Festival Complex on January 20 and February 3 from 2 to 4pm and in Rundle Mall on February 10 from 2 to 5pm. For details call Steve Brown on 510-121. It's harvest time in South Australia with the Riverland Harvest Festival on the Murray River from January 18 to 27. A wine and food banquet in Renmark on January 18 promises witchety grub soup, yabbie tails and damper. A riverside carnival will be held in Loxton on January 20, and a Ski-athon slices past Waikerie on January 27. The SA Tourist Bureau has more information.

At Adelaide's Space Theatre, Graham Bond plays a 42-year-old schoolboy in *Boy's Own Macbeth* until February 9, Monday through Saturday. It starts at 8.30pm and tickets are around $7.

If it's skin, sand and sound you want, try the beaches in Perth. Surf events, rock concerts and bikini parades will be on all day at Rockingham Beach on January 19 and at Scarborough Beach on January 20.

Speedboat fans can have a close look at boats on display and in the water at the Kanyana Carnival at Mandurah, near Perth. Races will be held over the Australia Day weekend. Call the Mandurah Tourist Bureau for details on (095) 351-155.

British playwright Edward Bond has written a play called *Bingo,* about Shakespeare, Ben Jonson and land rights. Performances begin February 1 at La Boite Theatre in Brisbane with tickets at $4.50. For bookings telephone 361-622. For those into Beethoven, Roger Woodward will perform the complete cycle of this composer's piano sonatas in the Sydney Town Hall from January 7 to 17. The KBG Games, featuring a line-up of international track and field stars, tours Australia in January and February. The games will be held in Canberra on January 31; Sydney, February 4; Melbourne, February 6; Brisbane, February 10; and Adelaide, February 12.



Lew Tabackin here for gigs.

Two of the "big three" of cricket — Australia, England and the West Indies — will take part in the finals of the Benson & Hedges World Series Cup in January. Playing one-day games, the teams will bat 60 six-ball overs for the best score. The Cup will be decided on a best of a three-match series. The games will be held in Melbourne on January 20 and in Sydney on January 22 and 24.

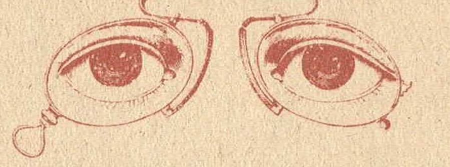
Canterbury Ice Rink in Sydney is the site of the National Ice Racing Championships from January 26 to 28. Sydney's Jim Lynch, the world all-speed champion, will take part.

The National Water Polo Championships in Melbourne this year are the trail run for the Moscow Olympic Games. Six States will be competing from February 2 to 10 at the Olympic Pool in Richmond. NSW will be defending the Open Men's title which it has won eight times in the past decade.

Queensland has invented its own polo sport — canoe polo. It's played with short canoes in a pool, demands all the skills of taking the rapids and looks like the inside of a washing machine. The State Canoe Polo Championships will be held from January 26 to 28 at the Jindalee Swimming Pool.

Because the information is compiled in advance please check for late changes by phone.

Organisers of events like these are invited to send information to Horan Wall and Walker at PO Box 8, Surry Hills, 2010, or phone (02) 336-693 or (02) 313-277. Please allow eight weeks prior notice.



WINE

BRING ON THE BUBBLES

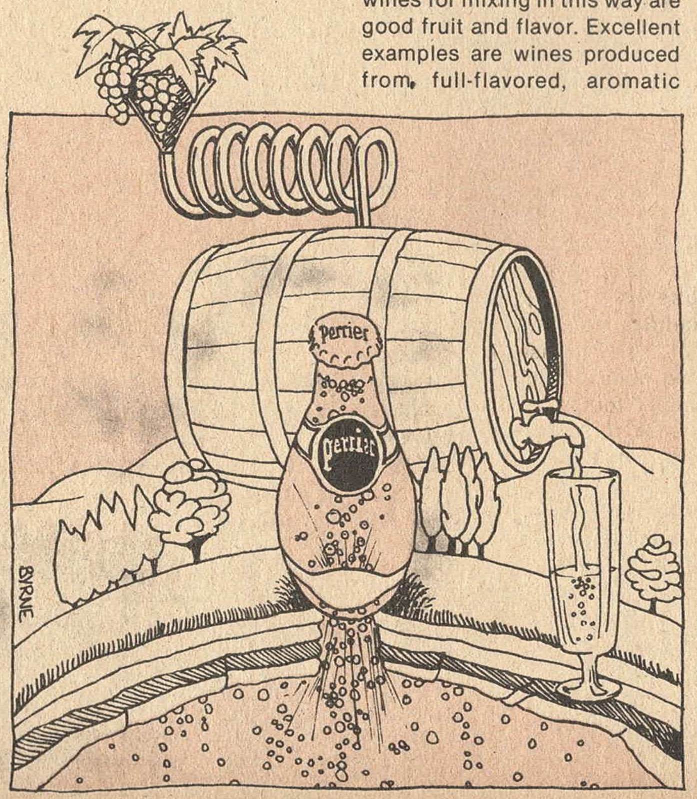
Summer is the season for long, cool drinks, when red wine consumption drops and wine drinkers look for lighter, more refreshing styles.

At a time of booming sales of white wine (an increasing percentage of which is made from red grapes) we all face the problem that most of our wines, whites included, are quite high in alcohol of indifferent quality and can really knock you around, particularly under a hot sun. Enter, then, an old idea that is really starting to catch on in a big way, making wine much easier to enjoy, far more refreshing, and less offensive to a breathalyser.

Australia is in the midst of a boom in bottled water of many varieties and sources. A lot of this is being used as a mixer with wine, most often white wine. At the dinner table, you will often find a bottle of aqua minerale for guests to drink along with their wines. At parties you will see guests arriving with a cask, plus a couple of litres of soda water.

While there is no rigid rule on what wines are suitable for the mixer treatment, there are a few basic guidelines that should be followed:

- Premium wines should be kept for occasions when they can be enjoyed without the need or desire for dilution or a sparkle. The ideal wines for mixing (if only for economy) come in casks or flagons, though good basic commercially bottled wines often provide a more satisfying result for the discerning palate.
- A bad wine will be no better for the addition of Perrier, except that the disagreeable characteristics may be somewhat attenuated, depending upon the degree of dilution.
- The degree of dilution is a matter of personal taste, but it will be influenced by the size and body of the wine being used. A good start is to try 50-50, since it is easy, after reducing the level a little to add more wine or soda as your taste dictates.
- While white wines are most often the subject of this treatment, there is no reason why rose and some lighter red wines could not be used.
- Soda water is most commonly used, being of neutral flavor and high effervescence — particularly Schweppes. There is no reason why mineral waters can't be used, even with their characteristic flavors, though some imported waters, like Vichy, Evion or Vitel are high in magnesium and something of an acquired taste on their own.
- Some mineral waters are very low in effervescence. Since a degree of spritzig or even sparkle is an attraction that most people enjoy, a carbonated mineral water will have greater appeal.



- Cost is a pertinent point and all the imported varieties are rather expensive — in fact they can cost more than the wine they are being added to. Perrier costs about $1.30 for their standard 500 ml size, while most Australian versions should be about 50 cents.
- Practically all mineral water available here is carbonated, generally because most of the original effervescence is lost when the waters are settled and filtered before bottling.

While most imported aqua minerale brands are available nationally — the best-known and most heavily promoted is Perrier — distribution of Australian waters can be more localised, there being subterranean springs bubbling forth in many parts of the country. My favorites are Perrier among the imported varieties, and Hepburn Spa from central Victoria.

The most important characteristics to look for in wines for mixing in this way are good fruit and flavor. Excellent examples are wines produced from full-flavored, aromatic varieties, like Frontignan, Muscat and Gordo. Look for moselle or spatlese wines like Lindemans Ben Ean, McWilliam's Lexia, Orlando's Steinwein and Yalumba 1979 Leibchen Moselle. The best wine is one which most appeals to you on its own and here the range of choice is diverse. Avoid light, delicate, high acid wines — or young wines of high quality that need a few years' bottle age.

Rose is equally adaptable and there are signs of a renewed interest in this style as an alternative to our big reds and our abortive attempts to emulate the delicious fruity Beaujolais of France. Australian rose falls into two categories: the sweetish styles in the Mateus mould; or the crisp, dry styles akin to Tavel Rose from the Rhone. The soft, fruity, slightly sweet rose wines made by Kaiser Stuhl, Seppelt's and Miramer (Mudgee) are ideal.

The prime requirement for a red wine is that it be young, fruity and low in tannin. Beaujolais, made from the gamay grape, is the ideal wine for this purpose, but, with a price tag of $4.50 to $10 for the top wines from this region, this is rather extravagant, and in any case, a lightly chilled Beaujolais is superb on its own. Since we have not been able to emulate this style it is necessary to find the closest approximations that are, above all, fresh with good fruit and low tannin. Casks and flagons labelled Burgundy are more likely to fit the bill than wines called Claret.

A great deal of wine is simply quaffed without food and the result of this can lead to various problems ranging from hangovers, amorous incapacitations, to encounters with the law. Dilution of wines, be it with soda or gaseous mineral water, can not only heighten your enjoyment at the time, but has the bonus of diminishing the risk of unfortunate consequences. — *Paul Day.*

Triple Orange
MARQUE DÉPOSÉE
Grand Marnier
LIQVOR
J. B. LAPOSTOLLE FONDATEUR 1827
Grand finale.
SWM 9051

As you pay through the nose
for your summer holiday shack, resort motel or
seaside caravan park,
don't forget you're also paying for
our junketing politicians.

PARLIAMENTARY JETSETTERS

BY JOHN HAMPSHIRE

And then there was the one about the honorable member of our national Parliament being chased across the tarmac at an Asian destination, because the lady of the night before had discovered that the Qantas pin he gave her was not, in fact, gold.

Or the one about another honorable gentleman whose sad duty it was to report the theft of all his cash and travel papers while he was engaged in some in-depth research of local mores . . .

Apocryphal as these stories might sound, we have it on best authority that they refer to real events in the lives of former Federal MPs. They are the kind of tales which lead many people to think of their elected representatives with deep suspicion every time another planeload takes off on yet another study tour.

The politicians have themselves to blame for a large part of this public suspicion. Overseas travel by Cabinet ministers and other MPs became such a hot issue in the 1970s that politicians shouldn't be too surprised if it continues to be one into the 1980s, despite frequent protestations of the value and necessity of overseas visits at the taxpayers' expense.

The issue is fuelled by the exploits of State MPs such as South Australia's Max Brown, Queensland's Minister for Main Roads and Local Government, Russ "Colossus of Roads" Hinze, and on the Federal level by the purchase of two Boeing 707 aircraft.

Millions of dollars of our taxes go every year to transport politicians around Australia and the world. Much of this travel is necessary and fruitful, yet unearthing concise details of expenditure and the benefits to the community of overseas visits is so frustrating and time-consuming it's not hard to start thinking MPs feel they have something to hide.

Politicians are people like the rest of us (so they say), so it's inevitable there will be incidents which invite the voters to write off all overseas trips as junkets, joy-rides or whatever. Probably the simplest way to counter this impression is to offer easy access to details of all trips, so that hard-working MPs are not tarred with the junket brush.

Unfortunately, the experience around the various State parliaments, and to a slightly lesser extent in the Federal Parliament, is that reports of trips are either hugely delayed or simply not written, questions asked in Parliament receive inadequate response and figures are presented in such a way as to throw doubt on their ability to present a true picture of expenditure on trips.

As an example, *The Australian* in August 1979 reported: "Overseas trips by the Prime Minister, Mr Fraser, cost $66,396 last year — only about one-third of what he spent travelling the world in 1978."

Apart from uncertainty about the references to "last year" and "1978", this item was totally misleading on several counts:

- The figure of $66,396 referred only to the first six months of 1979.
- The figure of which this was "only about one-third of what he spent travelling the world in 1978" was $226,516. A third of this is actually $75,505.
- The $226,516 relates only to travel charged against the second half of 1978, that is, in the first part of the financial year 1978-79.
- The total amount charged to the Prime Minister for visits in 1978, according to the Department of Administrative Services' handbook, Estimates of Receipts and Expenditure 1979-80 (Explanatory Notes), was in fact $370,722.
- The figure of $66,396 — although provided as at June 30 in accordance with standard book-keeping practices — tends

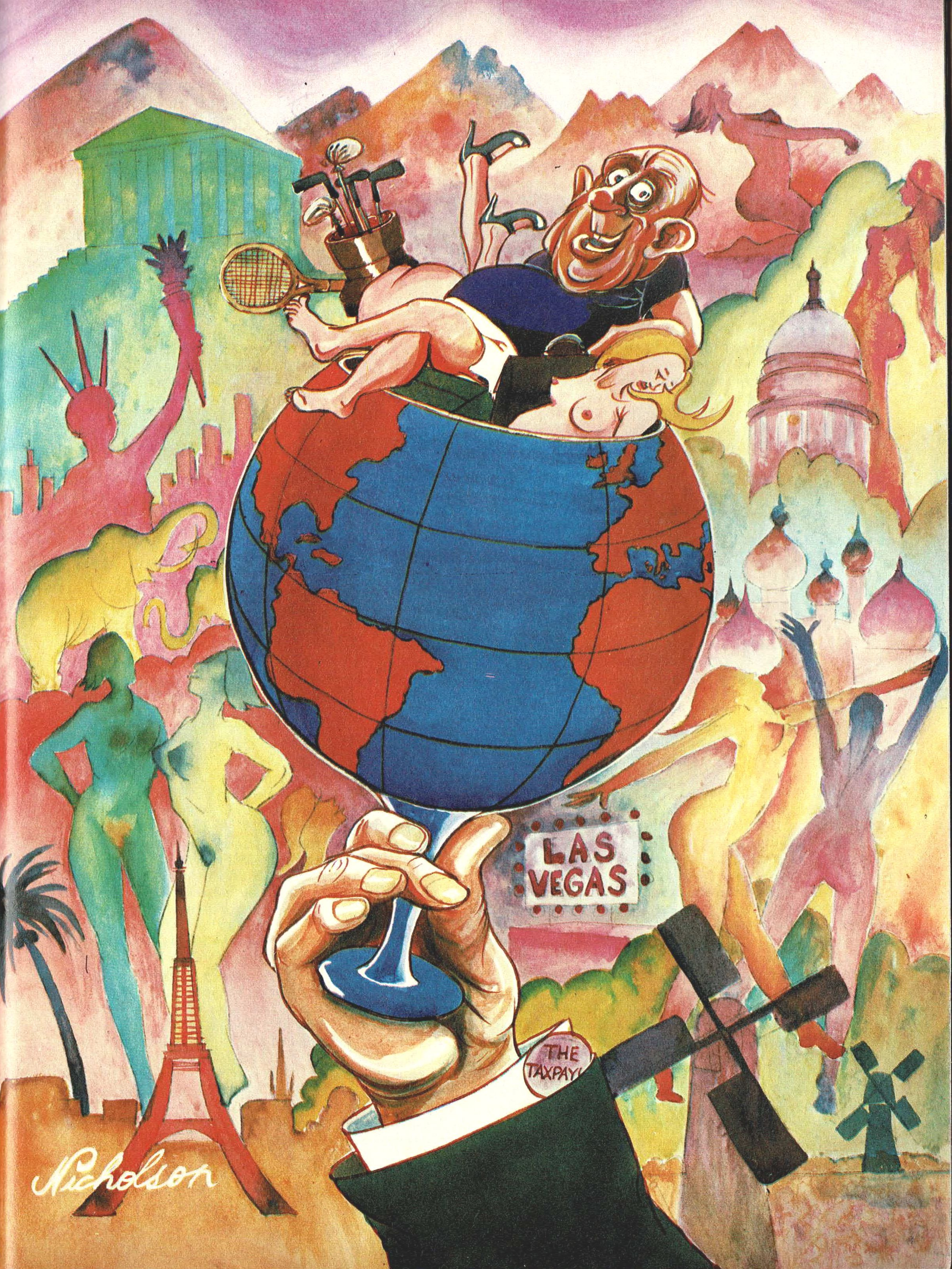


Illustration by Peter Nicholson

to mislead an uninformed public because less than six weeks later, the Prime Minister's visit to Africa had added at least $140,000 to the year's progressive total.

While we can't blame the Federal Government for any misinterpretations by *The Australian,* the story shows the confusion which can afflict specialist journalists, let alone anyone else, as a result of the way travel figures are presented.

Sometimes this confusion can be aided or even manufactured by governments interested in distracting the electorate's attention from damning evidence.

For instance, in the same period that 23 Queensland Government backbenchers were being questioned for spending $40,000 on air travel within Australia, the State's 18 Cabinet ministers were running up a $327,552 travel bill of their own.

While Premier Joh capitalised on the media sensation of Auditor-General James Peel's 1978 report on backbenchers' indiscretions (some had swapped travel vouchers for unauthorised travel, others took families unofficially) not a word was printed about the Cabinet travel.

Nothing, however, has been done about the bottom line of Mr Peel's report — a recommendation that Queensland move into line with the rest of Australia by setting guidelines for politicians' travel entitlements.

It is the only State without set entitlements, where politicians who indulge in jaunts around the globe are not answerable for what it costs.

It's hard to imagine Russ Hinze being able to set off on a five-week tour of the world justified only by a five-day roads conference in Vienna if any other system applied.

Hinze made the jaunt in September last year with the blessing of the full Queensland Cabinet, collecting on his way $11,000 in traveller's cheques to cover incidentals. Unfortunately, the minister had to come home after only three weeks, because there was a media fuss about the $11,000 and the fact that Hinze was planning to soak up Caribbean sun, tour studs in North Carolina's bluegrass racing country, loaf at Port-of-Spain and dine out in London — all of which patently had nothing to do with the roads conference and was costing taxpayers the $11,000 on top of accommodation and fares for the minister and his two public service travelling companions.

Hinze also came back to Brisbane to answer allegations from two Gold Coast Liberals that he was involved in a rezoning scandal in their electorate. The scandal fizzed.

The minister was furious that his trip had been spoiled: "Australians just don't understand the cost of living overseas," he said. "If I had stayed the full five weeks away, I doubt whether the $11,000 would have been enough."

Hinze vowed never again to suffer the humiliation of being cross-examined over why he needed $11,000 pocket money and five weeks to attend a five-day roads conference. He would stay home, he said, until attitudes changed and he could be sure journalists would not wake him at 3am in Norway with queries like "How was Oslo?"

Possibly Hinze's greatest lapse was in being so obvious, because with the passage of a little time, all the figures would have been submerged among scores of other appropriations.

Some MPs achieve notoriety not so much from the money they spend, but from the reports they make. The politician with the greatest claim to fame in this area in recent times is the unfortunate Maxwell John Brown, member for Whyalla in the South Australian House of Assembly.

> "Either I looked extraordinarily intelligent, or I had come half-way around the world and run into a much more backward race than the average Australian."

Mr Brown secured an overseas trip, at State Government expense, to "study tourism" from March 26 to June 23 1978. His report on that trip was tabled in the House on July 31 last year, to be greeted with joyous disbelief by journalists and horror on the part of MPs everywhere concerned with the prospects of an enormous electorate backlash and subsequent curtailment of their own overseas travel entitlements.

Brown, obviously a forthright, down-to-earth soul not given to calling a spade a shovel, poured out in his report what is certainly one of the most honest assessments of life abroad by a politician, interspersed with uncomplicated humor.

His ingenuous observations on his 90-day tour — "a period really too long for such a trip" — inspired the State's Leader of the Australian Democrats, Mr Robin Millhouse, to describe study trips as "an absolute scandal" and led to newspaper headlines such as "Around the world in 90 daze".

When he reported on his time in Rome, Brown admitted ruefully: "Unfortunately, I find it very difficult to report very much on this city, because of my extreme indulgence on the first night of my stay. Although the Italian wine is world renowned, I found it extremely difficult to overcome the after-effects of it the next day.

"I did experience that night, though, a very pleasing time, two very small boys entertaining us, one singing all in Italian a couple of popular Italian love songs. An act I would venture to say would move the heart of any Australian night club audience.

"Because of my self-afflicted disability I did not see the Vatican City and some six other cathedrals of Rome, but I did throw, (all that I could afford), some three coins into the fountain."

It was obvious that by then Brown had had his fill of cathedrals, anyway: "I found London to be a place with a wealth of culture, history and tradition. I attended the London Palladium and saw the performance of Liberace. This in itself to me was the highlight of my stay in London.

"I did give a fleeting thought to going to Scotland whilst I was in London but snow and more snow soon dashed those thoughts from my mind.

"Besides, I must say that not only in London, but afterwards in Southern Ireland and Europe, one did get a little bored with cathedrals, cathedrals, and more cathedrals.

"London is a City which thrives on the tourist trade, in fact, I remember the first full day I spent in London walking down Oxford Street. I reckon every other person was either looking at a map to see where they were, where they were going, or where they had been, or asking an intelligent person like myself, who had the in-depth experience of being in London for less than 24 hours, where was such and such a place.

"I remember that this indeed boosted my ego, for I felt that either I looked extraordinarily intelligent, or I had come half-way around the world and run into a much more backward race than the average Australian."

Soon after, he embarked on the 35-day Western Europe section of his tour, which he described as "a trip that I do not think will ever be erased completely from my mind". No doubt.

But the path to London and Western Europe was by no means smooth. Arriving in Santiago, Chile, supposedly for a stopover of one-and-a-half hours, he was not to leave until four days later because he lacked a visa for Brazil.

The search for the Brazilian Embassy to obtain the visa took up time over three of those days. Finally, after a series of helpful and not-so-helpful encounters, Brown found himself being directed by "a youngish gentleman".

"I recall that I was walking in the general direction of the embassy — some three or four blocks away from the gentleman in question — when I felt that I had gone too far and, upon looking back, there was the same gentleman furiously waving his arms as to where I went wrong. I think that little episode itself shows clearly the hleptulness, courtesy and assistance I was afforded in Santiago, by the people generally and I can only say 'thank you' to them.

"A little while after, I stood in front of the Brazilian Embassy and a feeling of relief came over me."

Max Brown must have wondered if it was worth all the bother when he eventually got to Rio de Janeiro:

"I will remember Rio de Janeiro if for no other reason than I was immediately the subject of a con act in the taxi field, costing me $50 to get to my hotel instead of $10.

"My hotel in Rio de Janeiro was the Hotel California, situated right on the beach front of the world-famed Cococabana (sic) Beach, and what a beach.

"Generally speaking, Rio de Janeiro is a beautiful City, but its people, or the general people I saw, could only be described as having doubtful honesty. I described the living in Rio de Janeiro as a rat race and, although that term may not be accepted as the greatest adjective in respect to description, nevertheless, I still believe that it ably describes what I saw.

"The make-up of the people is an interbreed between Spanish, Portuguese and South American Negro — colorful, but doubtful.

"Probably Rio could be described as the tourist trade gone quite mad. It was a great pity to see the marble pavements of the Cococabana Beach heavily polluted by dogs who were obviously kept by their masters in expensive apartments on the beach front and who were brought down on leases (sic) simply to relieve themselves on the pedestrian marble front of the beach and, I might add, that it was very difficult indeed to successfully negotiate the marble pathway without incurring the penalty of shoe pollution.

"In fact, it became quite amusing to me to see dogs of all shapes, breeds and sizes being walked along the beach front on leases held by all shapes, breeds and sizes, and it was very difficult for me to decide which one on the end of the lease I should watch.

"I might add that again I had difficulty with plane tickets in Rio, having had my ticket to Mexico City cancelled. Faced with the proposition of having to stay an extra seven days in Rio, I immediately booked a seat to London."

Some of Brown's other comments on the grandeur of Europe were:

COPENHAGEN: "Pornography was very pronounced and perhaps the organisers of my European tour believed that I needed some education in sex behavior, for they provided accommodation in the heart of the pornographic centre of Copenhagen."

VENICE: "Venice is slowly sinking into the sea, but I venture to say that there will be a great amount of people who will experience the marvel of Venice — a city built on water — before the catastrophe emerges."

PISA: "It was a letdown. Sure, the Leaning Tower was there — it sure was Leaning — and it was quite a lovely day, but Italians were demonstrating on the Tower, over the Tower and around the Tower — demonstrating I am not sure what about, but to a great degree the demonstration reminded me of home.

"Incidentally, Italians are great ones for demonstrations etc, and when you see the poverty and conditions of living, they have plenty to keep them occupied in the demonstration field for some time yet."

BARCELONA: "I also remember quite vividly that I thought the health inspector would do a roaring business in the local food markets, where the odor of cheese hanging precariously from stalls just about KO'd you before reaching many metres from the site of the stall, and where I experienced at first hand various types of meat exposed to all and sundry being sold for human consumption.

"I recall a string of sausages hanging to a great length from one particular stall with a small dog comfortably gnawing at the end sausage, with a potential customer enquiring the price of same."

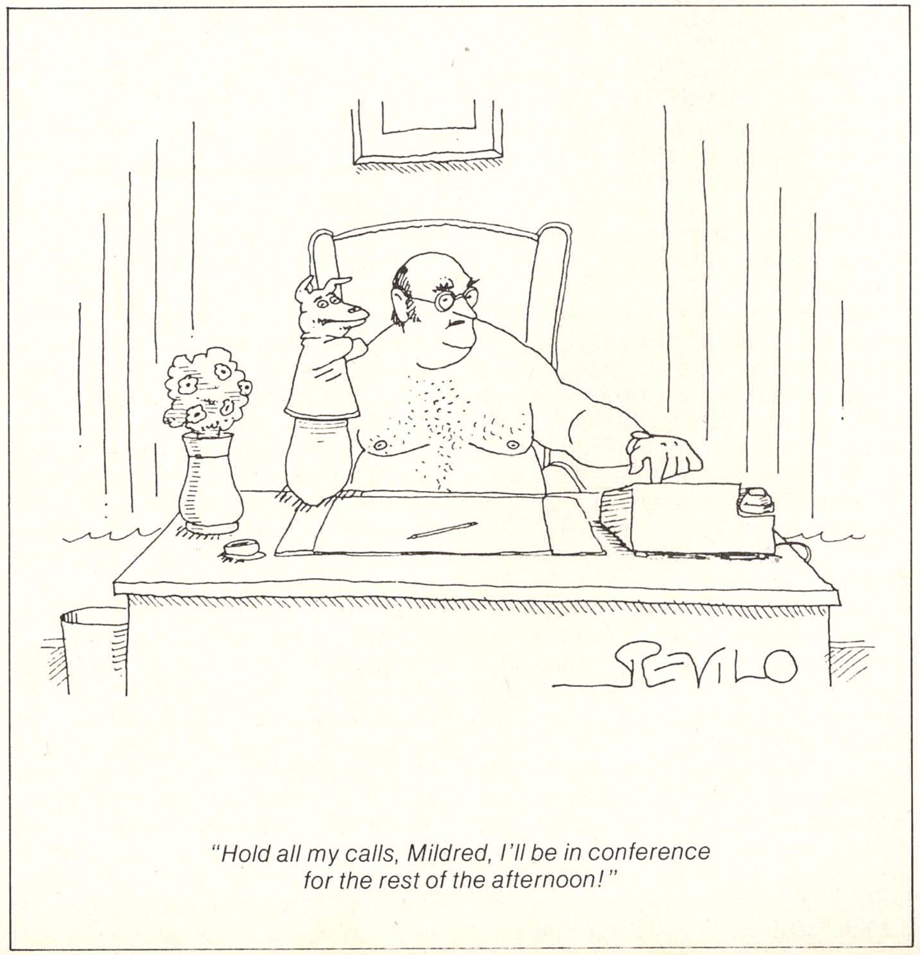
PYRANEES VILLAGE: "We had to make our own fun for that night, but it may be of interest that we were given a bottle of Spanish wine on the table for our evening meal. Immediately everyone was somewhat cagey as to what price we were looking at but, through the international sign language, it was soon conveyed that the wine was on the house.

"After taking one sip of the wine everybody knew exactly why it was on the house. In fact, two sips and one could have been easily forgiven if he or she remained in a stupid drunken state for the remaining days of the tour.

"One must comment that Spanish, Italian, and even French wines do not compare with the wines of Australia, speaking from firstly an impartial point of view, and secondly, speaking of ordinary table wines."

PARIS: "Paris, with its Eiffel Tower, Notre Dame Cathedral, its boulevards and hustle and bustle of its people, is quite a city. Perhaps I should point out that upon visiting the Notre Dame Cathedral, I did not see its renowned 'Hunchback'. In fact I thought it was a let-down — cold, drab and a huge colleseum (sic) of marble and stone."

THE GREEK ISLANDS: "The living quarters of some islanders were caves in the cliffs of the islands. In some cases, the only possession being a donkey and one



"Hold all my calls, Mildred, I'll be in conference for the rest of the afternoon!"

was not sure whether the donkey lived in the cave dwelling or the owner."

HYGIENE: "On the overall position, I should mention that I found that toilet, washing and bathing facilities left a lot to be desired and this trend right throughout Europe was commonplace, in fact, deteriorated as one travelled into Italy and Spain."

Another memorable report was issued by a Victorian Liberal MP, Mr Morris Williams, who last summer embarked on a three-month odyssey under the aegis of the Commonwealth Parliamentary Association, the main source of overseas travel for backbenchers.

Williams visited Japan, the USSR, Finland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, France, West Germany, Austria, Greece, the United Kingdom, Canada, the US, Iran, India, Sri Lanka, Singapore, Malaysia, Thailand and Indonesia. He was able to sum up the salient points of the tour of more than 20 countries in only two-and-a-half pages.

He states: "I was able to sit in the overseas gallery of the House of Commons and hear the then Prime Minister and his ministers cross swords with the Opposition at Question Time. I also heard a House of Commons debate.

"A high-light of my visit was lunch at the members dining room."

He also saw poverty "cheek by jowl — with affluence" and the evidence of "corruption and police states in the poorer countries of Asia". This was a "sobering experience".

Williams had "a spirited exchange of views with the ministers and backbenchers in the former administration of Mrs Ghandi, a Communist MP and representatives of other parties over afternoon tea". But he returned assured that "the Indians look upon us in a kindly fashion and not as the worst of imperialists".

Williams has some stern words for those who cavil at an MP's right to overseas travel: "As one, I hope, who still possesses an old-fashioned sense of values, I am not ashamed to have travelled to other countries and seen for myself how the rest of the world lives. Those who denigrate CPA overseas visits do their country no good."

It is probably unfair to single out Williams, who is renowned for his diligence to his electorate.

The CPA trips are seen by many MPs as sheer parliamentary perks attained after years of service. As one senior Government backbencher put it: "Some do work, but most of us abuse it."

That Victorian backbencher strikes a common chord with Mr Justice McClelland, who as Minister for Manufacturing Industry and Minister for Labor and Immigration in the Whitlam Ministry was urged to take five overseas trips in a year but refused because he felt there was no justification for trips, which were purely ceremonial.

As far as the general run of trips by MPs is concerned, Mr Justice McClelland is quite unequivocal: "They are just a bloody joke.

"This is as good an example as you could get: the one major trip that I had was to the United Nations in 1977. Every year in September the General Assembly meets and representatives of the Australian Parliament, one from the Government, one from the Opposition, are sent for the duration — about two months.

"We have a permanent delegation to the UN which occupies a floor in a big building just around the corner from the UN. It has a man with ambassadorial status who has a magnificent pad in Beekman Place, and an assistant — who was a useless bastard when I was there — who occupies a palazzo on Upper Fifth Ave opposite Central Park, and it plays almost no role at all.

> ‘
>
> Victorian Liberal MP, Mr Morris Williams, was able to sum up the salient points of more than 20 countries in only two-and-a-half pages.
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> ’

"I went with a nice bloke named Ron Maunsell (NCP senator). Well, we might as well have been sitting on our arses back home for all we had to do. It was an absolute waste of time and money, among other reasons because the UN itself is a great waste of time and money.

"The parliamentary representatives can take as active a part as they choose to, but then they're merely given speeches by the mission there to make in various committees and so on, they don't play any active role."

Mr Justice McClelland's view is disputed by Mr David Connolly, the Liberal MHR for Bradfield. As a former officer with the Department of Foreign Affairs, Connolly says: "Depending on the personalities involved, there is considerable scope for doing things worthwhile. If an MP makes clear to the head of the delegation that he wishes to be an active member of the delegation, and wants to be on the committees, wants to make a contribution, make speeches, pull his weight in terms of representation and nobbling people in corridors — all the things one has to do, that are just part of the activities in being at the UN — there's no doubt at all that they could play a very real part."

Obviously interpretations of "a very real part" will differ widely, but David Connolly, of all backbenchers, is in a unique position to comment on the effectiveness of parliamentary representation. He led probably the most successful backbench delegation for years to Africa just before the Prime Minister's visit to Lusaka for the Commonwealth Heads of Government Meeting in the middle of last year.

Connolly's delegation was able to lay the groundwork for the favorable reception accorded to Malcolm Fraser by espousing and promulgating Australia's well-received line on majority rule in Zimbabwe and other topical issues. It was a chance at an important and meaningful role rarely, if ever, granted other delegations.

Mr Justice McClelland agrees that politicians can make important contributions overseas, or get a lot out of their trips: "There are intelligent politicians who are learning all the time. There are a few bright blokes in the Parliament — not many, but a few.

"For instance, a fellow like Paul Keating: if he went overseas, he'd go to find something out in his own sphere of interest. He's a bloke who just can't help working wherever he goes.

"But if a bloke's got a leisurely approach to work, as many politicians have, and a belief in his entitlement to the fleshpots, as many politiians have, he'll use an overseas trip as a way of doing in another country what he does in Australia — that is, nothing.

"What you often hear as justification for trips — that going over and seeing the rest of the world broadens the politician's mind — that's absolute bullshit. If you take a small mind overseas, you bring a small one back."

Our politicians, naturally enough, develop their most migratory traits in the major parliamentary recesses of mid-winter and mid-summer.

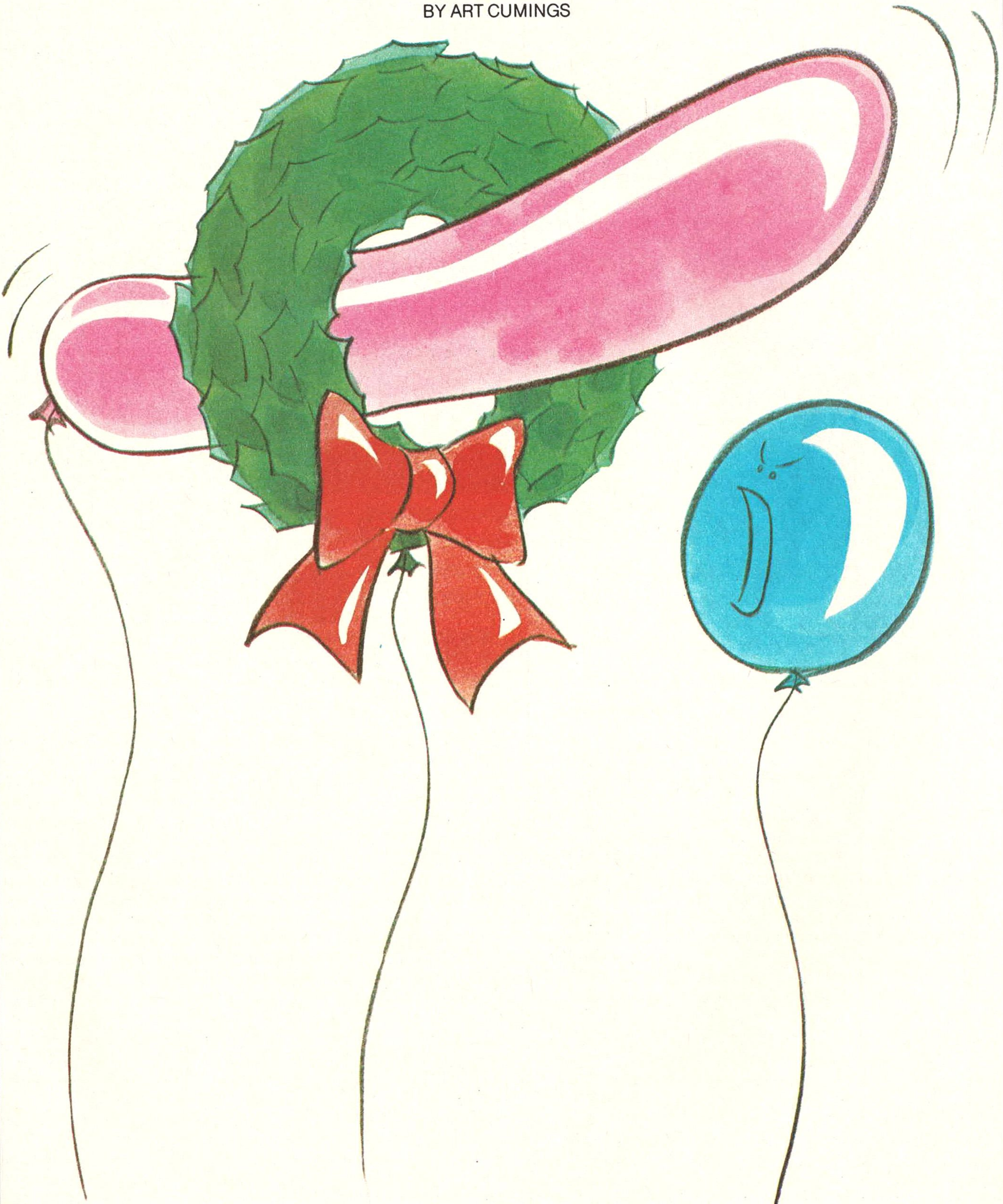
The Victorian parliamentary winter recess, which begins in autumn and ends in the spring, is suitably arranged for the ministers and backbenchers to escape the horrors of Melbourne winter. While Victorian MPs are happy to spend their summers at Portsea and Sorrento, the months of May, June and July see them winging their way to warmer climes.

Over the past few years an average of seven ministers and a similar number of backbenchers have found cause to spend up to three months in the northern hemisphere during the off season.

The winter of 1978 saw no fewer than eight ministers leave for an average period of two months. The Attorney-General, Mr Storey, had a particularly

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"I feel the same way about all holidays."

arduous seven weeks studying residential tenancy laws and buyers rights in Canada, family law and human rights in New York, more family law in San Francisco, the court system, status of children and charities legislation in England, rape laws in Sweden, more status of children and human rights in Strasbourg and Munich and then to Geneva to study the UN Human Rights Commission.

Meanwhile the Minister for Youth, Sport and Recreation, Mr Dixon, was spending four weeks at an anti-obscenity conference in, of all places, Thailand.

But Victoria's most celebrated recent overseas trip was in June 1978 when the then Chief Secretary, Mr Vance Dickie took a jaunt through Scandinavia, Britain, the US and West Germany to look at drink-driving legislation in those countries. Before he left, the executive director of the Victorian Automobile Chamber of Commerce commented: "We do not believe that Mr Dickie going overseas is going to help cut the road toll one little bit. Mr Dickie should forget the jetting and get going on some real measures to save Victorian lives."

The trip cost more than $12,000. Upon his return, Mr Dickie revealed several safety devices he had obtained while away, most of which he could have obtained from the various road safety organisations and appropriate departments at home.

It was just such a winter trip to the Northern Hemisphere that earned Malcolm Fraser some of his most awkward moments since coming to power in 1975.

In June 1978 Mr Fraser, his wife and a party of about 10 — not counting advisers and public servants involved along the way — visited the US, Europe, Singapore and Malaysia.

A budget of $25,000 was allowed for the visit to New York.

On August 3 1978, Roger Grant of the ABC radio current affairs program *AM* said: "The bills for the New York experience, as it is being sarcastically called, are now being paid and there is an air almost of disbelief at the Australian Consulate which is constantly being told about cutting back costs."

The bill for the six days included: Waldorf Astoria Hotel, $33,000 (who can forget the front-page picture of Fraser looking down his cigar at the rest of the world?); fleet of Cadillac limousines on 24-hour call, $15,000; telephone calls, $5000-plus. In those six days Fraser also flew to Miami to meet the Jamaican Prime Minister, Mr Michael Manley. Cost of charter aircraft, between $12,000 and $15,000. Total cost of six-day New York visit, a conservative $65,000.

But the flak wasn't to end there. After their $900-a-seat flight via Concorde to London (total: $15,000-plus), the Fraser party ran up a $50,000 bill for his visit to Paris, largely because Mr Fraser chose to stay at one of the city's most expensive hotels, the Crillon, rather than at the Australian Embassy.

The lavish embassy, subject of controversy in itself, could have accommodated at least some of the Fraser party in the flat prepared for Sir John Kerr before he withdrew from his appointment as our ambassador to UNESCO. Instead, office furniture, telephones and telexes had to be transported to the Crillon to provide the facilities required.

While Mr Fraser has been far more circumspect in his travels since then, he has again inflamed the righteous wrath of the spending watchdogs by approving the purchase of two Boeing 707s from Qantas.

However much the Government insists that there are perfectly rational security grounds for the purchase — a claim made rather less often of late — and however much it insists on referring to them as "special purpose aircraft", on the basis that they will be available for military and other use more often than for VIP flights, it is stuck with the fact that there has been less than overwhelming approval of the purchase within the community.

> ‘The Fraser party ran up a $50,000 bill for his visit to Paris, largely because he chose to stay at one of the most expensive hotels rather than at the Embassy.’

Naturally, the Federal Opposition has not missed the chance to score politically, but the shadow Minister for Transport, Peter Morris, displays an outrage that goes beyond the demands of Canberra's Big Game: "There is absolutely no justification for the purchase of the 707s, given the current state of the economy and the cutbacks.

"I see far more deserving programs. There is no way you can justify the kind of expenditure that's involved in the purchase of two 707s. Two 707s is twice the capacity of Air Niugini, which operates an international airline.

"I refer to our 707s as Pensioner One and Pensioner Two, because the money that was taken from the pensioners by abolition of the six-monthly adjustment last year effectively met the purchase price of them.

"One has to accept that there is an element of overseas travel by ministers, by the Prime Minister, necessary to maintain and develop the nation's relationships with other countries — partly for our trade, partly for our foreign policy.

"What I've stressed strongly over the past couple of years, particularly in respect of the 707s since May of 1978 is that the 707 purchase — originally it was going to be a 727 purchase — cannot be justified, that there are more economical ways of doing it through the use of charter aircraft.

"I believe the Government couldn't use charter aircraft because it made such a fuss about Prime Minister Whitlam's travels abroad by charter in December 1974, there was such a loss of face involved that it *had* to buy the aircraft.

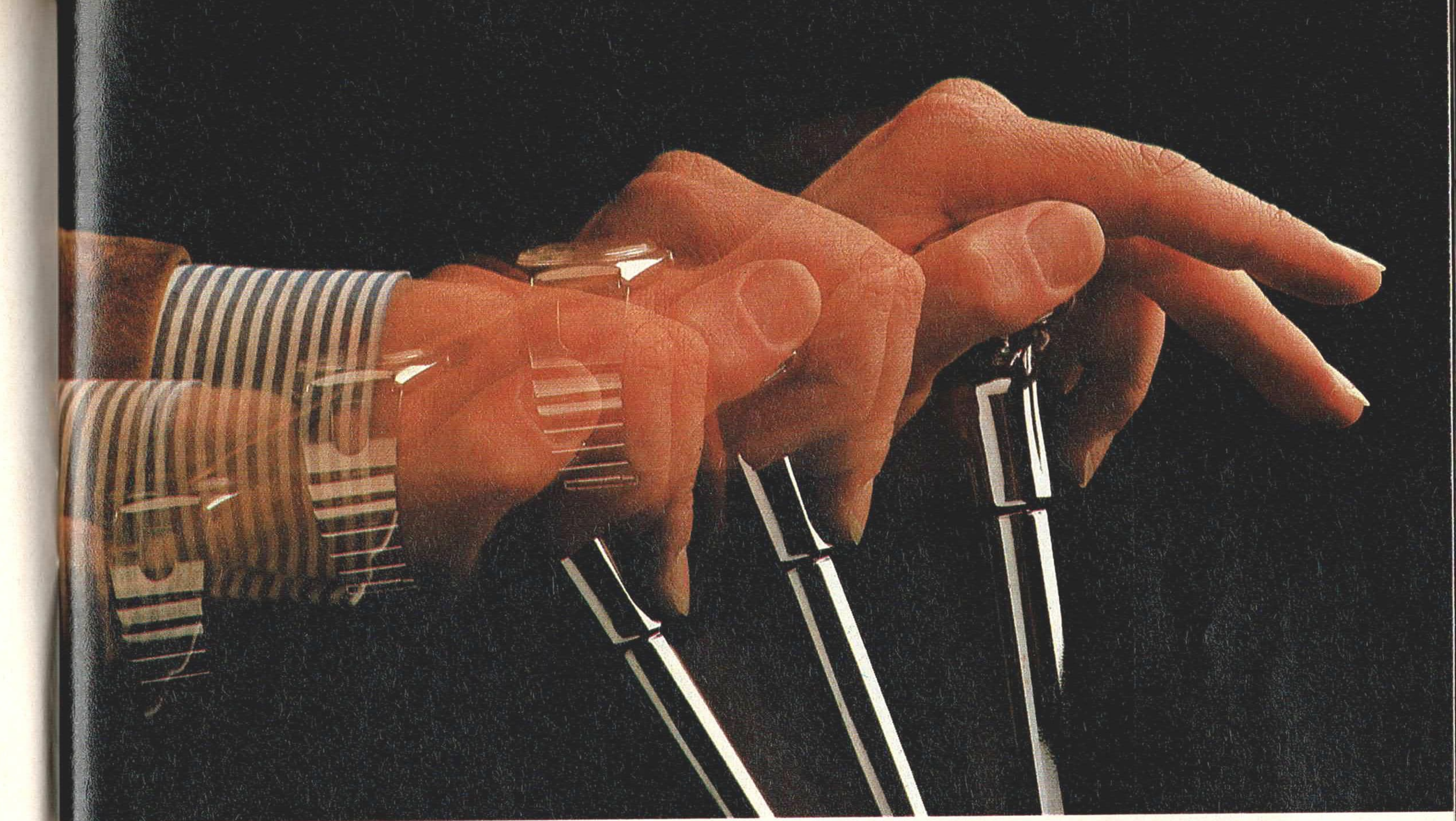
"But I sincerely believe that the purchase of the 707s is a reflection of the personality of the Prime Minister, the style to which he has become accustomed. Plus I believe he has an obsession about security that no one else in the country seems to share. If we take the most controversial premiers in Australia, people who you would think would attract attention far more than the Prime Minister — I'm thinking of Queensland particularly — Mr Bjelke-Petersen travels by commercial flight when he goes abroad, he doesn't need an army of public servants or security guards, or aircraft purchased by the taxpayer.

"The masquerade of security considerations was originally put forward by the Government, then safety. That's worn thin and been exposed, because we were told the existing BAC1-11 wasn't safe to travel across water as it only had two engines, that they had to have a three-engined aircraft to assure safety. Yet the Deputy Prime Minister early in 1978 was able to fly to Saudi Arabia in a BAC1-11 across just such an expanse of water."

The 1979-80 Budget papers show the cost of the 707s as $14.6 million, covering the initial purchase price of $10,200,610 in 1978-79 and $4,374,000 in 1979-80 to set up the initial store of spares and equipment. An amount of $760,000 to cover the running costs of the 707s was allocated in the Budget for travel overseas by ministers, their personal staff and other Federal MPs, which helped to boost this allocation by 56 percent over the previous year's amount to $1,878,000.

While the $14.6 million appears under the Department of Defence appropriation in the Budget, the $10.2 million was initially derived from the special advance for current expenditure to the Minister for Finance ($125 million). This is a contingency fund set up so that the Government can meet unforeseen costs.

Peter Morris, a former member of the House public accounts committee, feels



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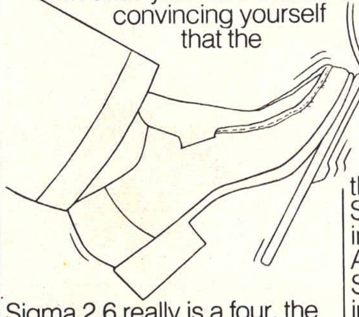

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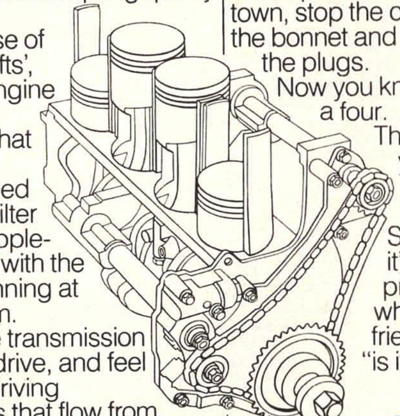

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that deriving the money from this source was an abuse of the intent of the special advance.

"The Government has argued that it wasn't an abuse," he said, "but I'm quite happy to argue publicly that it was, because that fund is intended for emergency purposes, for matters unforseen.

"There's no way anyone could argue that the matter was unforseen, they've debated it since May 1978.

"The very simple reasons that fund was used was that the money could be paid over quickly. Then, when the account is brought to the Parliament it's just one item among maybe a hundred items paid out of the special advance. The Parliament then votes for all the items as a total amount, which precludes any opportunity for MPs to express opposition to an individual item.

"At that time there was also a rebellion within Government ranks in the Senate — for instance, Senator Townley has had a considerable amount to say about these aircraft. Using the special advance was a very clever ruse because, although it hasn't precluded debate since then, it precluded rejection of the purchase at the time.

"If it had been put to Parliament as a special single-line appropriation — which is normal practice — I'm quite confident it would have been knocked over in the Senate."

As recently as mid-November Morris was able to put this argument to Parliament, with David Connolly also getting involved on the Government side, so it's probable that the Government's methods of accounting for its spending on special aircraft and ministerial travel overseas will continue to attract a good deal of scrutiny.

There are also the VIP jets of 34 Squadron, BAC 1-11, Mystere and HS 748 aircraft.

In 1978-79 the Department of the Prime Minister and the Cabinet reimbursed the Department of Defence $2,318,539 to cover the operational costs of these aircraft. Generally their use is closely monitored, but with some spectacular lapses.

There was the time Mrs Fraser was flown to Sydney, allegedly just to see the opera. The Minister for National Development, Mr Newman, is reported to have had a VIP plane sent over to fly him from Adelaide to Sydney, because the commercial services wouldn't get him there in time for the evening television news bulletins.

The Minister for Defence, Mr Killen, once had to go so far as to "draw the attention" of the Minister for Industry and Commerce, Mr Lynch, to his "excessive use" of VIP aircraft, but probably the greatest example of mindless waste, according to Peter Morris, is the time they sent a Mystere jet from Canberra to Richmond RAAF base west of Sydney to collect some cleaning materials. The materials weren't at Richmond anyway, as it turned out.

There are other marginal cases of jets being despatched hither and yon with only one or two people aboard when others could have been carried.

Information on these and other allegations such as the flying in of fresh strawberries for the Queen's banquet is very hard to obtain, opening up the major question of public accountability.

The issue is really quite simple — is there a comprehensive and satisfactory method of determining how the taxpayers' money is spent on travel by MPs, ministers and personal staff, and whether or not the trips are justified?

The answer has to be no, despite claims to the contrary by various governments. Some governments perform better than others in some areas, but generally all fail to provide concise, readily-available data which don't need a John Maynard Keynes to intepret them.

According to the clerks of both Houses of the NSW Parliament, it is almost impossible to separate individual travel bills. Mr Wran's press secretary. Brian Dale, put it more bluntly: "If you've got a year or so to spare, then you've got a hope.

In NSW there are three sources of information. One is a total figure in the Budget papers, showing the total transport costs of all State Members of Parliament. The only breakdown is between the two Houses.

Next come some ministerial expenses, which includes special travel within and outside Australia. These are also not itemised, but lumped together in the costs of individual departmental projects.

The third area where ministerial travel costs can be discovered is in answers provided to questions on notice, printed in Hansard.

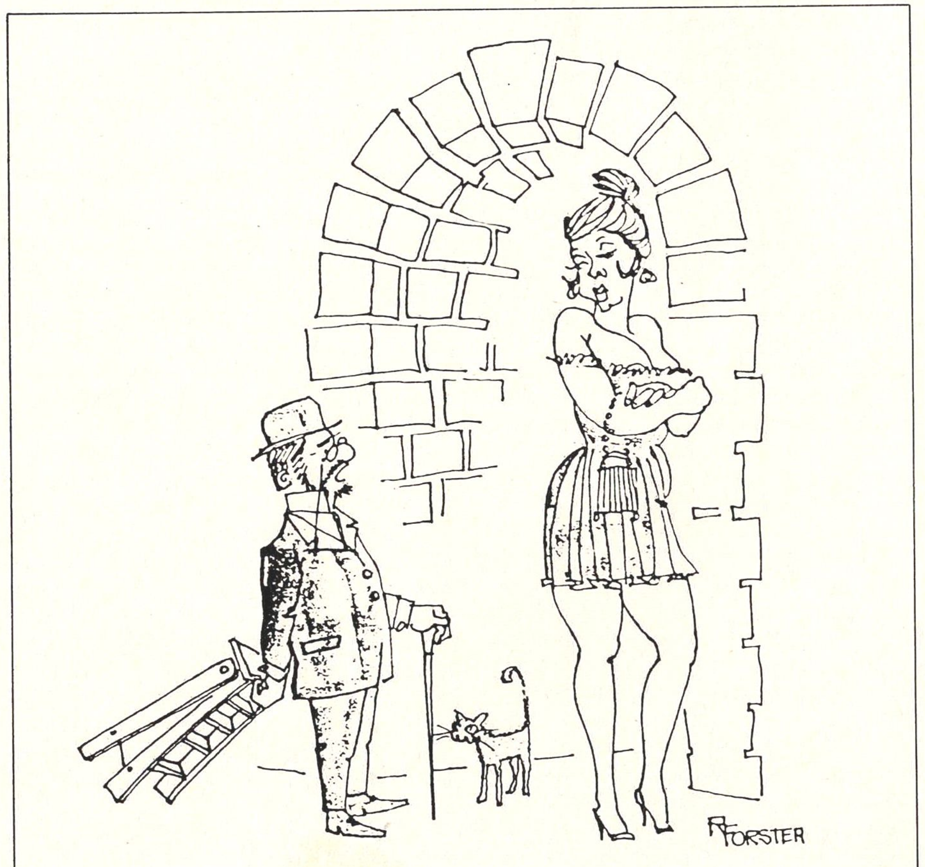
One State Liberal MP, Mr Tim Moore, asked Mr Wran's team the total cost of their overseas exploits since the Government was elected. Of the 19 Ministers asked, only 11, up to the time of writing had replied.

Since May 1976 the 11 ministers spent almost $250,000 in overseas jaunts. Included was the cost of staff accompanying ministers. Almost always ministers brought press and private secretaries on the trips.

Explaining why both press and private secretaries were taken by the Minister for Agriculture Mr Don Day, on a trade mission through Papua New Guinea, Japan, Hong Kong and China, his department said they "provided essential support and publicised the State and helped members to achieve impact in the market place".

All for just $33,000.

Beyond these relatively vague figures,



"How much for short time?"

the only breakdown are those contained in the State's Budget papers, which provide only a listing of MPs expenses in the Legislative Council and Assembly. No figure is formally given for ministerial travel.

Last financial year members of the Legislative Assembly spent $194,864, while Legislative Councillors spent $83,510. Estimates for next year show travel costs by NSW MPs are likely to reach a total of $310,000.

NSW politicians aren't immune from the mind-boggling report syndrome. One former MP, Mr G. Mackie (Lib, Albury) told of his stay in Singapore, making the marvellous observation that he was "intrigued to learn that sittings (of Parliament) are so infrequent".

Another former MP, Mr Lerryn Mutton (ALP, Yaralla), said of his stay in Britain: "Reverting back to my tour through Great Britain I had the good fortune to make contact with my father's family for the first time in 54 years and my mother's family for the first time in 75 years, meeting in all some eight first cousins in Cornwall and Birmingham."

Determining costs in the Federal sphere is equally difficult, in spite of the breakdown of travel by individual ministers. A true picture can be hard to derive because the costs can be spread over two or more financial years, and the costs of travel by department officers is charged to their departments and not necessarily included as part of the overall cost of any one trip.

As mentioned above, the expected cost of ministerial travel in 1979-80 is $1,878,000. Departmental travel, in which is buried the overseas component of officers involved with ministerial visits, should total about $30.5 million over the same period. This figure does not include the estimated $40 million to be spent by the Department of Defence.

Some MPs score much better than their confreres in other parliaments around the nation. Although almost all MPs take advantage of travel through the Commonwealth Parliamentary Association and Inter-Parliamentary Union, opportunities for travel within other parliamentary delegations or on travel warrants can vary widely.

Federal MPs, for instance, are able to take up a free first-class round-the-world ticket after serving three years in Parliament, and thereafter "once in the life of each Parliament" (Remuneration Tribunal determination No. 1979/10) — which is meant to be three years but, as we all know, can be considerably less.

MPs who take this ticket have to pay all other expenses, but at least they have the option. In WA, even ministers are unlikely to get off the ground for a while with the prospect of a state election early in the New Year and given Sir Charles Court's iron-fisted control of travel spending.

Since Sir Charles' government took office in February 1977, he and his ministers have spent an estimated $280,000 on overseas trips. Overseas and interstate trips by other State MPs are likely to have lifted the overall total to about $350,000.

The biggest spender has been Sir Charles himself.

On four overseas trips — to Japan, Canada, Britain and Europe and the US, then Israel — he and his entourage spent $84,170.

A close runner-up was his Minister for Tourism, Graham MacKinnon, mainly because of his enthusiasm in promoting 1979 as Western Australia's 150th anniversary year. He has spent more than $80,000, firstly with a swing through the US, Mexico, Europe and South East Asia, then with a return visit to Britain in August to see off the start of the Parmelia international yacht race which retraced the route of the first settlers from Plymouth to Fremantle.

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>
> As you read this,
> the sky will be filled
> with politicians from
> all over Australia
> heading out into the
> summer recess.
>
> ’

The Minister for Industrial Development, Alex Mensaros, came in third with $39,250 — spent by him and his staff on a visit to the US and South East Asia, another to Britain, Europe and South East Asia, and a third to Japan and South Korea.

Six members of the Western Australian ministry are non-starters who never scored a trip.

Sir Charles runs a tight ship, although cynics look askance because he has travelled more and spent more than any other minister.

Sir Charles claims his odysseys represent good value for money and not even his worst enemy could accuse him of time-wasting on these trips, as his personal staff, exhausted after successive 15-hour days, invariably testify on his return.

When a minister returns, he must justify every dollar's expenditure to Sir Charles, the inquisitor in his other capacity as Treasurer. All expenditure claimed must be backed by receipts, also minutely scrutinised by Sir Charles — a degree of control not exercised quite so thoroughly anywhere else in Australia.

As far as we know, no such scrutiny was applied to the three-month trip by the then Chief Secretary of South Australia, Donald Simmons, when he visited Singapore, Austria, Poland, Finland, Sweden, Denmark, the UK, Canada, the US, Japan and Hong Kong from April to July 1978.

Considering that Simmons took his wife, his personal secretary, Ian Winton and a research assistant, Therese Wacyk, the cost of the tour at $10,059 — apparently achieved partly by making his staff travel economy class — was not too great.

But we have to take into consideration the fact Simmons and at least two other people were engaged in arranging the trip almost full time for four weeks before the party left.

Not that a very complex itinerary was put together. The workload could best be described as relaxed, in sharp contrast to the 16-day trip undertaken by Don Dunstan in January and February last year — almost every minute of which was organised and whose killing pace was almost just that for Dunstan.

Simmons' responsibility for the Adelaide Zoo provided the rationale for many pleasant days abroad, and the trip also gave Ms Wacyk the chance to duck across from London to Amsterdam to see her brother. She and Winton each managed to fit in other side trips — at their own expense — during the course of the tour.

As you read this, the sky will be filled with politicians from all over Australia heading out into the summer recess to contribute to our insights of the rest of the world.

Where they originate from will depend to a large extent on the proximity of their next elections, and the degree to which overseas travel has been blown up as an issue within their respective parliaments.

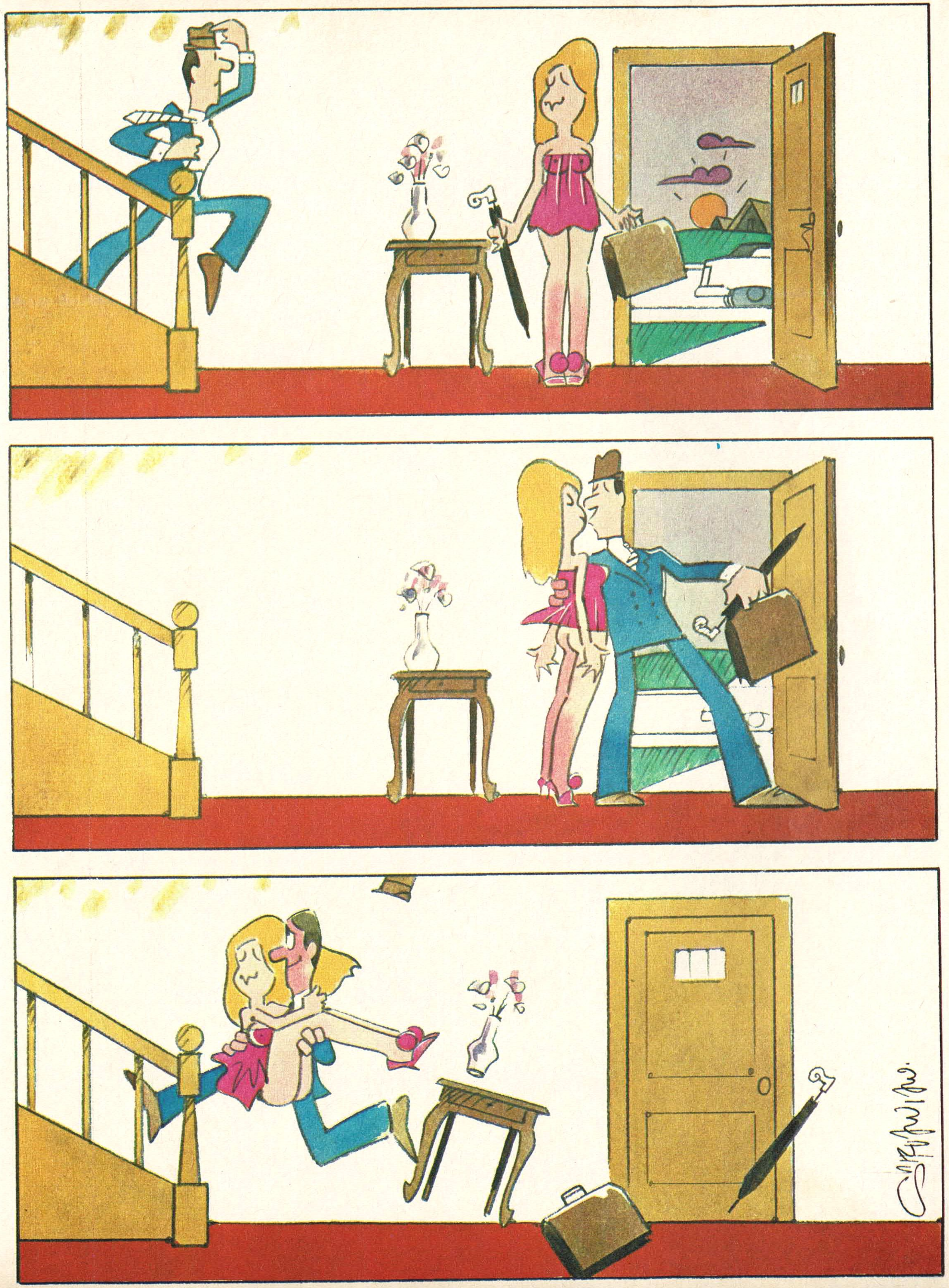
On past records, the chances are that no one will ever know how many of the taxpayers' dollars they spent, or what they learned.

To be fair, many will use the time well and bring greater knowledge to their work in the parliaments.

But they are using our money, and we have a right to know where it is going and to demand that it is used wisely.

Mr Justice McClelland: "There should be a great tightening up and, seeing that the taxpayer is paying, there should be a way of ensuring that when a parliamentarian — be he minister or backbencher — goes overseas, there is justification for the trip.

"It is not sufficient justification for politicians to say they are entitled to the reward of overseas travel because of the arduousness of their parliamentary lives." ⚲



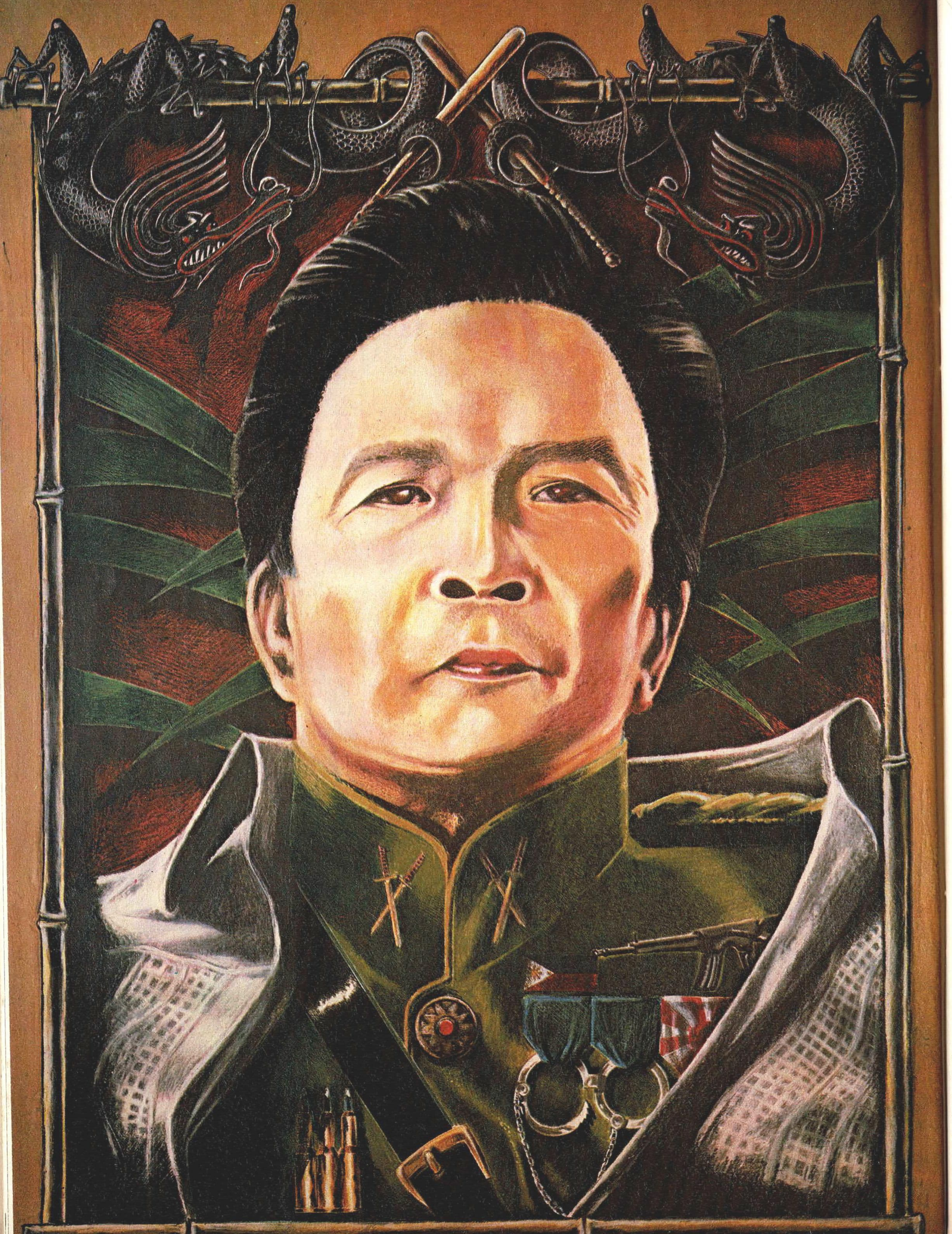


Illustration by Nicholas Harding

Morality does not exist in international politics.
That's why we continue to do business with the girl-chasing, corrupt despot of the Philippines.

THE IRON FIST OF FERDINAND MARCOS

BY STEVEN LEE

It was a sweaty Manila afternoon in early November 1970. An attractive, youngish American entertainer and self-styled movie starlet, Dovie Beams, had called the Philippine and foreign press to a news conference. What she had to say, backed up by tape recordings she played, rocked the assembled newsmen.

The story she told was so hot that the few foreign correspondents who reported it dared not use the name of the principal male character. Even the Manila newspapers — at that time the most licentious in the world — made only veiled references to the scandal which unfolded that afternoon.

What Dovie Beams alleged was that she had been having a passionate love affair for more than a year with the President of the Republic of the Philippines, Ferdinand E. Marcos.

She named the places where they had made love, she claimed he had discussed secret government business with her, and she alleged her life was in immediate danger from the President's associates. She also told the press she knew details of cases of graft and corruption involving Marcos and his cronies.

One of the tapes the actress played was (she said) a conversation between her and Marcos recorded in bed just after they had made love. Newsmen were stunned to hear a voice clearly identifiable as the President's, singing, laughing, then gently intoning the following poetic lines: "Ah Dovie, my heart. Please remember, and don't turn a deaf ear to my pleas. But believe this, from one who adores and worships you: I love you. I see you in the flowers, I feel you in the breeze, I see you in the leaves, I feel you in the rain . . . I see you in the moon and the stars. I see you everywhere, but you are not anywhere. Where are you, my pure fair heart?"

Where she was on this particular day was dropping a most enormous bucket on one of the most powerful and ruthless leaders in Asia. Dovie Beams asserted she had other documentary proof — more tapes, telegrams and photographs — which she had shipped back to her lawyers in California. The affair was over, she feared for her life, and "At this stage, my protection is in the press".

She also made startling allegations about the intimate personal life of Ferdinand Marcos and his wife, Imelda.

"This love and everything they show in public is just not there. He told me he had not touched her for two years . . . He was trying to force me to have a child, and I wouldn't do it. So we had a big argument, and he said 'Please. I never say please to anyone, but please'. I said, 'I'm sorry about that but no. I want out'."

Ms Beams alleged that as a result of this argument, Marcos returned to the arms of a former love, named Carmen Ortega, who bore him a child on March 9, 1970.

The reason for recounting the Dovie Beams story is not just because it is sensational, or because it concerns a sexual scandal. If there is any truth in it (and the evidence for that follows shortly), then it casts a revealing light on several aspects of the administration of one of Australia's closest neighbors. Among them:

- The strong-arm methods of President Marcos' associates, who allegedly threatened her with torture and death;
- The relationship between Ferdinand and Imelda Marcos, and its significance for the political stability of the Philippines;
- The character of the man who has ruled 47 million Filipinos since 1965, first as elected President and now as a martial law dictator; and
- The wisdom of a President confiding state secrets to his mistress, particularly a foreigner.

There is the further question of the morality of a democratic Australian government dealing and trading with an authoritarian, probably corrupt, leadership of a near nation. It is this area where the waters become muddied, for in international politics, morality is not seen to exist. The strategists who man the Foreign Affairs department in Canberra claim more concern for the realities of the world than moralities.

They point out that of all the countries represented in the United Nations there are perhaps 25 which could be classed as democracies, while more than 80 are by our standards brutal, repressive regimes. The repressions, political jailings and corruption of the Philippines are "internal matters".

Marcos, the dictator (and, as we will show, not a particularly good one) gets away with his repressions without the bandwagon condemnation suffered by, say, South Africa.

While Marcos' wife, Imelda, is the darling of society in this country, it is left to the Roman Catholic church to mount opposition to his regime.

Australian foreign affairs men cheerfully admit the Australian church can do more to bring pressure to bear against Marcos than our government. But what does the church do?

Officially, very little. In 1975, the Australian Catholic Commission for Justice and Peace published a press statement strongly condemning the Philippines rule of martial law. But the conservative local Catholic bishops have recently decided they should not comment on issues outside Australia. They waived this policy only to condemn South Africa's policy of detention of black national workers within the South African Catholic church.

So Marcos continues virtually without opposition. What opposition there is is limited by his repressive actions in his own country and a lack of concern beyond his shores. There are some who saw the Dovie Beams story as a hoax conceived by the enemies of Marcos to discredit him and force his resignation. But this seems unlikely. One of several independent assessments of the affair was made by the then Australian Ambassador to the Philippines, Mr J.C. Ingram, who wrote about it in 1971 in a remarkably frank despatch to the Department of Foreign Affairs.

He had just returned from a six-day voyage on the Presidential yacht, in the course of which he found Marcos and his wife to be "both charming people whom it is a pleasure to be with and whom, as you relax and they relax, one grows to like more rather than less".

Ambassador Ingram also noted: "Marcos could be the last hope for a democratic Philippines." So he is not an unsympathetic observer. Let's see what he wrote under the heading "Ferdinand and Imelda."

"The relationship between the President and his wife is of the greatest importance for the political future of this country. For a while last year their enemies tried to bring about a split between them by aggravating personal problems between them. They used for their purpose an alleged intimate relationship existing between the President and an American actress, Dovie Beams. *There does not seem to be any doubt that Marcos did have some sexual relationship with this woman.* The United States Ambassador, who would be in a better position to know than most others, assured me that he had."

This rather undiplomatic despatch by Ambassador Ingram went on to point out that the publicity given to the incident "must have been deeply wounding to Mrs Marcos". Ingram continued: "At the time there were widespread reports that they were communicating with one another only in the most formal way and that they slept in separate apartments. Whether the alleged relationship between the President and Beams was as serious as presented in the media, the fact of the matter was that it had a most disturbing effect on the relationship between them."

The Australian Ambassador then described the reaction of Imelda Marcos during the six-day voyage.

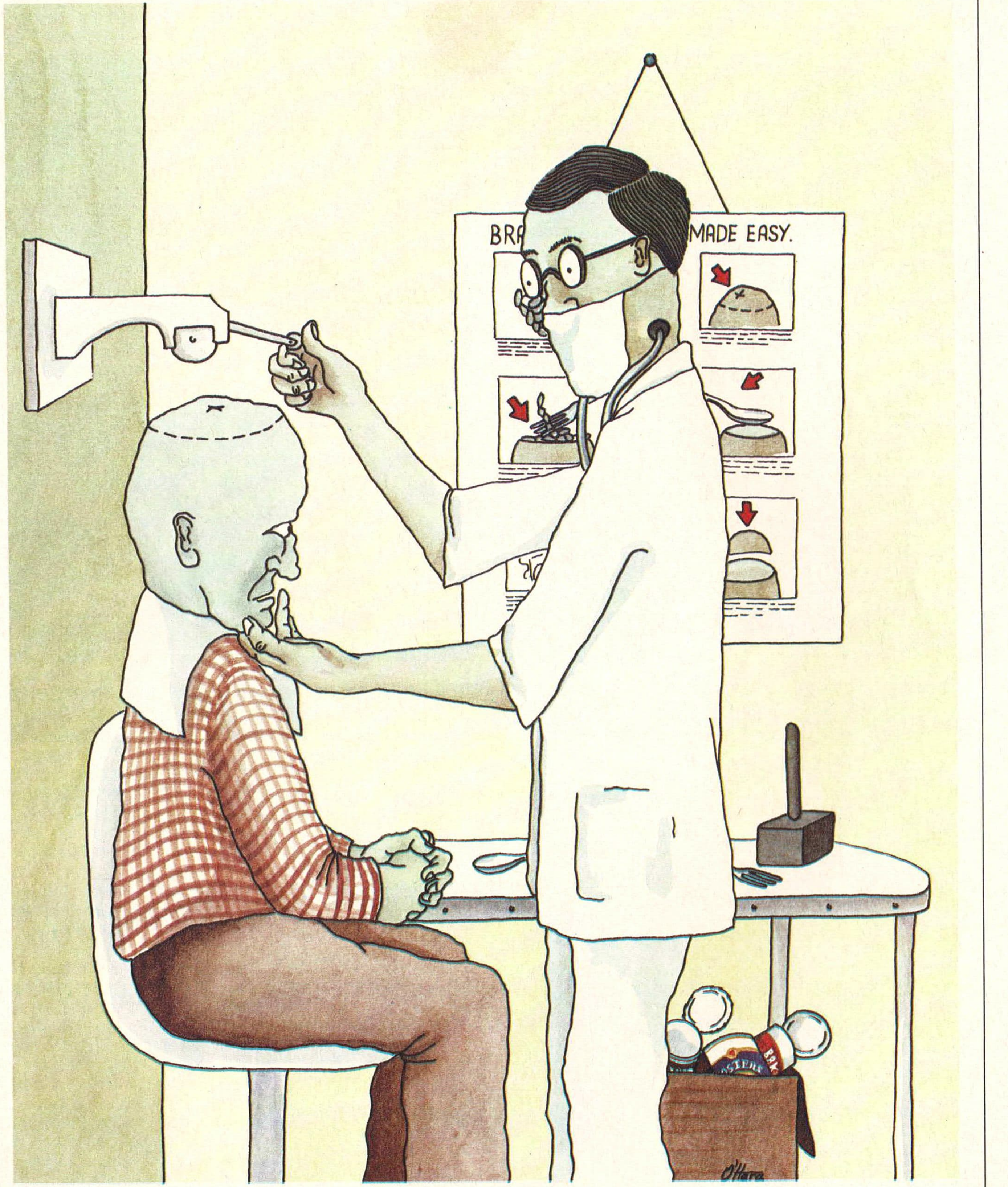
"Mrs Marcos had a lot to say about the Dovie Beams affair. She sought to convince us that the President could never have had a close relationship with someone as vulgar as Beams and that while it *was* the President's voice that had been used on the tapes disseminated in Manila they were fraudulent and they had evidence of how the fraud was concocted. Again, what she said was probably partly the truth in the sense that his opponents took advantage of his infatuation with Beams to try to wreck his relationship with Mrs Marcos. They did not succeed, but it was a close thing. Whether Mrs Marcos believes what she says, I do not know, but I think she has succeeded in convincing herself that even if the President had sexual relations with Beams there was no love relationship of the kind that allegedly existed between them."

The question of the authenticity of the President's voice on the tapes was taken up again by Mrs Marcos in an interview with the *Bangkok Post* on September 19, 1971, after the Beams story had been further publicised in Asia.

She then claimed "the voice of the President was taped from political campaign speeches and dubbed". She added of Dovie Beams that "this poor girl had a history of mental illness".

Apparently Mrs Marcos had not heard the tapes herself, since neither the words he used nor his tone of voice bear any resemblance to the President's justly famous campaign oratory. As for Ms Beams' "mental illness", well, it's quite possible that the movie starlet — like almost everyone else in Hollywood, and

". . . If that isn't lipstick you'd better go to the hospital!"



"I somehow thought brain surgery was a little more complicated?"

indeed like Mrs Marcos herself — had at some time visited a psychiatrist.

Certainly the American Embassy in Manila was sufficiently convinced of Dovie Beams' credibility to accept the fact that her life was endangered, and to aid her secret departure from Manila on November 11, 1970.

Although no major Philippine newspaper reported the story in full, they continued to publish snide references and innuendoes. For instance, one columnist noted that a rival paper, in its first edition, had captioned a photograph of the First Family with the words "Mrs Marcos beams . . .", which in the second edition became "Mrs Marcos smiles . . ."

What this all meant to the bemused majority of Filipinos is anybody's guess, but it is interesting that 1970 can be seen as a major turning point in Ferdinand Marcos' political career. This is not to suggest that the Dovie Beams affair was the cause of the disasterous slide in his personal popularity. But the way the affair was allowed to develop (by the President as well as his aides) to the stage where the actress' life was threatened, and the publicity that ensued (however oblique), were signs that the President was losing his touch.

Over the two years that followed, he steadily lost further control over the running of the country until on September 21, 1972, he could honestly say the Philippines was on the brink of disaster — and declare martial law.

Today, despite the supreme and absolute powers granted him under martial law, his position seems more precarious than at any previous time in his 14 years as Head of State. The irony is that Ferdinand Marcos has, or had, the capacity to go down in history as the greatest president the Philippines has known, and one of Asia's genuine statesmen. What is it about his character that gave him this potential, and then deprived his nation and his people of its realisation?

The first thing that strikes you on meeting President Marcos is his charm. It's not the greasy, oozing charm that some politicians produce for public occasions. It is a natural, serious pleasantness and politeness that makes you feel you are welcome in his company, and it has enabled him to win the friendship of many people whose political ideas differ markedly from his own — including, it is said, Gough Whitlam.

Like another of Asia's strongmen, Singapore's Lee Kuan Yew, Marcos neither smokes nor drinks. But unlike Lee, he does not object to smoking in his presence. Indeed he is outwardly tolerant, courteous and (like all Filipinos) almost excessively hospitable.

One quality which sets him apart from most of his fellow-men is his sheer capacity for hard work and his self-discipline. Someone who has known Marcos for 30 years relates how in the early days of his marriage, he would retire to his study at 10pm and lock himself in till 3am reading and making notes.

His ability to study under even the most difficult conditions had earlier been proved when he undertook his final year law examinations while in prison — and topped the examination with an average mark which is still claimed to be the highest in the history of the Philippine bar.

From all reports, his self-discipline has also imbued him with a remarkable ability to tolerate physical pain. In 1961, he was admitted to hospital in New York with a tumor which had grown round the site of an old war wound in the stomach. Doctors were unable to tell until they operated whether it was malignant or benign.

According to Imelda, he made a pact that if it was not cancer, he would bear the post-operative pain without painkilling or sleeping drugs, which he duly did. This philosophy of "purification through suffering" also occurs in his public statements, as in a speech during the 1965 presidential election campaign.

"No individual can win freedom for himself except by his own effort and suffering. The freedom of the individual is won only through rigorous self-discipline, unending application, and a constant battle against the urge to sink back into lassitude, to the path of least resistance."

The other side of the coin of self-discipline is a fierce competitive spirit, and it is this which has carried Ferdinand Marcos so far in political life, and may yet prove to be the root of his undoing. According to people who have played golf with him, this competitiveness is shown most ruthlessly on the golf course. As one old friend says: "He plays to kill."

Ambassador Ingram, in the same despatch quoted earlier, makes a pertinent comment on the subject: "He is not a good natural golfer, but he has succeeded in gaining a handicap of less than 10, through intense application."

Right through his life, Marcos has driven himself beyond the limits that other men impose, in order to become Number One. His official biography, a largely fawning piece of hero-worship by an American named Hartzell Spence, spells this out very clearly.

"The accolade of the Presidency was necessary to him, as well as his record of soldier, legislator and humanitarian. He had to prove himself the best. Never content with second place, he was impelled to secure that No. 1 on his automobile license plate, a prerogative symbol of the Presidency."

His rise to political power demonstrates how successfully Marcos drove himself towards the highest office in the land. He was elected to Congress as a member of the House of Representatives

"And with a wink, up the chimney he rose. Then, in the light from the new fallen snow I noticed the tea set was no longer in its usual place . . ."

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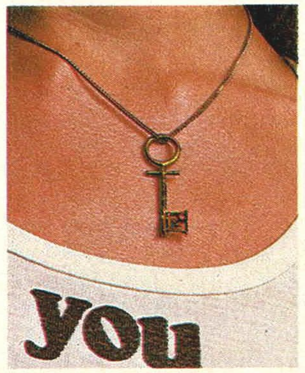

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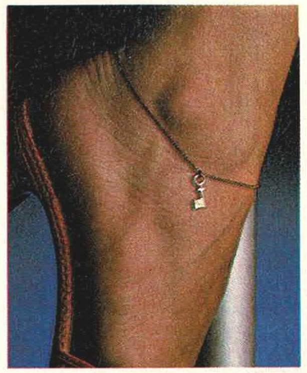


in 1959, at the unusually young age of 32. Eight years later, the party to which he then belonged, the Liberal Party, chose him as Minority Floor Leader — the youngest man to hold the job then or since. In 1959, aged 42, he won a seat in the Senate, traditionally the road to presidential power in the Philippines, and in 1963 he achieved the prestigious position of President of the Senate.

Around this time he had a falling out with the leader of the Liberal Party, the President of the Republic, Diosdado Macapagal. There are various versions of their dispute, but most historians agree that Marcos had been led to believe that Macapagal would not recontest the presidency in 1965, allowing Marcos to be the Liberal Party standard-bearer. Perhaps Marcos was double-crossed, perhaps he was naive to expect such self-denial from a fellow politician. Be that as it may, Macapagal made it clear in 1964 that he did not propose to step down, so the wily Marcos promptly switched parties and obtained the presidential nomination of the rival Nacionalista Party.

It should be said that the appellation "turncoat" is not widely heard in the Philippines. A significant number of politicians have switched parties to improve their chances, and indeed it is often difficult to differentiate between the policies of the two major parties.

The standard cliche about Philippine politics from 1946 to 1972 was that there were two parties — one that was in power trying to stay there, and one that was out of power trying to get in. Otherwise they were largely indistinguishable.

Marcos defeated President Macapagal in 1965 by some 670,000 votes, about the same majority that Macapagal had obtained over incumbent President Garcia in 1961, and nobody was very surprised.

In Philippine politics, it was the conventional wisdom that the incumbent president got beaten. But at the next election, in 1969, Marcos provided proof that he was a man outside the normal traditions of his nation's politics when he became the first president who had served a full term in office to be re-elected. (He was not, as some commentators have written, the first Philippine president to be re-elected. Carlos P. Garcia was the incumbent President when he won the 1957 election, but he had assumed the office only in March that year, having been Vice President when President Ramon Magsaysay was killed in an air crash.)

Similarly, there is a solid body of opinion that Marcos did not need to use the heavy-handed weapon of martial law evidence of blatantly corrupt practices carried out by representatives of the President's party. The irony is that Marcos would have won anyway. His opponent, Senator Segio Osmena, ran a poor second in ability, popularity and organisation.

The fact that Marcos found it necessary to indulge in massive overkill proved a pointer to his subsequent actions. Vote-buying, terrorism of voters, and ballot-rigging were nothing new on the Philippine electoral scene, but Marcos' supporters elevated these techniques to new heights in 1969.

Similarly, there is a solid body of opinion that Marcos did not need to use the heavy-handed weapon of martial law three years later in order to restore law and order to the Philippines.

One result of the Nacionalista Party's unprecedented spending spree in the '69 elections was that the government coffers were drained, and the ensuing economic crisis became one factor in the President's declaration of martial law.

Interestingly, Marcos is now saying that the current economic situation in the country is a reason for continuing martial law. As he told *Time* magazine in September: "Tell me when the economic crisis will terminate and I will tell you when we can terminate martial law."

> ❛ Vote-buying, terrorism of voters, and ballot-rigging were nothing new, but Marcos' supporters elevated these techniques to new heights. ❜

The events that have followed the imposition of martial law in 1972 are still fresh in the public memory — particularly in the minds of those Filipinos imprisoned without trial. A mission from the London-based human rights organisation, Amnesty International, reported in 1976: "The mission found convincing evidence that the employment of torture was widespread. The conclusion is unavoidable that torture of prisoners was part of a general approach to the treatment of suspects."

The ill-treatment of prisoners under martial law has surprised people who know Marcos, since they believe his own personal background would make him insist that human rights are observed.

While he was still a law student, the young Ferdinand Marcos was placed on a murder charge following the death of one of his father's political opponents. Although convicted, he later won his appeal before the Supreme Court — which he conducted himself, by all accounts brilliantly.

But he remembers how it feels to be incarcerated without a fair trial, and most of his martial law prisoners have had no trial at all. Likewise, his official biographer relates that Marcos suffered torture at the hands of the Japanese during World War Two, before going on to become the most highly decorated Philippine soldier.

Critics of the Marcos martial law regime say that one reason for it is to silence his political opponents. Foremost among those is former Senator Benigno Aquino, who has been imprisoned since the first day Marcos seized absolute power in September 1972. Aquino was widely tipped to become the next president — until Marcos abolished presidential elections. His charisma, his oratorial power, and his capacity to command support from both the ordinary people and the elites of Philippine society all made him a dangerous rival to the Marcos machine.

Most of all, Marcos fears Aquino's tongue, which in pre-martial law days relentlessly lashed the President with a bluntness and a venom rarely seen before in Philippine politics.

In 1971, for example, Marcos had demanded that opposition candidates for the Senate election should expose their financial assets and tax returns. Aquino swiftly replied that there was no point in asking Marcos to do the same. "Asking the President to bare his income tax returns is like asking him to admit that Imelda is his legitimate wife," he brazenly declared. Never before had anyone publicly voiced the suggestion that Marcos had been married once before his fairy-tale wedding to Imelda. In a country that is 85 percent Catholic, such a suggestion cut Marcos to the quick.

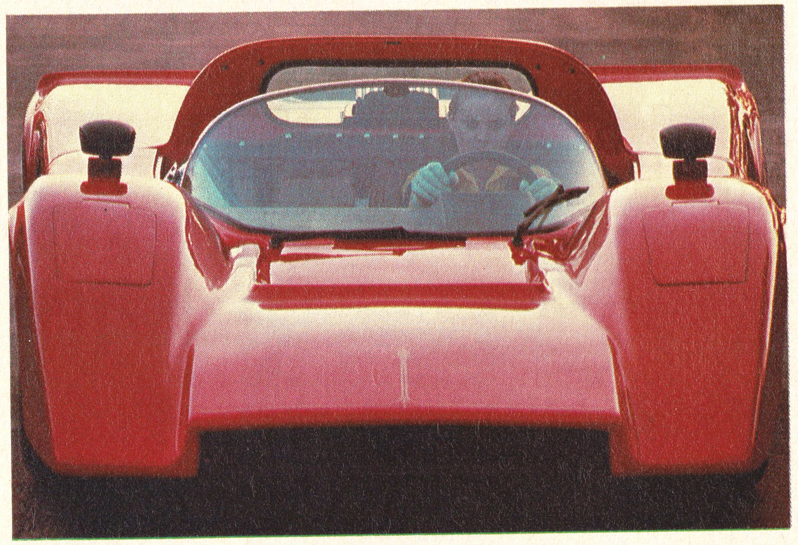
In the same interview, Aquino further dared Marcos to tell the people whether he had interests in logging concessions, oil tankers, sugar mills, airlines, gold mining, cement, oil and mineral exploration companies; not to mention bank deposits in Switzerland, San Francisco, New York and London; and to round it off, palatial mansions in Baguio City (the Philippines' famous mountain resort), Greater Manila, Bataan, Hong Kong, San Francisco, Switzerland and Tokyo.

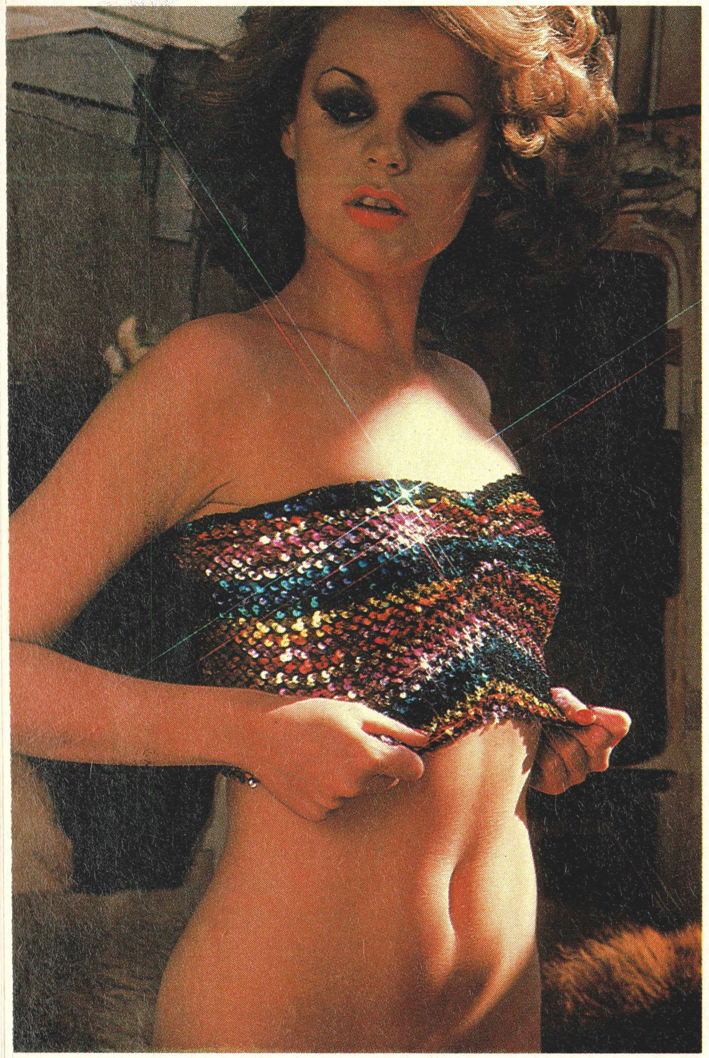
Marcos threatened to sue his rival for defamation, but before that eventuality arose, he had declared martial law and put Aquino into a military stockade.

On the paternal side, the Marcos family claims descent from a Spanish judge in the mid-19th Century; on the maternal side, it admits to a 15th Century Chinese pirate. And indeed, characteristics of both these professions are to be found in the man who seized the ship of State with his declaration of martial law in 1972, and has gone to such lengths to prove the legitimacy of his authoritarian rule. ⊶

❛ Live life
in the fast lane,
but make love slow
and easy. ❜

DANIELLE



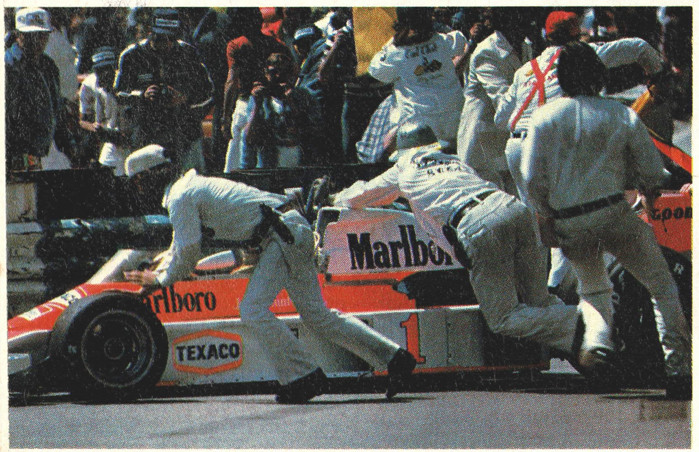


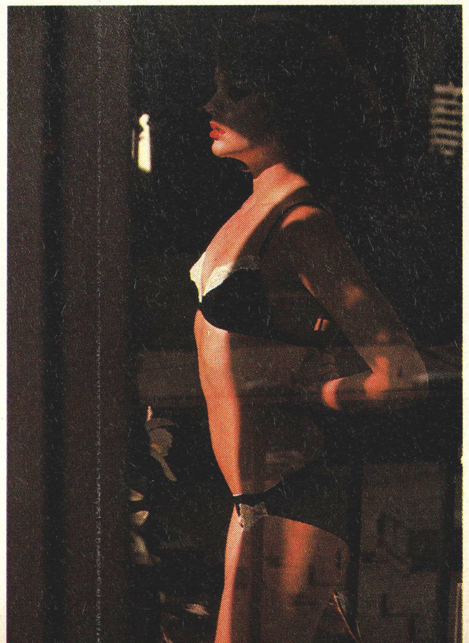
DRIVE, SHE SAID

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STAN MALINOWSKI

"The first man I ever fell for," says international action seeker Danielle Ginibre, "was a freckle-faced 12-year-old winner of a local dodgem car race. I guess I'm just wired for speed because I've been hooked on fast cars — and fast men — ever since!" Her present surroundings bear out her claim: the Grand Prix competition at Long Beach, California.

BOSS
BOSS
CHAMPION

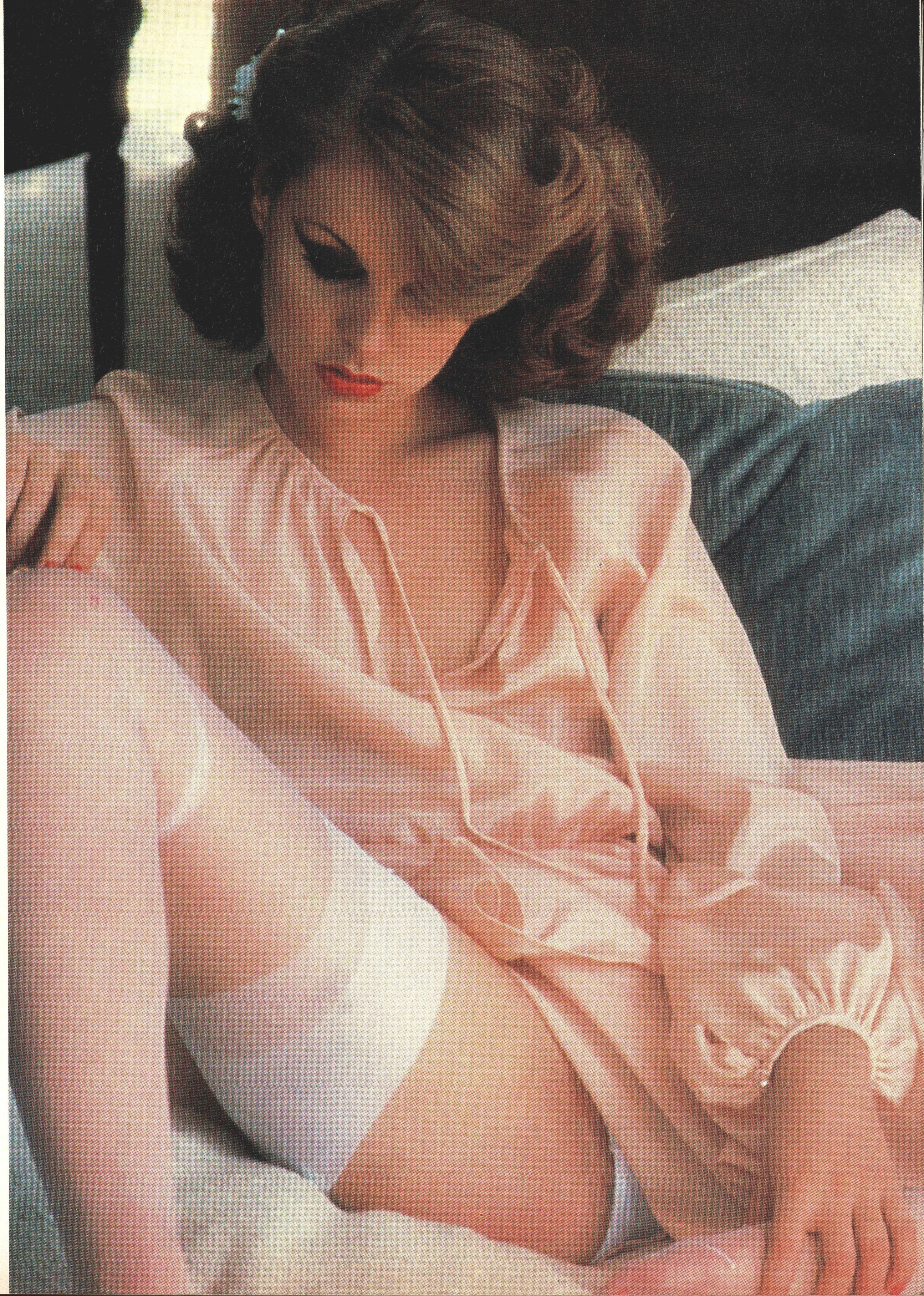

Marlboro
Marlboro
TEXACO
1



❛Daredevils are always the very best . . .❜

"I attend the Monte Carlo Grand Prix every year," she says, "but the actual races are only part of the excitement. At night there are champagne feasts, gambling, partying until dawn, and some fast flirting." Danielle says life should be "lived in the fast lane, but lovemaking should be slow and easy. Whether a man is racing down a track or making my heart race, daredevils are always the very best kind!"

Danielle considers herself a modern woman, but she says: “You’ll never catch me at night in a pair of jeans. I was brought up in a house where ladies dressed for dinner, and I still do. I love to spend some time alone pampering myself.”



"Maybe I'm slightly narcissistic, but I've learned that if I treat my body like a temple, certain discriminating men seem to worship it. When I've sprayed a sensuous perfume on myself and slipped into silky, expensive underthings, I feel more valuable, and I think men find me that way, too." We certainly do.

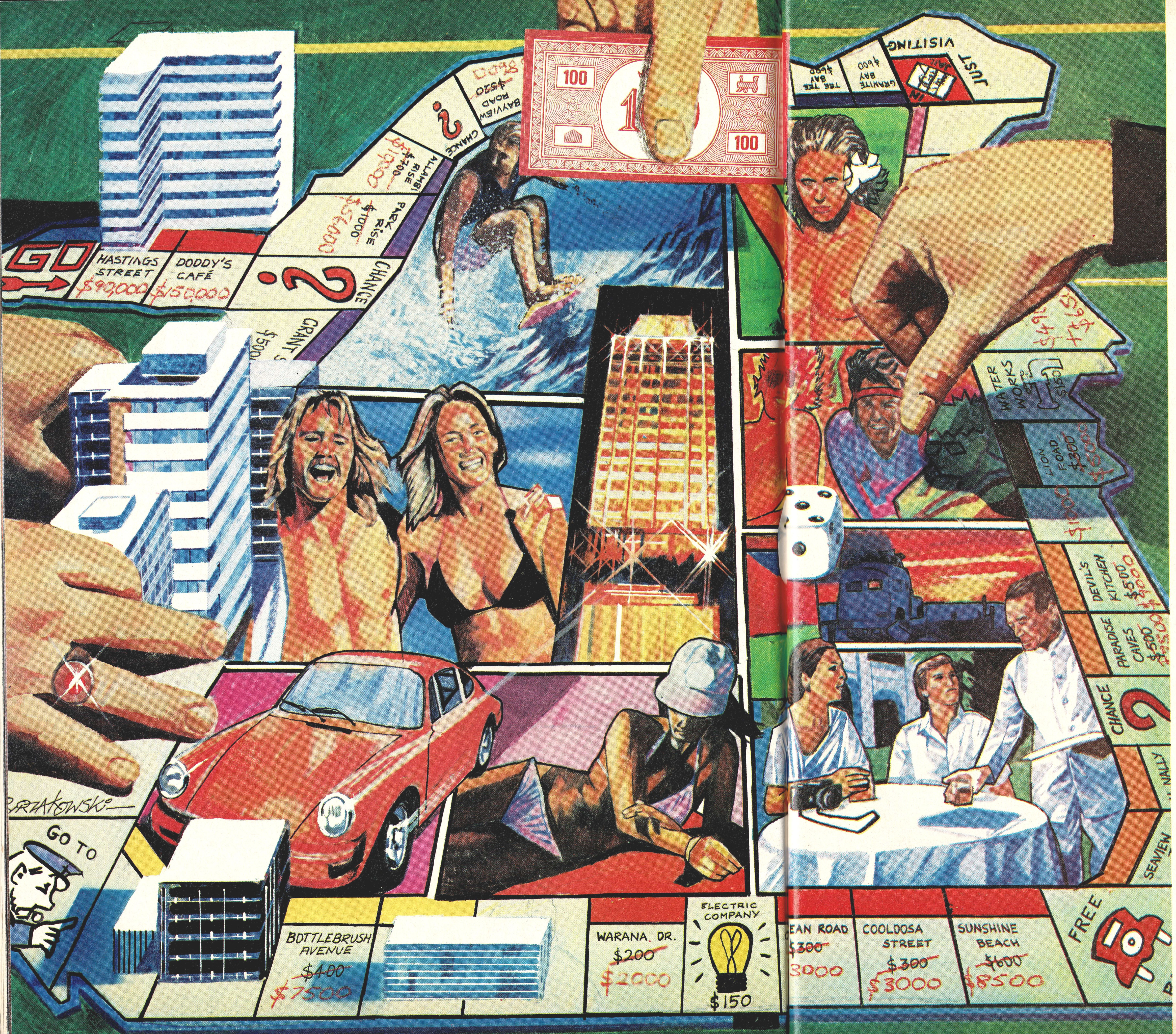

JUST VISITING
TEE TEE BAY $680
GRANITE BAY $600
BAYVIEW ROAD $520 $8000
100
CHANCE
ALLAMBI RISE $100
PARK RISE $1000 $56000
GO
HASTINGS STREET $90000
DODDY'S CAFÉ $150000
CHANCE
GRANT ST $500
WATER WORKS $150
LION ROAD $300 $6000
DEVIL'S KITCHEN $500 $9000
PARADISE CAVES $500 $7500
CHANCE
SEAVIEW
GO TO
BOTTLEBRUSH AVENUE ~~$400~~ $7500
WARANA DR. ~~$200~~ $2000
ELECTRIC COMPANY $150
EAN ROAD ~~$300~~ 3000
COOLOOSA STREET ~~$300~~ $3000
SUNSHINE BEACH ~~$600~~ $8500
FREE
PYRZAKOWSKI

Illustration by Tony Pyrzakowski

Noosa Heads is home to an unusual collection of hermits, hippies, born-again surfers and real-life monopoly players trying to out-bid each other for a piece of Australia's richest sand-pit.

SURFERS IN PARADISE

BY FRANK ROBSON

Noosa Heads, Queensland. The address of the greatest concentration of Beautiful People in Australia. Forget Toorak, Double Bay, Surfers' Paradise or Thredbo. Even Noosa's postcode, 4567, fails to do justice to the escalating value of the town created on earth by God for the people of Mammon.

Noosa Heads, Queensland, 10 years ago fishermen, farmers, surfies, nudists, hermits and mushroom-eating hippies who got their kicks in the occult. It was sandflies and a monument to the majesty of nature.

Noosa Heads, Queensland, today is:

- David Allen, 38, multi-millionaire real-life jet-set monopoly player who buys pieces of a $25 million sand spit and develops or sells them with bored disinterest in his inevitable profits.
- Doddy's Cafe, where the surfies used to congregate and exchange the knowing and blissful smiles of mushroom eaters. Now it is the focal point of the surfers' born-again religious revival — a sort of Surfers in Paradise movement.
- Roger Hack, banana farmer since 1949, who is the remaining link to Noosa's past. He has turned his back on offers of $25 million for his farm, and just wants to be left in peace. A survivor in Paradise.

The history of Noosa Heads in the past decade is a paradox. While the surfers overdosed on sensual enjoyment in Lotus Land and gave it all up, the rich set are so feverishly locked into becoming richer they have no time for fun or frivolity.

At a three-day seminar last year the participants in this perpetual game of real life monopoly got together to ponder the state of play. They met in a motel on the richest sandspit in the country, a peninsula where millionaires are made overnight and others, metaphorically speaking, are sent directly to jail.

It was a typical enough seminar to chew over Noosa's future in the '80s and especially typical in that after three days barely a thing of significance had been said.

Environmentalists, businessmen, architects and developers stalked around one another like a group of well disciplined guard dogs, staunchly resisting the instinct to fight.

An American professor of tourism concluded his address saying it was indeed wonderful for everyone to talk with such great courtesy — "in fact I've felt that at times we were almost overly courteous."

Almost overly courteous . . . it would not have been overly courteous of the professor to have left out the "almost" because then his meaning would have been clear: No one has the faintest notion where real life monopoly will take Noosa and the seminar was a smiling public relations sham.

If you can get one, a beachfront block in Noosa's Hastings Street is worth at least $550,000. A year ago the figure was about $180,000. Five years ago, probably about $40,000.

When someone spends more than half a million for a small chunk of sand he'd be a foolish monopoly player not to build on it. Not houses, but hotels. And not just smallish hotels — great big multi-storied hotels, or units, with which to recoup his investment and then begin making money.

And behind all the courtesy of the seminar at the Pine Trees Resort this was the main, but almost unspoken issue. Will Noosa, Australia's premier beach resort, go highrise?

Will the monopoly players in their fiscal frenzies turn one of the world's most beautiful beaches into another Surfers Paradise?

No one knows — or at least no one who's talking. The big developers concede that some highrise is inevitable, but insist it will be "ecology conscious highrise".

By this they seem to mean that trees will be retained and tall buildings will be somehow made to look not so tall as part of an aesthetic masterplan devised by the owners of Pine Trees Resort.

The biggest of the big developers, Pine Trees is controlled by a former Melbourne fencing contractor, Ken Taylor. He and his backers already own almost one complete side of Hastings Street and are making inroads to the other side, proving that Taylor is either an exceptionally skilled monopoly player or that he is backed by people to whom cash is no object.

The monopoly game began roughly 10 years ago when Noosa suddenly became trendy among successful southerners who moved in and literally bought the place from under the fishermen and farmers who had owned it for generations.

Old-timers remaining were soon forced by spiralling rates and costs to move resentfully away, to live in fibro cottages up the Noosa River at Noosaville and Tewantin. The main beach of Noosa is one of the few on the eastern seaboard that faces north away from prevailing south easterly winds. It's a warm, magic little spot — *the* place for love and for money. No other beach resort in the country has so much of both.

Next to the cafes and swanky restaurants are boutiques where silly society ladies from Melbourne and Sydney spend up to $700 on dresses they could have got for half the price back home. There is a mini society whirl, beef and burgundy evenings, a constant parade of heart-stopping beauties and Porsche-mounted playboys.

A few metres away from the beachfront open-air restaurants the same immaculate ladies rub sunscreen into their nipples or float in a sea so clear you can see the whiting and flathead scudding across the bottom. The girls of Noosa have gained such a reputation that one of Australia's best-known public figures regularly sends his business manager to offer them up to two thousand a week to sleep with his business cronies on PR pleasure cruises.

> Blissed out teenage dope freaks screw lazily on the sand, oblivious to sweaty perverts speeding from cover to cover.

Sheltering everything from the wind is Noosa headland, a 334-hectare national park taking in high silent rain forest and little coves with names like Ti-tree Bay and Fairy Pool and Devil's Kitchen. Anyone can go there — but it is still *the* place of surfers and nudists, where transparent waves snap with the sound of breaking sticks and boardriders get trapped deep inside the cool tunnels.

On the tip of the headland is Alexandria Bay. Hippies once lived in the pandanas trees and experimented with weird diets like pineapple only — until their kids got tropical ulcers or, in one spectacular case, lost the pigmentation of their skin.

This is nudist territory where blissed out teenage dope freaks screw lazily on the sand oblivious to sweaty perverts speeding, bent double like Quasimodo from cover to cover and endless assignations with their own right fists.

Behind Noosa the country is as beautiful as the Rainbow country of northern NSW and attracts the same swarms of earnest alternative lifestylers to its hidden valleys and mountaintops.

In one word Noosa is pleasure. It is in the sun and the waves, in the beauty of the chocolate colored people, the food at the excellent restaurants — in the air so strong when you hit town you can almost taste it.

But while some moderate their pleasure with the headaches of playing monopoly or just a workaday existence, others took so much it literally scared the hell out of them. For students of sociology the story of Noosa's born again surfers is unique, the result of a set of conditions unlikely to have occurred anywhere else in Australia.

First, unemployment. The Sunshine Coast of Queensland is one of the hardest places in the country to get a job because almost everyone is playing monopoly or running some tourist operation requiring little or no labor. So going on the dole at Noosa involves little risk of being found a job.

The pleasure playground is thus at the fulltime disposal of any kid raised in the area or hitching into town with a pack and surfboard.

Surfers were the first to "discover" Noosa, so it's natural that they continue to come there, mingling bizarrely with the elegant trendies and the rich set, buying their shakes and burgers from Doddy's cafe in Hastings Street. Until recently, a solid clique of clone-like surfies and their uniformly nubile girls hung about Doddy's flashing a kind of clandestine smile, coy but all-knowing, used fraternally like a Masonic handshake.

The smile signified many naughty secrets. Because apart from dreamy sex in the rainforests or on the sand, constant supplies of grass and magic mushrooms and their love affair with the waves, the surfies had become occult adventurers.

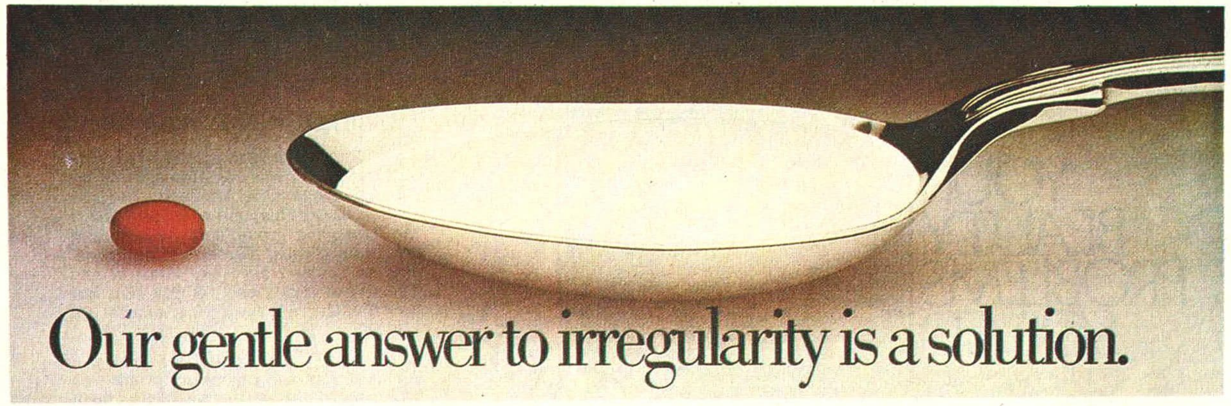
Satan, says the born again crowd these days, lives not in hell but in paradise. And when he was boss he took them regularly into the mountains to worship him. They'd dance naked among sleepy cows, gobble mushrooms and hold mock crucifixions by a tall dying tree in a place still used for satanic rites — but not by the Golden Few who claim to have found Jesus.

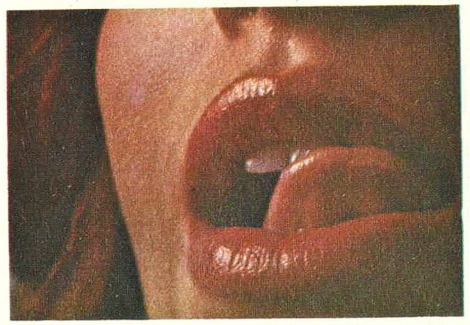
But for several years before the big change, Beezlebub was good enough for them, they say, even though they didn't know him as such. They just surfed and swapped partners and hung about Doddy's, secret smiling.

On the walls of the cafe they had all contributed to a collection of soft, feeble little poems about the harshness of blinkered humanity, the need for love and peace.

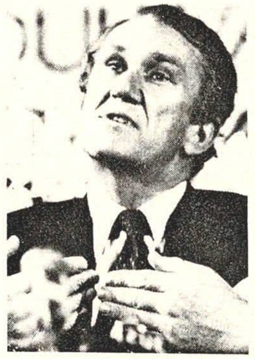
They felt the message might help sullen visitors from the cities, the poorer ones who came in with their fat arses and

Adam's Ads





Question: Do laxative pills relieve irregularity?
Answer: "COOOERR..."
Question: Do laxative pills tend to cause griping pains, or keep you awake at night?
Answer: "ARRRRGHSHH!"
Question: Is there a more gentle solution?



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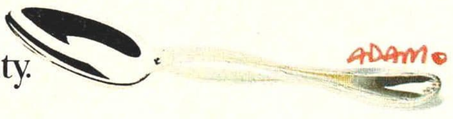
Question: Is that the best solution?
Answer: By far the best.

A gentle way to regularity.



whining kids to buy pancakes or burgers. Actually most visitors found the poems vaguely annoying and the secret smiling by the poets infuriating.

How could they have the faintest notion, at their age, of what was cooking out in the real world? But the kids in some cases had no conception of any world beyond paradise, a paradise into which all manner of strange and wonderful people came briefly, sometimes leaving behind small sensuous legends. Like the girl, a knock-out, who went everywhere with her dark-skinned, enigmatic father and who became friendly with one of the Golden Few.

He often dropped in on the girl at her house in Noosa . . . but the father was always there, soft-spoken, oddly intense, watching.

One night the girl rose from the kitchen table where they all sat and walked to her bedroom, watching the youth over her shoulder with a calm smile. When he followed her to the room the father didn't move or even appear to notice.

Later as they made love, the surfer felt a hand alight, the barest touch, on his back.

The father stayed there, expressionless, just touching the same spot, until they finished. None of them spoke of it — it seems they had communicated in some other way.

While the Golden Few experienced such adventures, Noosa began to fill up with older, more jaded seekers from the south. Most were monied and bought into the place, pushing higher the already crazily spiralling real estate and rent values.

Some with palatial homes on Noosa hill were annoyed by the stream of zonked hippies drifting through corners of their gardens en route to Alexandria Bay and complained to the local council. Many purges followed. Finally, like the youngsters who could no longer afford to live right in Noosa, the hippies gave up and moved back to the hinterland — just as the original owners of Noosa had hit the refuge trail years earlier.

But the Golden Few still came to Doddy's, parking their pushbikes among the Porsches and secret smiling now at the futility of the rich man's lot. Ugly, poor tourists still came also — and now they had the choice of envying the Golden Few or the silvertails.

But after a time the Doddy's crowd were no longer so young. They, or some of them, got fed up with the aimlessness and the pleasure and turned increasingly to occult practices for some substance. "Who am I?" they all demanded to know. The sun shone back into their almost identical brown faces without an answer. They dabbled in self-healing, yoga, magic, the supernatural, witchcraft, satanic rites. Some ran away back south, some overdosed, some — though not necessarily for these reasons alone — took their own lives.

"You're a disgrace to the canine marijuana detection unit."

Now the poems are gone from Doddy's cafe. So are all the kids who once lived for pleasure. In their place are clean-cut types with an unmistakeable light in their eyes. Born again.

At first hint of interest in the transformation they wipe their hands and come smiling and fresh around the counter to tell you the Good News: How Murph the Surf took satan's children from the edge of hell and led them to the Lord.

"We were victims of paradise," Frank Murphy, 29, tells me at a table in the new-look Doddy's, which he and several others among the reborn took over and now operate.

In part, the story of the Golden Few emerged from our talk. I had not been to Noosa for a year or more — BC, if you like. When Murphy heard I was getting together a story on the place he was very eager to talk and the light in his eyes became almost blinding.

He left his occult group a couple of years ago and wandered down to Adelaide where he found Jesus, he says, via a roadside revivalist meeting. It didn't exactly happen in a blinding flash, but when Murphy made the leap he got a prophecy: return to Noosa and rescue the Golden Few.

He came back, got married, took a lease on Doddy's, ripped down the poems and went among what he calls the spiritually unregenerated to spread the word.

In little over a year the ranks of the Pentacostal church at Noosaville grew from 18 to more than 100.

"When people are empty inside something is going to flow in," Murphy says. "I believe now that satan is a personality — I have seen demons cast from my friends."

Murphy is slight, dark, intense — a prophet perhaps? He smiles mysteriously. "I know that many men of God have not bothered to come to this area because . . . well, because it is very difficult to turn people away from sheer pleasure in a place like this."

So Murphy returned to the centre of sin to save the Golden Few. Among his first targets was Gerry Rademaker, a young carpenter who Murphy himself had introduced to an occult group before going to Adelaide.

It was a difficult conversion. Rademaker lived alone in a mountain shack with his dog, browsing daily on gold-top mushrooms. "I didn't care," he told me later at his Tewantin home, "whether I lived or died."

Rademaker glances at his new wife, Jill, also a convert, and they trade a beatific smile. "Praise the Lord!" he explodes in his deep fruity voice. "Praise the Lord they kept on at me!"

Murphy and a friend badgered Rademaker, on a Sunday when he had an injured leg, to attend a service in their rented hall. "At first I didn't sing and pray because I didn't want to be a hypocrite.

"But later the pastor laid his hands on me and I did as he said and asked Jesus to come into me. Then I sort of fell backwards and while I lay on the floor . . ." he stops, smiling crookedly. "You sure you're gonna get this in *Penthouse*?" I nod . . . "well there was a sort of blinding flash and then I sat up and went to a seat.

"I cried for half an hour — the first time in years — I cried so blessed hard and loud the others could barely hear the preacher." Rademaker sparkles again at Jill. "My leg was healed and I stayed in a daze for three days. Then I got a job, I got a wife and I got a baby son on the way. Praise Jesus!"

"He used to be a larrikin," says Jill, whose face shows signs of hard times and who is actually born again again — having backslid from a rebirth six years ago in the US. "He used to have a Kawasaki 900 and he didn't give a shit for anyone."

Rademaker shakes his head as if he can't believe the former him. "I was fairly heavily into the occult — it is still very strong up here, very organised and regular . . ." He grimaces. "Really, the things we did — not nice. I don't want to talk about it . . ."

So he doesn't. Instead they tell me a Montague and Capulet love story of how God brought them together when they were both only weeks away from marrying other people. Rademaker's dog, his only companion when he was a spaced-out mountain man, died when he and Jill were on their honeymoon.

"The Lord took him away," says the carpenter in that same sonorous voice. "Old Trampus' job was over." He looks hard into my face, sees the scepticism and shoots out a challenge: "You could take my life tomorrow and I would know exactly where I was going!"

Sitting quietly until now, Rademaker's mate, born again Stewart Elliot, 19, suddenly bursts out with the news that the church is about to launch a Christian boardriders' club — "Carve it up in the name of the Lord!" he shouts, then: "Hey, didja know that Dylan has been born again?" Him too? "Yep," beams Stewart, "ain't it cool?" Well, maybe.

Later Frank Murphy talks about a smack dealer on the coast who turned himself in to the cops after joining the church. "They gave him psychiatric tests and all to convince themselves he wasn't crazy. This guy was a big-time dealer.

"When he gets out of Long Bay he wants to be a pastor." Murphy has finished his story. So be it.

Now for something altogether different . . . an appointment with the Gatsby of Noosa, a man far from through with the pursuit of his rather select brand of pleasure. David Allen, blond jet-setter, breezed into Noosa two years ago in his sky-blue Ferrari and began buying the place.

For $150,000 he bought what's known as First Point, the first tiny point in a series stretching out to the end of national park.

Conservationists, when they realised Allen intended to build luxury units there, vowed that they hated him. But because Allen rarely goes anywhere, but sits alone at night watching TV, most of the haters still don't know what he looks like. Their main bitch is that Allen's development is the only one on the seaward side of the road and mars the otherwise uninterrupted natural sweep of the park.

For Allen, pleasure is playing real life monopoly and making heaps of money. Or that's how it seems. With his silent Melbourne partner he had snapped up big chunks of land all over Noosa.

He is a multi-millionaire at 38, probably the biggest individual investor in town. He looks like Robert Redford, is single, and admits wearily that the easiest thing in the world for him is to have a different girl every night. Guess what he wants instead — he wants to be married to Mrs Right, as he quaintly puts it, and to have children.

Meanwhile, to avoid the aimlessness that scared the Golden Few into the arms of the Almighty, he plays monopoly. He is starting a radio station, planning a restaurant-disco on the beach, a helicopter service and has bought an island a few kilometres down the coast as a final Gatsby retreat.

He doesn't drink or smoke and in Melbourne, where he grew up, did law at university and later controlled a string of legal firms, the Law Society doesn't like him.

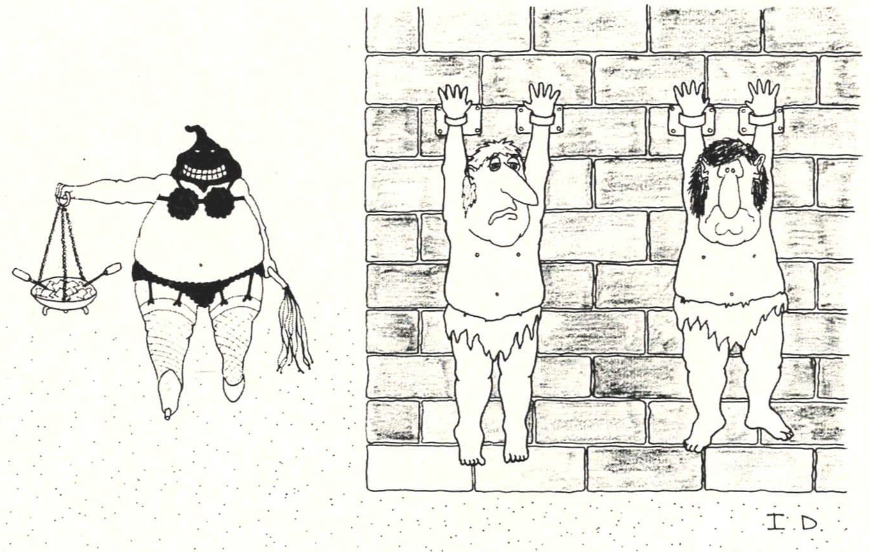
At the age of 28, Allen controlled his legal supermarket from a fleet of radio-controlled cars and worked on a commission basis, churning out documents and letters in a fraction of the accepted time. It was not illegal, but it was highly unconventional.

The Law Society put the auditors through his offices but found no reason to take action.

Allen intends to make Noosa his summer home, wintering in Europe like others among the nouveau riche of Noosa. This, he hopes, will fill the "cultural gap" of Noosa. Allen noticed the lazy, laid-back pace of Noosa immediately he arrived and found it frustrating after Melbourne.

He tended to dash about, but when business contacts invariably failed to keep appointments he consciously slowed down, discarded his smart clothes for a pair of faded boardshorts and began to blend with the locals. He took off his watch permanently.

He is very sensitive to criticism of his First Point units. When construction began, survey pegs were dragged out and



"I've been sentenced for the term of the Governor's pleasure . . . what ever that is . . ."

thrown in the sea several times. Allen said nothing and had the pegs replaced.

Later conservationists struck with graffiti on a big wall between the units and the road.

Allen responded by having the wall covered with expensive slate, impossible to write on and helping the development blend into its rocky background.

His units (only two of the four are for sale, Allen and his partner will retain one each) will sell for $550,000 each, and are unlike anything else in Australia. They literally hang over the Pacific and will be furnished like something from a Hugh Hefner (sorry Bob Guccione) fantasy. But this is just one of Allen's many projects, and in the monopoly stakes there seems to be no stopping him.

Allen admits that surfing and lazing on the beach bores him rigid, while monopoly is thrilling. His motivation, he says, stems from his father, a battler who worked endless overtime to put Allen and his brother through Melbourne Uni.

Now Allen's mum and dad have their reward — David has bought them a house at Noosa to end their days in the sun. Allen senior was in real estate at one stage and taught his boys the tricks. Now he wanders about Noosa inspecting David's various projects with obvious pleasure.

On real life monopoly Allen says: "The atmosphere is very tense. Everyone in the game either has or can borrow X amount of money, therefore it's a matter of who can do the best deal with the vendor. It's a matter of planning your moves well ahead, a matter of using your loaf — and winning a point is satisfying, very satisfying." But he adds: "Just the same I think it's important to know when to stop . . . before it becomes compulsive. Even now I sense this danger, and soon I will scale down and have fewer problems . . ."

This last sentence is without much conviction. The only alternative to monopoly for Allen, I felt, would be Mrs Right and the kids he so often refers to.

When Allen gets screwed up or tense from the fiscal fist fight he jumps in the sea at First Point and swims about three kilometres down the coastline to the entrance to the bar. Then he jogs back, usually stopping on the way for his customary chilled orange juice and seafood marinara at Barry's Bistro on the beach.

This lasts maybe 90 minutes in all and constitutes Allen's only indulgence in the natural attractions of Noosa.

We are sprawled beneath a blue umbrella at a beachfront restaurant and quite often Allen refers to "my children" as if they already existed. He sips a frosty orange juice, wears only faded Speedos.

Allen represents the other half of the Noosa paradox.

Like Fitzgerald's Gatsby, he is a complex man whose playboy looks and image belie a homespun rather lonely character.

"Oh, there are plenty of girls here," he shrugs, "but so far not Mrs Right. The girls you meet here won't talk. They sit looking at you all night. It's all take and no give. Up here they have an expression — just cruisin', everyone is cruisin' . . . well, cruising where? You soon get sick of it . . ." He is candid, likeable — so that night when we meet in the wine bar I can't believe the transformation.

With him is a friend and almost immediately Allen starts with a spiel about how he gives money to charity, wouldn't damage the ecology for quids, never got struck off. At key points the friend chips in with more of the same, what a splendid fellow David is, etc. I assume Allen thought I was going to turn him over — and probably like many rich and influential men is a hopeless judge of what is plausible or convincing.

His apparent paranoia, though, is understandable.

> ‘
>
> If they got a combination of high tides and a cyclone the entire bloody circus could float away.
>
> ’

In Noosa, the environment-development battle is issue number one. And Allen, unlike the faceless money men behind much of the development, is a sitting duck for the wrath of the environmentalists.

Hastings Street runs down the centre of the sandspit and the $25 million estimate of its value is virtually meaningless — the figure goes up each week through the perpetual cycle of speculate then sell. In all surrounding areas the same thing is happening on a slightly reduced scale.

There has never been a boom like it in this country, and behind the boom are all the diverse things that make people want to be in Noosa. Diverse, but still covered by the word pleasure. Noosa has become a real estate stock exchange, with semi-clad tourists padding about among the action they don't see.

Every few seconds some speculator flicks his eyes greedily over a part of the action which, miraculously, hasn't altered since 1949.

It is the home of Banana Man — the last intact hectares of prime land on the hill with views clear across the whole mad monopoly game and far out to the deep blue waters of Laguna Bay. The man who owns it simply wants to be left in peace to peddle bananas.

He refuses absolutely to sell — stalks away from offers up to $25 million, say the speculators, then they make little bonkers signs next to their heads and add, all of them, like a chant: "Rates will get him in the end."

Roger Hack, sitting in his ordinary old kitchen surrounded by bananas, looks down upon the waiting vultures of high finance like a doomed man.

"Take the sandfly," he says unexpectedly. "At one time this whole place was useless as a resort because the little bastards drove everyone away." He adds, a trifle longingly: "They could come back. And then where would all the speculators be? Millions of dollars invested and the whole lot ruined by a tiny little sandfly."

Hack smiles wistfully. "Or the sea. If they got a combination of high tides and a cyclone that entire bloody circus could float away."

Noosa Shire Council information shows a massive discrepancy between the listed valuation of Hack's 21.32 hectares ($36,500) and the offers he has received.

On the existing 1973 town plan (soon to be revised), Hack's land is zoned future urban — a compromise between rural and residential. This can't last much longer because the monopoly game is boiling on all sides of Hack's property and it is surrounded by residential blocks. But the future urban zoning explains Hack's present comparatively low rates ($1867 a year).

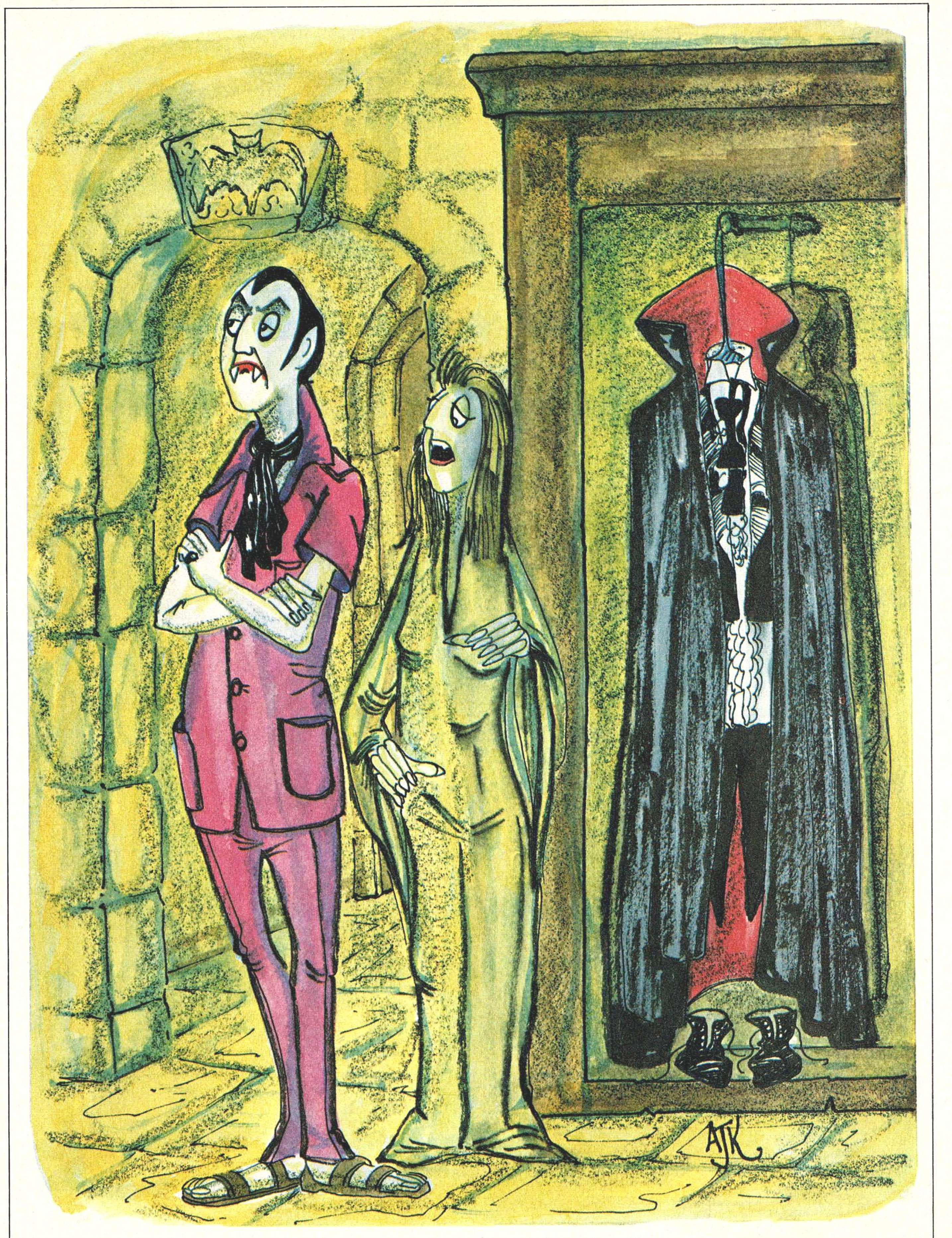
When it is rezoned this figure will skyrocket. An example: a two-block residential property with dwelling on Noosa Hill is rated at $1000 annually. In 1961 the same two blocks were rated at $80 a year.

Council sources say Hack's zoning would change immediately if someone bought the property for a specific purpose (units, motel, etc) and applied for a zoning change to suit the particular development. If Hack holds out, however, the zoning will change regardless. The only question remaining unanswered is when? Hence the speculator's chant: "Rates will get him in the end!"

So Hack, who won't discuss whether rates *will* get him, refuses to worship money and waits. Twenty metres down the hill David Allen has bought a row of houses and is now among those sweating on a carve-up of the banana plantation. He waits.

In Doddy's, Frank Murphy waits for customers. Some want pancakes, others may want Jesus — some, praise Lord, many want both.

All comes to he who waits . . .



"I know it's summer dear, but it's just not *you!"*

Photographs by Bob King

The bored middle class is turning on to shock rock — an outrageous mixture of depravity, lunacy, repugnance and heavy music.

JIMMY AND THE BOYS

BY GLENN A. BAKER

There are moments on stage when Ignatius Jones ceases to be of human species; when his bloodied face, bondage mask, obscene leotards, voluminous perspiration and neanderthal gyrations culminate in the creation of a grotesque indefinable creature, both frightening and fascinating. Like footage of Nazi concentration camp atrocities, Ignatius commands attention, no matter how horrifying the spectacle.

Teetering between drama and depravity, lunacy and lucidity and rock and repugnance; Jimmy and The Boys can scarcely be described as just a rock group. Their performances, their visual image, their on and off stage behavior is all carefully designed to elicit the maximum level of shocked outrage from a public long since bored with the standard media fare of moral decadence.

This is no cheeky bunch of high spirited lads hurling TV sets into motel swimming pools or taking immoral advantage of the mayor's daughter; this is hardcore, R-rated rock theatre delivered with the subtlety of Copenhagen porn.

Sado-masochism, transvestitism, fellatio, cunnilingus, self-mutilation, drug abuse, homosexuality, inebriation, simulated rape and suggested child abuse all take starring roles in Jimmy and The Boys' blisteringly paced tribute to cultural degeneracy. "A high voltage package of glorious filth" is how one well-known Sydney critic described a recent performance.

"The things I've seen in rock and roll are a lot of sex and a lot of violence. It's always been songs sung with a snarl, rather than a smile" concedes leader Ignatius. "Shakespeare is my hero, I wish I could write songs like he wrote plays." There is, in fact, more than a passing similarity between Ignatius and the Bard's hunched, despotic, murderous Richard III.

If Ignatius were not fronting a contemporary music unit, there is little doubt that he would be a celebrated figure in another avenue of the performing arts. In what can only be described as a fortuitous accident of birth, the avowedly bisexual protagonist has been endowed with double jointed limbs, an uncanny precision of body movements, an absolute absence of mental/physical inhibitions, a remarkable sense of self and a charisma level rarely seen in Australian music.

Just 22 years old, Ignatius was born to free-thinking Spanish parents in Manila and thrust immediately into a family of actors and performers. Resident in Australia since he was five, he attended the exclusive St Ignatius College, Riverview where, as captain of the debating team, he led his school to a GPS championship. His studies terminated at the end of fourth form when he instructed his headmaster: "In the words of Jimi Hendrix, don't fuck me, mother!"

"The Jesuits were responsible for my current fascination with Nazi memorabilia" he insists. "I've been obsessed by it ever since I discovered that Himmler, a Jesuit seminarian, based the organisation of the SS exactly upon the order." (In an amazing paradox, he has confided that, in the unlikely event of him fathering children, they would be Jesuit-educated.)

Active in school drama ("I had a lead role in whatever was going on — which wasn't much"), Ignatius moved to classical ballet at 16 and eventually landed a position in a major Australian ballet company. By 17 he was toying around as dancing lead singer of "shitty garage bands" with such prophetic titles as Gomorrah.

"During the long hair era I wore make-up, jewellery and painted finger nails; 'cause every band I was in was so boring and I wanted to look interesting. I ended up looking so weird that nobody ever dared tell me I couldn't sing — they just looked at me aghast," he says.

Margot Trapago is an attractive 42-year-old lecturer at the Catholic Teachers College; she is also Ignatius' mother. "I know what he's doing is difficult for older people to accept " she suggests, "but while he's shocking people out of their minds he is also saying 'look, isn't our society a lie'. I love beauty; my son prefers to show the other side of life; but it really is the same coin. The person under the image is very different and perhaps very disappointed with society."

Joint frontsperson Joylene Hairmouth was a debating partner of Ignatius at Riverview. In deferrence to his friend's dismissal, Bill O'Riordan, as she was then known, moved over to the equally exclusive Cranbrook School. A product of "a wealthy family and privileged childhood", the delicious Joylene had been earnestly learning piano skills since age 11. By 17 an A.Mus.A. diploma was achieved and school jazz outfits were in hot pursuit. After winning the Bartok Society prize in the 1974 City of Sydney Eisteddfod, classical studies at the Paris Conservatorium beckoned and the Continent was visited.

It took just nine months away to realise that practicing piano 10 hours a day was not the effervescence her youth was in dire need of. It was out of the closet and on to the catwalk for the "good old boy" gone wrong.

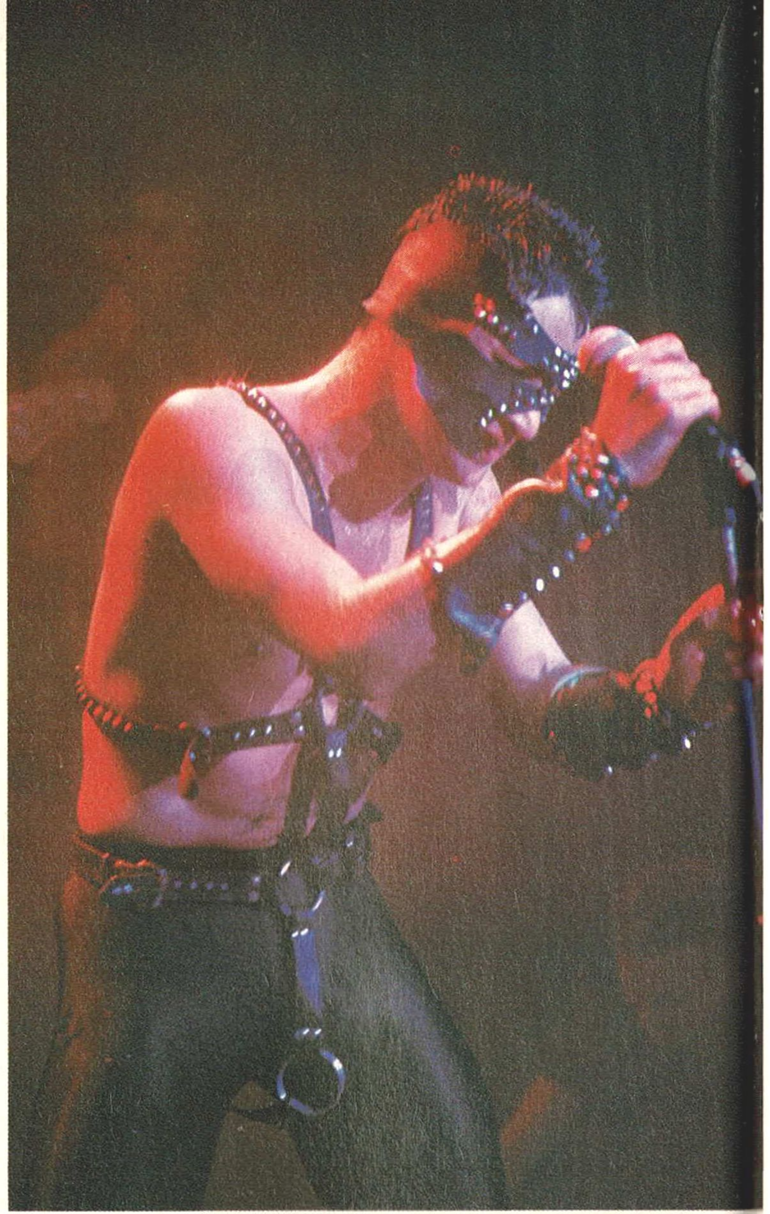
"I then spent a hideous six months playing cocktail melodies to the blue rinse set," she reveals. "A trumpeter, a drummer and me on electric piano, playing Hawaiian Nights in the middle of winter at RSL clubs or wedding receptions at the Brighton Hotel, amidst shades of mauve and green. After a while I began playing esoteric jazz and refused to play the bridal waltz. The old soldiers didn't like it much, but they were usually too pissed to chase me."

Once the inevitable circuital nature of clubdom began returning Joylene to venues where (previously enraged but drunken) organisers were dangerously sober, there seemed remarkable logic in a decision to depart such employ immediately.

While teaching piano at Rockdale and Maroubra to "precocious seven-year-old Swiss children and deformed adults", Joylene joined a jazz-rock unit called Steps and also formed a cabaret (piano and voice) act with Inez Amaya. While Steps was making "high quality demo tapes that nobody liked", the cabaret duo was playing Cole Porter, Noel Coward and Billie Holliday to tiny captivated audiences at The Pinball Wiz.

"Jazz players would drop in from The Basement each night to jam, whether we wanted them to or not," rues Joylene with apparent disdain for such fraternalism. "Thank God Ignatius called."

Once reunited with his partner-in-crime, the metamorphosis from Bill to Joylene was complete. The first to suffer was Mrs Gwen O'Riordan, as her stocks of pantyhose began to dwindle. This she could grin and bear, but the line was drawn when a $2000 sequined Christian Dior evening gown disappeared from her wardrobe and reappeared upon the frame of her son at a Sydney hotel. That it was subsequently stolen from a dressing room did nothing to placate the domestic anger.



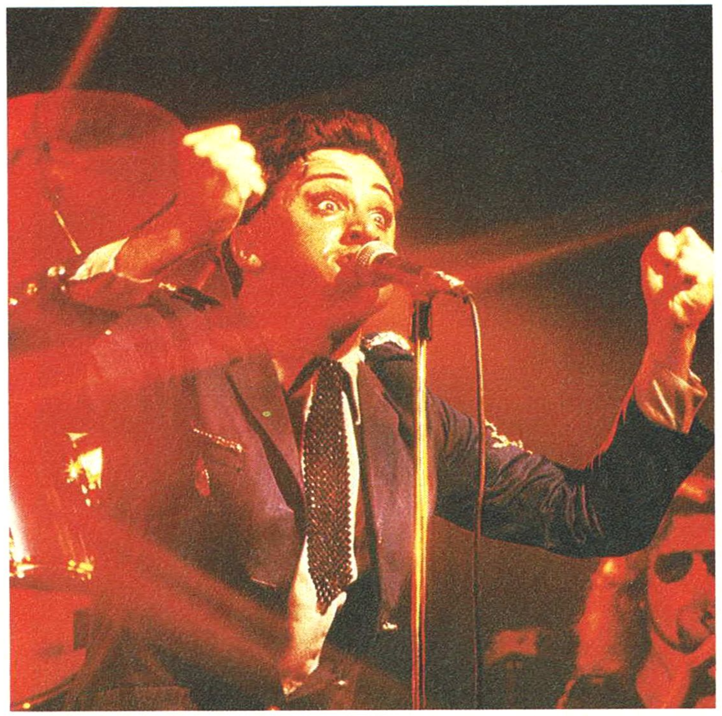
"I've never actually seen the act" said Mrs O'Riordan from her Rose Bay home, "and I'm not sure I really want to. We're rather refined here, and although I think Bill is a very intelligent and logical person, words can't describe what I think of his new name — I just close my ears to it."

Tales of the wayward path pursued by the two Catholic lads have inevitably made their way back to the hallowed halls of Riverview and Cranbrook. Teachers remember Bill O'Riordan as a spotty, bespectacled, Walter Mitty character destined to lurk among symphony orchestras in a baggy grey suit for the entirety of his life. Others recall that Ignatius, in his penultimate year, scored distinctions and special prizes for Religious Knowledge, English Composition, Latin, Greek, History and Music. Hardly the sort of chaps to give the school a bad name, hey what?

One Jesuit Father, in charge of Spiritual Instruction, conceded: "They were a difficult pair to handle, but both were highly original and extremely intelligent." Pressed for his feelings on their current activity, he huffed: "I have heard that on certain occasions they have ridiculed Riverview and everything it stands for in their pop show. So please, I'd rather not comment; just say you couldn't find me, there's a good fellow."

Cranbrook is not so perturbed. Headmaster Mr Bishop merely comments: "What an old boy does once he leaves here is his business, not the school's. I don't care if they become an industrial chemist or a dancer."

Jimmy and The Boys was originally assembled by Cranbrook students as an 8-12 piece jazz-rock-funk group around 1975. Ignatius, recovering from cosmetic overdose, served two years in the chaotic and directionless outfit before, he insists, "some jealous members conspired to kick me out". Not one to utilise the inherent benefits of his upbringing, Ignatius entered the common workforce in a variety of occupations in Sydney — head waiter at the Manzill Room, barman at the Menzies Hotel, kitchen hand at the Metropole Tavern, chef at the Landsdown Hotel and waiter at the Texas Tavern.



Midway through 1977, bassist Tom Faulkingham (since departed) invited Ignatius to reform the then-defunct Jimmy and The Boys for reasons that could not possibly be related to commercial advantage. He returned, amid SSO bassoon players, with his own contribution to the reformation — Joylene, and all the cabaret overtones she implied.

"All the guys were jazz players," explains Joylene. "They thought rock and roll was an insult to their intelligence. It was a real Italian democracy, everybody did what they wanted on stage."

Ignatius concurs emphatically: "If you've ever had to sing Jumping Jack Flash with the bass player and drummer taking solos from beginning to end . . . I was just getting crazier and crazier . . . one night I turned around and screamed 'you guys play some fucking *rock and roll!*', and they wouldn't."

In June 1978, Ignatius and Joylene took control of the outfit, dispensed with the conformist and came up with a rock-based excursion into the periphery realms of *all* culture; with a particular emphasis on mime, dance and theatre.

The four new members ("Jimmy" had long gone) clothed the visual voracity of the dominant duo with a tight, pulverising, relentless musical base of A1 credibility. Whatever the deep ends or precarious precipices from which Ignatius is in danger of plummeting, the band misses nary a beat — scorching away with a bizarre blend of Zappa and The Andrew Sisters, tempered with a little copybook heavy metal. While other bands were boasting an early entry in the '80s, Jimmy and The Boys began previewing the '90s.

Shock and outrage, the vital ingredients of any Jimmy and The Boys performance, are not always easy commodities to arrange. Their backstage scene invariably resembles a cross between a magic shop, massage parlor, Marquis DeSade torture cell, cheap beauty parlor, clothing jumble sale and sexual aids catalogue.

Carmen Miranda would have coveted Joylene's sumptuous range of gowns and accesories . . . then, perhaps not, for Joylene is a woman only men, certain men, could rightfully desire.

Ignatius and Joylene dominate the proceedings entirely. Joylene with her ice cold, razor sharp synthesiser/keyboard notes; Ignatius with his painful-to-watch contortions of frame (which often result in feet being arranged behind head, and crotch assuming enormous prominence), and both with their vicious, ravaging oral sex rape sequence which has been known to leave Joylene attired in little more than her pantyhose.

Blood capsules, baseball bats, sink plungers, oddly-placed gaff tape, immolated life-size dolls, cut-throat razors . . . they all have their moment of glory on stage as an aid to the cultural overkill being perpetrated. Songs like I've Just Gotta Be Rude To You, Butchy Boys, Babies on Fire, Dealer of the Smack (to the tune of Leader of the Pack), I'm The Slime, Who Cares?, Lay In Double Bay, The Cops Are Coming and numerous others, are all succinct paens to perversity.

Jimmy and the Boys command a following more loyal than most. Ted Dubois, a 23-year-old Telecom clerk, is one of a regular "gang" of 2 guys and 10 girls who rarely let the group out of their sight. "I've seen over 200 shows," he boasts, "and there is nothing in this country to compare with them. Iggy's sense of timing and his ability to contort his body as if he were being electrocuted is just unbelievable — I never get tired of it."

The teenybop scream brigade simply don't know what to make of the act and generally direct their devotion to other, safer outfits with well-scrubbed, cherubic faces. Instead, older sexually-aware females comprise the more devoted bulk of the audience.

Julie was raised in comfort in the Sydney suburb of St Ives. Blonde, single and 25 years old, she has seen the group on 10 occasions in the past year and has a particular liking for the simulated oral sex sequence. "I really think the '69' is fantastic . . . the blood makes you imagine all sorts of things. I can't take my eyes off Ignatius' body, it really sucks me in."

Julie readily admits she "would love to go to bed with him" and that "he breeds a real bi-sexual atmosphere — sort of sex for everybody and everybody for sex — I'm occasionally into that sort of thing . . . y'know, swinging parties."

Close friend Neridah, a 24-year-old trained teacher from Northbridge, working in a clerical capacity with the Social Security Department, concurs. Eagerly describing herself as "a big boobed blonde", Neridah gushes: "Ignatius really doesn't care what he does, he has no hangups at all. He gives us the lead to get off on the music ourselves. I saw him at the Capitol Theatre and just went berserk, I couldn't hold myself back. He's really what a lot of people are looking for — a total animal; when he sings songs like VD and Dealer of The Smack it just gives me strange feelings."

Michael Chugg experienced odd sensations too, when he first laid eyes on Jimmy and The Boys. "I was attracted by the smiles on the audience's collective face," he recalls. Chugg, however, is no starstruck kid. As manager of Kevin Borich and Stars, ex-manager of Richard Clapton and The La De Das, senior tour manager for Paul Dainty (Abba, Fleetwood Mac, etc) and the stager of virtually every major concert in NSW, he is nobody's fool. Since taking on the group less than a year ago, he has boosted their earnings from around $250 a spot to more than

$1000, making them the highest paid act in the country without a hit single.

"Their show reflects a very big part of society that's conveniently ignored," he explains carefully. "Camps, butchy boys, street violence, gay bars . . . all the things which happen every day, which everybody's too frightened to talk about or face. What the guys are saying is incredibly relevant to what's going on out there."

Not surprisingly, the group's strongest following is to be found in Brisbane, the city where the *Rocky Horror Picture Show* has enjoyed a four-year run. Denied most forms of cultural excess, Queenslanders eagerly embrace anything vaguely risque and, in the case of Jimmy and The Boys, descend into absolute frenzy.

Such frenzy, usually manifest in Ignatius' treatment of audiences, has, on many occasions, backfired into potentially disastrous situations.

One night, relaxing at the bar after a double-encored performance at Campbelltown, NSW, a yokel threw a drink in Ignatius' face. Choosing to ignore the incident, the band departed for Sydney, only to encounter, some miles onward, two carloads of irate locals who ran them off the road and proceeded to severely beat Ignatius with fists and other blunt instruments. Quick action by a roadie prevented total annihilation, but bruises were evident for some weeks.

During a Melbourne foray earlier last year, Joylene was struck by a thrown glass which lacerated her hands sufficiently for hospital treatment. The next night Ignatius handled a spitting heckler by hurling her into the audience; and subsequently found himself trapped in a dressing room by outraged friends of the victim.

With a full-scale seige threatening and calls to the police being placed, the same enterprising roadie hit upon the idea of smuggling the singer out of the venue in an equipment case. Loaded into the back of a truck he emerged, like Houdini from a water tank, to make a timely escape in a waiting car.

Originally a source of amusement, such incidents are becoming a sizeable headache for Chugg. "Of the last 40 shows, 10 ended in some sort of drama. Some people in the audience get really offended that a guy can get up on stage and be camp and entertain. So what's happening is that a lot of rednecks are on to a poofter-bashing trip — and Iggy's the target. It took me a while to recognise that a section of the audience can almost be inspired to kill and maim by the band's stage act.

"At a Manly Flicks gig a few weeks back there were 800 in the place; about a hundred of 'em were throwing beer cans on the stage and another dozen were trying to get to Iggy to beat the shit out of him. Now, at every show I demand that the promoter supplies two security guards by side stage."

Not all explosive incidents are the result of audience activity. Exceedingly irate bouncers at an outer (Sydney) western suburbs disco brought the band's set to a rather sudden and premature halt when Ignatius suggested that the only decent thing at the show was the thought of engaging in oral sex with the proprietress.

One night at a Blacktown pub, two officers of the constabulary saw fit to confiscate Ignatius' authentic police badge (actually given to him by the Police Department) and issue a stern "ticking off" for daring to desecrate the uniform of blue.

Bored with police who couldn't take a joke, Ignatius turned his attentions to a rather prime target. At no small cost, a life-size dummy was commissioned bearing the exact likeness (down to the pipe) of one Malcolm Fraser.

Threats of arrest swiftly arose in Brisbane and Newcastle, where graphic portrayals of the Prime Minister burying his face in Ignatius' crotch angered the odd civic blue blood.

None of this, however, can hold a candle to the debauched horror of the current stage specialty, recently debuted at Sydney's Capitol Theatre, in which the Fraser model, lowered from above by a noosed rope, is hacked to symbolic death by a meat cleaver-bearing Ignatius. While one hand delivered deranged blows of blade, the other reaches within the severed abdomen to withdraw (animal) offal, soaked in plastic blood. All manner of kidneys, livers and intestines are hurled into the frozen half horrified-half delighted audience.

For a moment it ceases to become entertainment and assumes terrifying proportions. Reading about Charles Manson's murder mutilations is one thing, witnessing a graphic portrayal is quite another.

Inevitably the plastic blood meets with real plasma, as Ignatius slashes his own arm severely enough to require five stitches after the show.

The feminist movement is also not overly enamoured by Ignatius' behavior; finding his visual displays of salacious macho domination not entirely palatable. Already, angered women's libbers have successfully petitioned the Carlton Hotel in Melbourne to ban Jimmy and The Boys from the place (presumably as either drinkers or performers), while similar moves are apparently underway in other parts of the country. Ignatius remains unrepentant.

Storms are becoming common weather in the Jimmy and The Boys camp. Signed to Melbourne independent Image Records after a multi-company bidding

"Steady on Smith . . . hold fast to the tradition. No smiling for the tourists, lad! For Queen and country, brave soldier . . .!"

"He never did that to me!"

war, the group found that their newly-completed album had been effectively banned by Image's distributor, who deemed the item to be "unsuitable" for the conservative image of the company. The Rupert Murdoch-owned Festival Records then stepped neatly from the wings to ink a distribution pact with Image's new offshoot label — Avenue Records.

Public outrage is nothing new for Festival. As recently as 1975/6, Skyhooks incurred the wrath of community watchdogs by cheerfully uttering such innocuous sentiments as You Just Like Me Cause I'm Good In Bed and then taking the stage with a Twistie-propelling penile structure.

But compared with Jimmy and The Boys' attack on rock's jugular, their's was kindergarten play.

"The Skyhooks for the '80s" is, in fact, how Ian "Molly" Meldrum described the act at a recent performance. Standing in the front row, aghast and agape as Ignatius hurled sexual suggestions and exhortations, Meldrum was enraptured to the point of losing his footing during howls of laughter cum gasps.

Delight is not, unfortunately, a universal sentiment. John Parks, manager of four Sydney record stores and father of bassist Michael Parks, says curtly: "He's a big boy and I suppose he knows what he's doing, but I won't be going to see them.

"If his grandparents ever saw what was going on on stage, they'd cut him out of the will."

According to Dr Juliet Harper, Senior Lecturer in Psychology at Macquarie University School of Behavioral Sciences, the grotesque stage behavior and subsequent audience reaction is "a continuum of the *Six Million Dollar Man, The Incredible Hulk* and other media fantasies".

"It's a sign of emptiness," she reasons. "Young audiences are feeling fairly empty, fairly helpless, fairly depressed and they are filling this emptiness in their lives with tremendous vicarious satisfaction derived from the vouyeristic, exhibitionistic and sexualistic qualities in the performance they are watching. It's rather sad that that's how they have to get their kicks.

"You see, if someone else does it you don't have to do it yourself, they're acting out *your* fantasies — not you."

"Kids, particularly in Sydney's western suburbs during this period of high unemployment, feel they have no power, and to get power they have to present something fairly shocking to the adults who control them. But it's getting much harder to shock — in the Fifties we were terrified of the A-bomb, now we accept the concept of mass genocide, it's something we live with.

"It's interesting that the group have incorporated politics into their sexual fantasies, they seem to know what they are trying to achieve. We're all sensitised to trigger our base emotions very quickly these days and the way these kids are reacting to things like Jimmy and The Boys is an expression of the real powerlessness we're all feeling. Kids act out their depression differently from adults; they ease it by this strange vicarious satisfaction."

John Howard, Senior Counsellor of the Stanmore Youth Centre in Sydney, feels that Jimmy and The Boys "are no more unhealthy than *The Waltons* or *The Brady Bunch* TV shows — both are moulded in unreality".

Howard, who has conducted studies into the effect of punk rock on youth, sees the shock rock phenomena as a product of "a recession period when there isn't much future." Howard continues, adding, "it's all part of the Hollywood-type syndrome of bigger, better, more extravagant — no different from *Towering Inferno* or *King Kong*."

Meanwhile, Jimmy and The Boys carry on oblivious to the academic analysis directed toward their activities. Every week another barrier falls and the goal of mass appeal looms promisingly on the blood'n'gore-splattered horizon.

Having top Sydney rock station 2SM pick up their first single, I'm Not Like Everybody Else, for heavy rotation within a week of release was a distinctly pleasurable surprise. The Catholic church's ownership of the station had rendered such a possibility highly remote. Victory in round one.

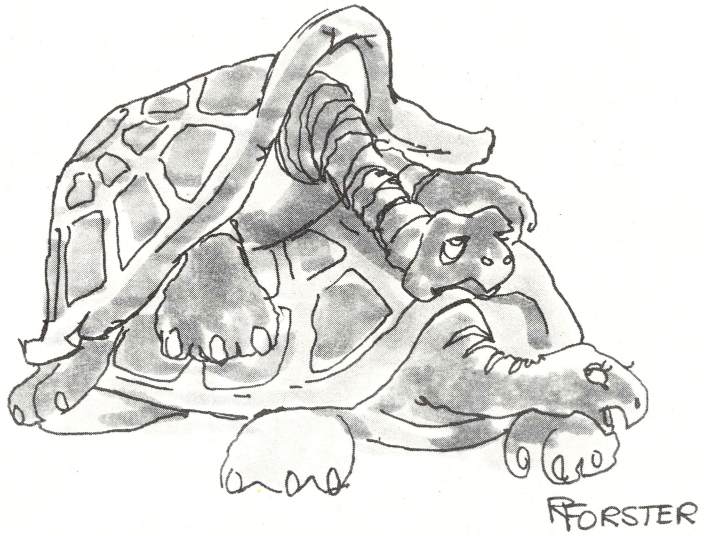
The next blue meanie to be faced is the Broadcasting Control Board. One listen to the album of the same name and "no air-play under any circumstance" instructions will be burning telex lines from coast to coast.

Most likely to offend is the track Butchy Boys, with graphic lyrics concerning electric dildos, golden showers and "spread cheeks".

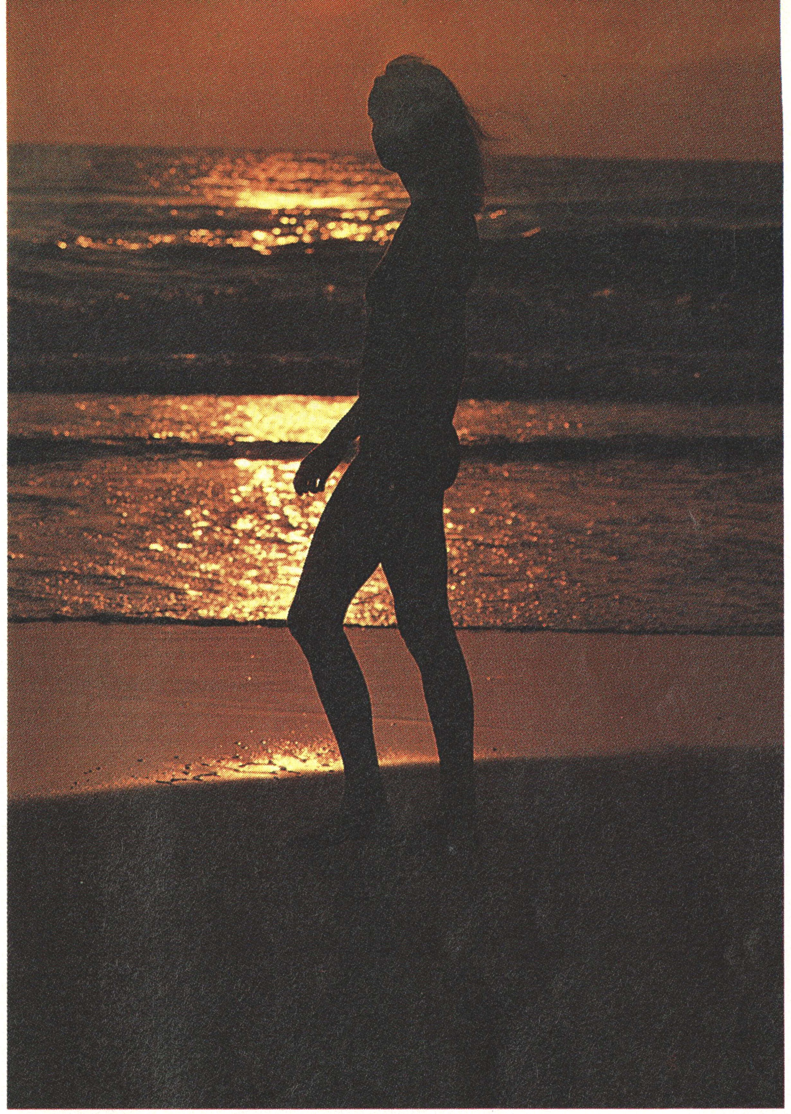
Even without such guaranteed publicity, venue owners are salivating at the thought of their bar/door take every time they book the act, and the performances, rivalling Cecil B. DeMille for grandeur and Fellini for intent, easily represent the best value thrill in town.

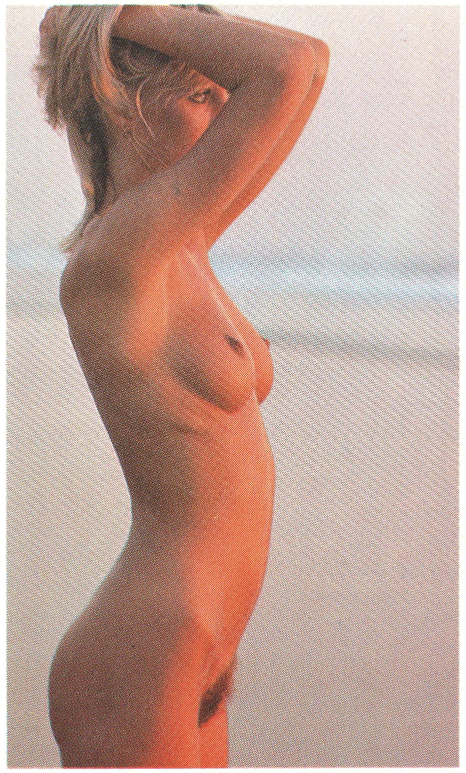
As monumental tribute to tastelessness, few figures outside of Idi Amin and Adolf Hitler could match Ignatius Jones and his demented pack of social misfits.

And few groups anywhere in the world today could match the sense-numbing intensity of their rock performance, delivered seven nights a week without compromise.



"I don't care if you are 152 . . . you've been at it since Wednesday!"





‘I know how good the sun feels on my body.’

LYN

MERMAID MAGIC

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DANIEL NOLAN

Where would you expect to find a tanned, sunshine blonde who loves the beach and plays water polo? At Queensland's Mermaid Beach, of course. "I spend more time in the water than out of it," says Lyn Barron, our Pet of the Month. "My friends tease me that one of these days I'm going to turn into a mermaid. But I don't mind — I know how good the sun and surf feel on my body."

Nineteen-year-old Lyn lives her busy life day-to-day. "I don't want to be tied down for quite some time. I want to be free to enjoy life as it happens," says the 35-24-35 model. "At the moment, the most important thing in my life is my career. I want to do a lot more modelling work, including high fashion."

"I'm ambitious and a realist when it comes to my work," says Lyn, "but in my private life I'm a romantic. I like to linger over a candlelit dinner, to draw out the pleasure, to savor every moment I share with a special man. Does that make me a liberated/old-fashioned girl? Maybe I just like to experience the best of both worlds."

“I want to be free to enjoy life.”

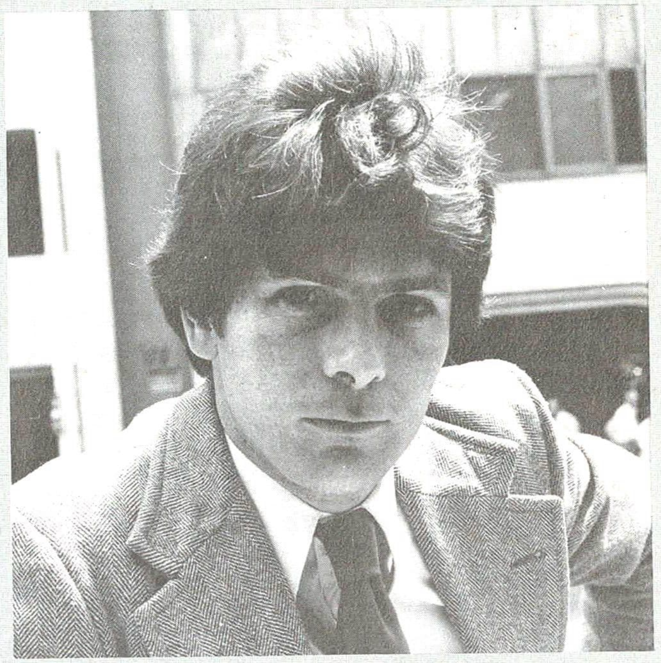
Lingerie from Louisa's, Brisbane; hair by Andrew Fraser; make-up by Julie Van Peype and Kym Boothby.

Lyn's romantic philosophy is relatively simple: "When I do feel ready to settle down with a special man, I will give the relationship everything I've got. The less you put into loving your man, the less you'll get out of it. If my partner can't inspire me to extremes — whether it's earth-shattering love, side-splitting laughter, or even real tears — then I know it's not the real thing."

"In lots of ways my work and my private life cross over," says Lyn. "Modelling is one way I express myself. The camera works on me like an aphrodisiac. It's like being with a special man. I'm really quite shy, but posing makes me outgoing and gives me a high." Fortunately for us, the camera has quite the same feeling about Lyn.

MISS LYN BARRON/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

ADVISE & DISSENT
OPINION



BY DAVID HIRST

The author is a freelance journalist for many newspapers and journals. His book, *Heroin in Australia*, was published last year.

DRUGS: POWERS YES, PROGRESS NO

Now that the dust has begun to settle on the NSW Royal Commission into illegal drug use, it is apparent that all the commissions, inquiries, parliamentary committees and reports into the problem can do nothing to stop illegal drug use in this country.

They are particularly ineffective in confronting the major problem in this country, namely the importation and distribution of heroin by organised crime syndicates centred in Sydney and operating nationally. The major reason such reports are ineffective is that they do not address the question of why young Australians seek out heroin, why it is so easy to get and what can be done to change these conditions.

They are medical and sociological problems, yet the public has been softened up enough to believe that such problems can be solved by legal sanctions, that laws passed by parliaments giving wider powers to the drug police and to the courts can dictate individual moral behavior.

This belief grows partly out of the fact that so many of our politicians are from the legal profession. Neither the politicians nor the judges have any idea of what is driving tens of thousands of Australians to use the most powerful analgesic known to man, nor have they experienced the ugly world in which this drug culture exists. Unhappily, the increased criminalisation of illegal drug use serves to make the problem greater in a legal and medical sense.

The most Draconian legislation ever implemented in the West was the infamous Rockefeller Act of 1973 in New York State, which has now been condemned by almost every expert in that State. This attitude is best summed up in a comment by the Chief Justice of the New York State Court of Appeals in 1975: "More than half a century of increasingly severe penalties have failed to stem, and perhaps may have caused, a parallel crescendo of drug abuse."

Medically, the increased criminalisation is even more harmful as Peter Laurie's excellent book, *Drugs: the Medical, Psychological and Social Facts,* explains. Laurie points out that youths seek heroin at times of great emotional stress. He suggests heroin becomes a crutch without which the user might become schizophrenic. The use of harsh criminal sanctions against such youths merely forces drug use further underground and increases the problem. Sociologically, one of the worst aspects of this vast underground economy is that crime syndicates skim large profits which are reinvested in respectable companies, thus furthering the economic and political influence of those syndicates.

Australians have never had the chance to ask why the punitive treatment of heroin users could not be replaced by the humane system of registration of addicts and supplying them with enough heroin for their daily needs. This approach, labelled as so radical as to be barely worthy of discussion by our legislators, has been operating with great success in Britain for 10 years.

> "The humane system of registration of addicts and supplying them with enough heroin for their daily needs has been operating with great success in Britain for 10 years."

The major advantages of this solution are:

- It would destroy much of the black market and therefore remove profits from the trade, helping to break the grip of organised crime.
- It would ensure that addicts no longer had to sell to other 'pre-addicts', thus halting the exponential growth in users.
- It would prevent addicts from having to commit crimes to obtain cash for drugs.
- It would release the drug police from their endless task of collecting information on users and allow them to concentrate on the black marketeers.
- It would reduce the incidence of death and heroin-related illnesses such as hepatitis.
- It would present the addict as a pathetic creature "kept" by the government rather than the Mr Cool image addicts can have among their peers.

And most importantly, in the long run it would reduce the number of addicts and cure many of our present addicts. Laurie's finding, which has been confirmed by Home Office figures, is that addicts who continue to use the black market product will remain addicts for the rest of their short lives. Of those who register and use the pure government supplies two thirds will cease use after seven to 10 years and will, in the meantime, be able to lead relatively normal lives.

While the English can afford to be almost complacent about the heroin problem in their country and concentrate on abuse of legal drugs, Australia is in the position of having more people becoming addicts every day and the possibility of a great increase in addiction. Among the difficulties related to the introduction of the UK system in this country is the fact that eight different governments are involved in accepting it but the major problem is that none of our newspapers or opinion-makers are prepared to countenance the suggestion.

None of the commissions of the various governments have looked at illicit drug use from the point of view of the users, save the South Australia Royal Commission — whose findings have been described in *The Age's* editorial as "a well-reasoned and sympathetic examination of the problem (marijuana) . . . drowned in a sea of derision".

Royal commissions are the last recourse of the state for investigating scandals and disasters. They are commonly used either to "get" a particular person or persons, or to cover up for the activities of others. The Woodward Commission succeeded in both. Those "got" were the six members of a "secret society" labelled Murder Inc. by the Sydney *Daily Telegraph.* As it seems some individuals who made huge profits were responsible for the death of Don McKay, it is to be hoped that the full weight of the law will deal harshly with them: likewise the police who appear to have helped them.

Those who weren't "got" are the syndicates which import and distribute heroin in this country, which Mr Justice Woodward found not to exist. Woodward dismissed the Mr Big concept of one man dictating the heroin market in this country, a concept which no observers of the heroin trade take seriously anyway. Mr Big is, in fact, a valuable media smoke screen diverting the public's attention from the various tightly-knit organisations which import and distribute heroin here.

There is now ample evidence that what Woodward describes as "monopolistic crime syndicates" do exist in Australia and a strong possibility that the Chinese Triad or Tong syndicates have done a deal with the American Mafia on Australia, using our own well-established and organised syndicates as distributors. Mr Justice Woodward seems to have ignored evidence to this effect and, while he may not have been looking under the wrong rocks, it's apparent that he was only searching under the pebbles.

John Halpin's report in *Australian Penthouse* in October 1979 has proved to be prophetic. The Federal Narcotics Bureau did turn out to be "A Political Time Bomb." The Federal report by Mr Justice Williams proved to be such a condemnation of the bureau that much of the report has, at time of writing, remained secret. Yet this was the organisation to which the Commonwealth Government was prepared to give powers of phone-tapping, bugging, interception of mail and entry to premises without warrant. The significance of the bureau getting these powers (officially) the same year that it had to be disbanded cannot be overstated. It is a classic example of the anti-drug/terrorist phobia being used to undermine the basic civil liberties of Australians. The introduction of the bill in March last year took place the day of the introduction of a bill giving ASIO new and similar powers.

This cynical exercise was designed to confuse the press and the Parliamentary Opposition, and most newspapers ran their stories without distinguishing between the bills.

Serious terrorists — if such a thing exists in this country — and large scale dealers are hardly likely to transmit their intentions to the security or drug forces over the telephone, as it has been well known for some time that these powers have been used illegally. The new powers are likely to be aimed more at the average marijuana or heroin user ringing around for a "deal", or perhaps at a journalist in the normal course of investigating a story.

First Time a Woman

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL ABEL

When Christine Roberts wrote the song, First Time a Woman, she wrote it "about all women". The lovely 26-year-old entertainer (right) explains: "It is not exactly personal experience, but more a combination of thoughts and emotions. The song is about a girl who knows that she is ready for love — for her first love — and so she goes to his bed." The song is also the title track of Christine's first album, on the Bunyip label, which features Christine's sister, 18-year-old Louise, (above), on harmonies and on a track of her own, Ride The Wild Horse. Christine stars in her own revue-style cabaret show with sister Louise, and later this year they visit Nashville to help promote the record which is to be released in the US and Europe. Christine is also considering a Hollywood film offer "but," she says, "promoting the album has top priority at the moment." First Time A Woman was recorded at Kanangra Studios, and the lyrics of the song are reprinted here with permission of Allans Music.

Last night as a young girl she came to your bed
With questions and doubts running round in her head

It's her first time a woman
Her last time a girl
How does she feel
Looking out on the world
With a heart full of love
And clear crystal eyes
And feelings inside her
She cannot disguise

She looks in the mirror
To see what has changed
Her questions and doubts
Are all rearranged
You're the first man that's loved her
She carries your brand
Still burning inside her
You must understand

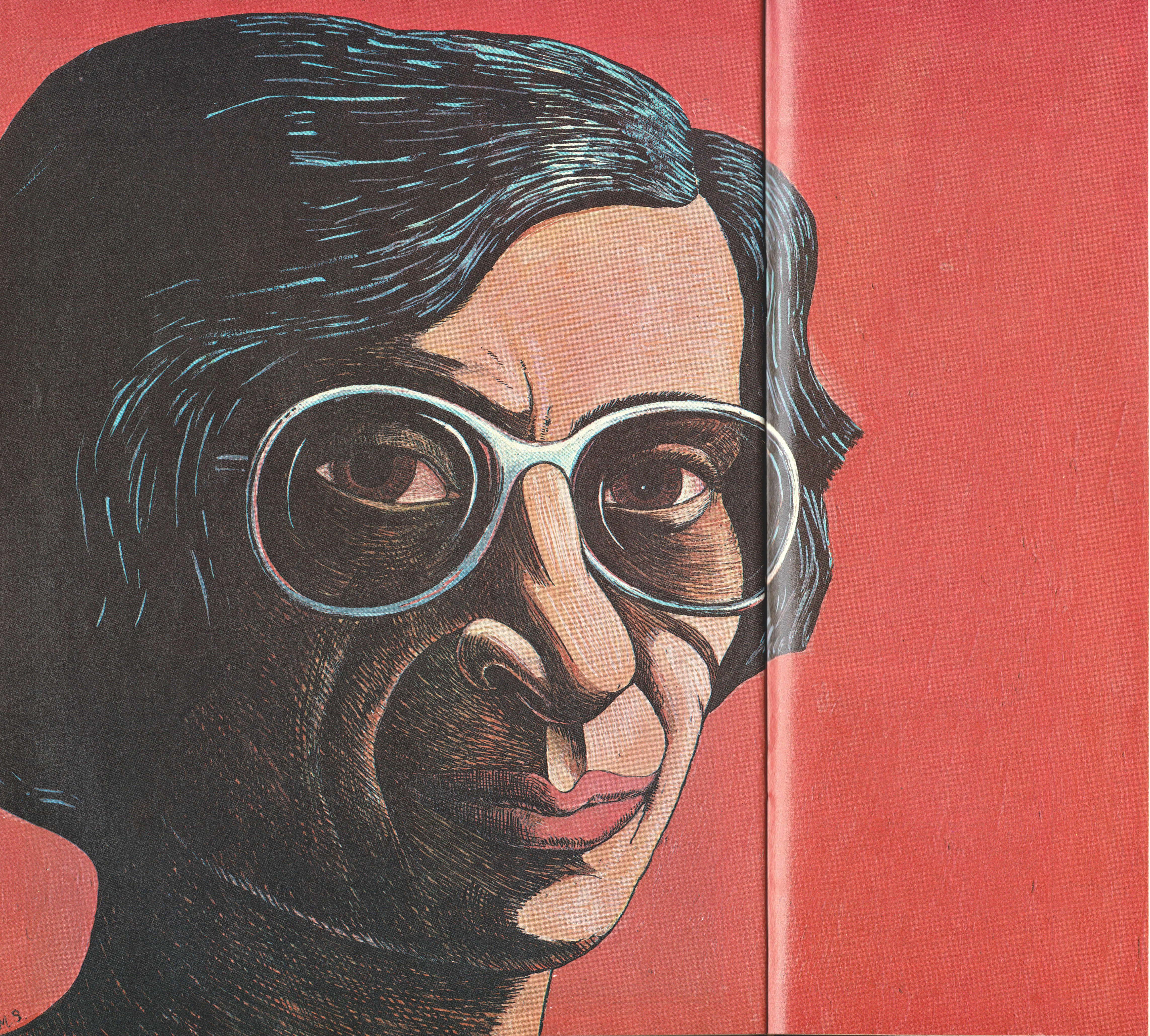


Illustration by Martin Sharp

Charles Sobhraj preyed on the overland hippies, drugging, robbing and killing. What makes a mild-mannered man a mass-murdering monster?

SUPPER WITH THE DEVIL

BY RICHARD NEVILLE

The crimes of Charles Sobhraj, who wove a web of death through the drug trails of South-East Asia, did not end when Thai authorities, fiercely prodded by the international diplomatic community, began to piece together the threads of his savagery. After the six Thai deaths, Charles slashed the throat of Laurent Carriere, a Canadian mountain climber in Katmandu and snapped the neck of a Californian dope freak named Connie Jo Bronzich. Then he burned both bodies. Nepalese police questioned him, but he and Marie Andree Leclerc slipped across the border to India claiming another victim before returning to Bangkok. There they were held after a narcotics raid on their Kanit House flat, but allegedly bribed their way to freedom.

In July 1976, seven months after the Katmandu killings, Charles and four accomplices, including Marie Andree and an Australian girl named Mary Ellen Eather, were arrested in New Delhi in connection with the drugging of 60 French tourists at the Vikram Hotel. Exactly one year later Richard Neville first met Charles and talked with him at erratic intervals, often several hours a day, for two months.

I went to Delhi wanting to establish rapport and maintain objectivity in my relations with Charles Sobhraj, but soon realised that this was impossible. His talent lay in making the two aims contradictory. From the first meeting, Charles was charming, urbane, self-assured and, despite the rigours of his incarceration, undaunted. He would tell the truth, he said, and not gloss over the crimes. As for his motive. "A mystery must always remain." Many of his personal qualities — will-power, intelligence, charisma — were those which normally command my respect. I was placed in a dilemma. Could I loathe the crimes and still like the criminal? I struggled against being beguiled by Charles. The special circumstances of our meeting in Delhi, my quest for rapport, and my own past, all tugged me towards Charles and his bait of friendship.

The interviews took place in a small stone cell on the edge of the court buildings, while languid guards sat on each side of the bench toying with rifles. Outside the window, another group of uniformed men were ready, apparently to catch Charles if he hurtled through the iron bars. Through this window we could see a huge fig tree which sprouted signs advertising legal services. Under its shade, stenographers in plastic sandals sat pecking out affadavits on ricketty typewriters.

During the first few days of the interviews, Charles skirted the subject of the murders and reminisced about his early buccaneering days; the great escapes, the search for his father, the mad dashes across Asia and his first wife, Chantal, and his adored child, Madhu. As he talked, often touching me with his hands to make a point, cajoling, confiding, rounding off an anecdote with a poetic turn of phrase, wisecracking about India, gloating at the venal weaknesses of those around him, I sometimes felt myself losing contact with the real world.

In Delhi, a topsy-turvy morality seemed to reign — former prisoners became prime ministers and the flash of a few rupees could open any door, perhaps the door of Tihar Jail. From our first meetings with the top security prisoner, the police began tracking our movements, which seemed an understandable precaution. They probably wanted to eavesdrop on any escape attempt plans, we thought, or to supplement their prosecution dossier with incriminating information Charles might be giving us.

"No, they will just ask you for money," Charles said, and, as so often with his predictions about human behavior, he was right.

The peeling sign on the wall read: "Report instances of corruption to the officer on duty," as a senior policeman tried to sell us documents relating to Charles for $7000 plus a percentage of book royalties and any film deal.

During the time I spent with him, I could sense Charles probing for a foothold in my trust. "As long as I can talk to people, I can manipulate them," he would say in the soothing voice of an old and close friend, implying that our own relationship was immune to tricks.

He mounted a seige against my detachment by trying to discredit everyone else, keying his observations to match what he guessed were my own prejudices.

Drawing from psychoanalysis, global politics, and Buddhism, Charles created for himself a cosy world of rationalisation and extenuating circumstances which justified his criminal career. Sensing that he had softened me up, he became more open about his past acts. His more murderous atrocities still not discussed. I began to wonder if there was something wrong with me, a bandit's groupie, smiling and nodding in complicity with the self-glorifying tales of his past. Had I no conscience?

In chains, surrounded by armed soldiers, his future bleak, I could almost sympathise with the prisoner in those first few days.

His claims that his life was a protest against the French legal system or that his love for Vietnam and Asia motivated his criminal career are absurd, but as tools of psychological manipulation they were very effective. Having once stood myself in the dock on trifling charges of possessing a speck of marijuana and publishing an allegedly obscene magazine, I was a ready listener to his anti-authoritarian diatribes.

The more I nodded and smiled and took notes, the more Charles began, with the air of a war hero reliving old skirmishes, to pour forth stories of his traps, frauds, and poisonings.

Afterwards, almost without pausing for breath, Charles would issue offhand requests for pens, notebooks, pop records, and biscuits.

He confided his worry about the prison diet of lentils, then asked me to bring him some vitamins. "Vitamins!" my co-author fumed. "Give him laxatives!"

Julie Clarke had recoiled from Charles and concentrated on the detectives, diplomats and the relatives of victims. Watching Charles from the sidelines, she found his charm very resistible in the face of the evidence that described his cruelty.

At the end of July, three handsome young men landed in Delhi, having accepted a contract from Charles to break him out of Tihar Jail. In their own minds they had come to do a noble and daring deed.

Their leader was Guy Roussel, Charles' younger brother. Accompanying Guy was Christian, a young Corsican who had last looked at Charles from the floor of a police van in Greece. There was a third man, Tuti, a tough, comical ex-inmate of Tihar who, like the other two, had been spell-bound by Charles' role of the invincible desperado.

The three men had brought steel cutters and false passports; all they needed now was a getaway car and the right opportunity.

Charles had set aside their fee of $5000. In order not to arouse the curiosity of the Indian police, Guy decided to keep secret that he was Charles' half-brother and to turn up to speak to Charles in court incognito, posing as a writer from Paris.

"Charles decided to become a criminal when he was 12," Guy told us, "so, to a great extent he has succeeded in life."

"No, I'm not his lawyer, he's my lawyer."

None of these men believed Charles was a murderer. "Charles often told me it was crazy to kill," Guy said. "Anyway, he was so good with drugs, he didn't need to."

We listened to them while they passed joints around, discussing crime as a career, distinguishing, for our sakes, acts against society from acts against man. It was evident that they were all in love with Charles, in love with his glamorous myth of social defiance and obsessed by the man of a thousand faces.

To Guy and his friends, Charles was a man of great self control, an indomitable musketeer who celebrated a life of criminal adventure.

The gang's devotion to Charles was mirrored by the scruffier ex-cons we saw hanging around the courts, waiting to do his bidding, post his letters and bring him books.

"He is a man who shows by example how much it is possible for one man to do," Christian said wistfully, watching the blue rings of smoke entwine with the ceiling fan. "A man who is his own goal."

In court the morning after he arrived in Delhi, Guy Roussel appeared, sleek and grim, ostentatiously carrying cameras and reporter's notebooks, all ready to launch the next stage of a plan to pluck their hero from the midst of what seemed like the entire Indian army.

But Charles, who always has a tight rein on his emotions, took one look at his solemn brother, and his face flooded with joy.

He rushed to embrace him, dragging the chained guard behind. Kissing Guy, he shouted to the court: "My brother! Look! My brother has come from Paris." And he and Guy sat down to talk, Charles was so unashamedly emotional that all the people in the courtroom, either from courtesy or embarrassment, averted their eyes.

Even Marie Andree was beaming. Charles was happy, so she was too. Thin and pale, wearing a pearl crucifix, her face showed her bitterness. She was strong, determined, and still in love with Charles.

"This year in jail with him has been better than the two outside," she told me. Charles had already passed on to us a bundle of letters she had written to him in jail.

Passionate, masochistic, she wrote about missing his body and wanting to give him children. Sometimes, at the end of the day after seeing him in court, she would pour out her feelings. "Just a few minutes with you have transformed my day, my week. There is sun in my heart . . . I pray to God that we have more time together, and I don't give a damn that all the world knows that I love you and want to live with you."

But Marie Andree did give a damn. In interviews she maintained that her only true love was God. She had sympathisers back home in Canada following the case in the daily newspapers. She was getting hundreds of comforting letters, and a journalist from Quebec was writing a book about her plight.

As for the events at Kanit House in the previous year, her mind was a blank, she knew nothing. "A child of 10 would not believe her," Charles whispered one day in exasperation.

Charles's Thai girlfriend, Roong, flew in from Bangkok. She sat, coquettish, next to Charles cuddling and kissing him in the guardhouse, as Marie Andree sobbed on the other end of the bench.

An elderly nun was comforting her. "I'm glad Roong has come," Marie Andree hissed through her tears. "It will prove I am not as close to Charles as people think."

Her secret letters to Charles which he later passed on to me, became a litany of self-laceration:

Roong is 12 years younger than I, and fresher. You need a woman who can live under any conditions, any climate. As for me, I'm old, tired, rarely dynamic or smiling, with a bitter character that can't adapt due to my advanced age . . . Roong must remain with you. The important thing is that you don't find yourself alone, that you have someone who loves you.

Her concern for Charles was redundant as the courtroom swelled with visitors who wanted to interview Charles, to photograph, rescue, or marry him. The trials ground on in their own ponderous pace and were scrupulously fair to the accused.

Compared with the startling confessions Charles was making on tape, the proceedings seemed lame and irrelevant. But I admired the prosecutors who rose from desks cluttered with the dust-caked exhibits of five-year-old jewellery thefts and tried to bring the majesty of the law to bear on Charles's crimes. There were occasional highlights, as when a silver-haired barrister cross-examined Barbara Sheryl Smith, one of Charles's three co-defendants. "I put it to you that you are a hot and sexy girl," he boomed.

She stood placidly in green baggy trousers, sipping a soda.

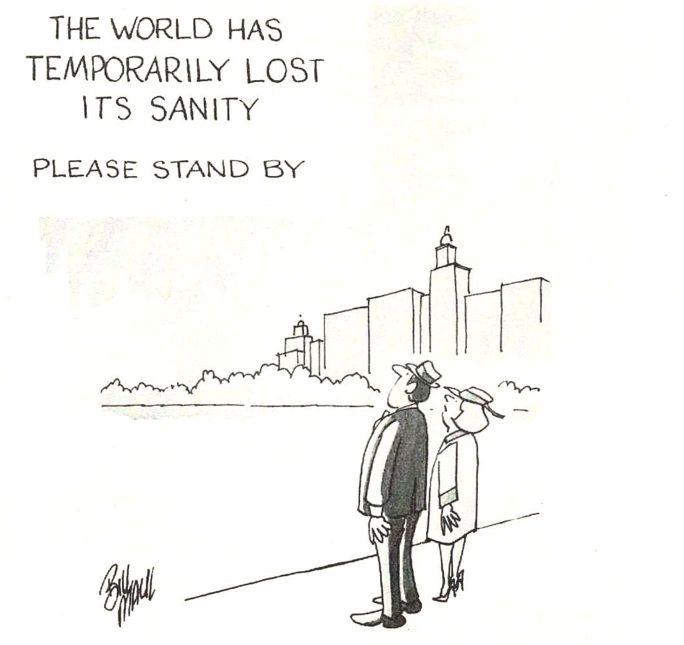
"And you know all about Mandrax?" the barrister said.

A lawyer's objection was overruled.

"Of course she knows what Mandrax is — she would be a disgrace to her tribe if she didn't. Is it not true, Miss Smith that young people in Western countries use them as aphrodisiacs?"

And so on, as the junior lawyers stroked their trousers and listened with glee. In a city where women are invisible, Charles's girlfriends and accomplices added to his aura of glamor and power.

After almost a month in Delhi, Charles



had still not directly answered my questions about the brutal murders of travellers in Thailand and Nepal.

"If I have ever killed," he would reply with his cryptic smile, "or have ordered killings, then it was purely for reasons of business, just a job, like a general in the army."

"But the mutilations, Charles, the burnings?" I inquired.

"Either it is sadism," he would say, still keeping the discussion abstract, "or it is an advertisement. You know, a warning to other parties in the heroin business."

But Charles had contracted with our publishers to disclose fully his role in the killings. I was becoming impatient. The legal situation was unusual. Charles had undertaken to implicate himself in murders for which he had still not been brought to trial.

The local authorities had stated publicly that he would only be turned over to the Thai police after he had served all sentences imposed on him in India, which could take 10 or 20 years.

"By then Thailand will be communist, and they'll burn the records," Charles said.

Finally, on August 3, he announced: "I have taken the decision to speak to you about the cleanings, Richard, but on one condition." His voice was soft, tense and intimate. "You must never give evidence against me in a court of law."

"But it will all be in the book, Charles."

"Your book won't stand up alone in court, not even a Thai court."

Believing that with all the judicial uncertainties ahead a book in the public domain could well turn out to be the strongest evidence against him, and anxious for "the story", I agreed and flicked on the switch of my concealed cassette recorder. Unlike the guards, Charles had detected its presence but made no objection as long as I guaranteed to keep the tapes from the police.

Listening to Charles recall his conversations with Teresa Knowlton, from her last drive to Pattaya, to how he made her drink the drug-laced coffee, I felt like a conspirator and hoped that he could not read the shock and amazement on my face.

It must be true, I thought, although at the time Teresa Knowlton meant nothing more than a name on an autopsy report. His remembered dialogue flowed so smoothly, and was interspersed with cruel asides.

"It's funny, Richard, Teresa didn't like to drink coffee, but I told her that this time she must make an exception."

When Charles had finished confessing, he reminded me of my commitment, "And so I put my trust in you, Richard," as though he had chosen me for a responsible job. Standing up, ready to be led from the room to the police bus, he laughed and said: "I hope all this won't hang me one day."

Outside the courts the cracked pavement of Parliament Street was oozing mud from the monsoon rains. Sikhs on motor scooters wore plastic shower caps to keep their turbans dry. The dirt-streaked buses were still painted with the faded slogans of Indira Gandhi's Emergency: "Less talk, more work." On the pavement an old man in a loin-cloth lay dying as the rush-hour crowds stepped over his body.

Charles strolled down the corridor of guards to the jail bus, mounted the steps, and waved. I felt sick at heart, excited, confused.

Local lives seemed so cheap, and yet thousands of dollars were being spent to bring Charles to justice, other thousands to send the authors to Delhi to bring home the story. The old man twitched on the ground, but I cared more about the tape in my shoulder bag.

> ‘Charles confessed to five known murders, often dropping such helpful hints as how to stop petrol evaporating from a body before setting it alight.’

Late that night Charles smuggled a message to our hotel room from Tihar Jail:

Just coming back from the Court after I spoke with you and I must say that I'm very disturbed. I have really to fight with myself to speak the truth about my illegal life.

I feel I am betraying not only others, but also myself, and my rules. Like today, as soon as you left me, I was feeling bad, like I am unfaithful to myself.

What is happening between you and me, it is like the surgeon and the patient.

Yes, but I wondered, which one of us is which?

In the ensuing days, Charles confessed to the five known murders in Thailand and two in Nepal, often dropping such helpful hints as how to stop petrol evaporating from a body before setting it alight or giving me a demonstration of how he broke Vitali Hakim's neck.

"But how do you feel about what you did, Charles?" I would ask as my horror increased. "What if I showed you now the photographs of the bodies of your two Dutch house guests?" The close-ups of the charred remains of Cocky and Henk seemed to haunt everyone who saw them. Did Charles ever have nightmares? I was looking at his strong, sinewy hands, which had cracked necks, as he answered.

"You ask such a question from the point of view of a man of one culture who has seen little. I have travelled a lot and seen a lot. I am a Vietnamese, and my heart is hardened."

As for my own heart, it still thumped when he recounted the slow cat and mouse deaths of his victims, but I felt sure there was a rational explanation. Charles exalted logic, and he once echoed my own search for his motives. "Clack! Clack! Clack! All these deaths in a row." He asked rhetorically: "Suddenly, in just a few months. Why?"

Why? That is what Julie and I desperately asked ourselves, and we now sought our answer from Charles.

He was a businessman, not a criminal, he maintained, and none of his victims was innocent of crime. Most of them were "heroin junkies" Charles claimed, or involved at some level in the international drug trade. By so lumping his victims together, Charles minimised his crimes and purified his intentions. In his own mind, he portrayed himself as a man with a mission.

He said he was acting on behalf of a syndicate of Chinese businessmen in Hong Kong who wanted to take control of the heroin trade.

His story went that his bosses wanted to flood the Western market with heroin "just like the Japanese did with transistor radios", lower the price, and increase their profits. But that wasn't all, Charles had something else to say, "much too important to put in a book".

Like a politician briefing a select group of journalists with an "off the record" background, Charles told me that his syndicate in Hong Kong was financed from Peking. "We Asians have long memories, Richard, and the Chinese do not forget the Opium War. It's like slow-motion ping-pong, and pushing heroin on the West is the Chinese counter-attack." Charles said the syndicate had paid him $200,000,000 for his services.

In the world of Hong Kong heroin Triads anything is possible, I thought. On the other hand, Charles Sobhraj seemed to operate flamboyantly alone. He seemed an unlikely choice for an undercover hit man.

"Most people will still think you killed for the passports and the money," I told him.

"In that case," he replied, "compare all the travellers' cheques I stole with all the money I was spending at Kanit House — impossible. You know by now that I don't need to kill to rob."

He pointed out that he had stolen much more money from the Frenchmen he had drugged than from the ones he had killed.

Accounting procedures were of no help in trying to unravel the mystery of Charles's life in Bangkok since no records were kept of his gambling losses in Asia.

If Charles had really been commanded to kill the young travellers in Thailand and Nepal, then, how did he find out their names? I wondered. A man he had questioned and killed before he killed Teresa, a man who was an earlier link in the death chain, had given him a list of couriers, he claimed.

It was with great relish that he described the murder of the middle-aged Frenchman, Andre Breugnot, whom, he said, he had drowned in a bathtub in Chiangmai. In this account, although we did not include it all in the book, Charles gave blow by blow details of his interrogation of Andre Breugnot.

Our subsequent investigation in Thailand confirmed the essential facts of this death.

Then the question arose: who had first told Charles about Andre Breugnot, if, in fact, anyone had. Perhaps Breugnot was merely an innocent tourist.

"To reveal any more would cost me my life," he said, "but there was even one other cleaning job before Breugnot, the first link in the chain, the one who told me about the next three." This was a man who had supposedly told Charles about the impending arrival in Bangkok of Andre Breugnot, Teresa Knowlton and Vitali Hakim.

Breugnot, allegedly, also knew about the other two. Although I would have preferred more verifiable evidence than mysterious bodies, I kept pushing for the details of the so called "first link".

Even then, the grand motives of Charles's claims did not ring true. He was an unlikely company man. At that time, neither Charles nor we knew of the existence of the Dutch couple's travel journal which later seemed to exonerate them from Charles's claim that they were heroin traffickers.

After many months of investigation, Teresa Knowlton, despite her wayward youth, seemed to us to be a genuine Buddhist novitiate on her way to a monastery.

Charles boasted of his lack of remorse and presented such a picture of bubbling self-confidence that we tried to find a question which would expose his own shaky morality to himself. In the guard house I asked Charles how he would feel if Madhu, his daughter, grew up and married someone like him. There was silence.

"I would not like it," he said finally. Then came the rationalisation: "I have been in this business only because of the circumstances of my life. If they had been different . . ." he smiled and shrugged. "You see, basically, I'm honest, but this environment oppresses me."

The stifling of his feelings over the years had unbalanced him, he said, and that was why he was now cultivating his love for Roong, whom he wanted to marry. He wanted to will himself to have feelings.

"With feelings, you might look back at your past in a different light?" I suggested.

"No, I will just block it out, just like I close one door and open another." Was this an admission that he was not happy with his deeds?

"No, to go back would be sordid or masochistic. I have already taken from the past what is best for me, what helps me live in the present and prepare for the future.

"If I play back a murder, it will be to see what I have learned from the method. I won't even notice the body."

"And what makes a man a murderer?"

"Either they have too much feeling and cannot control themselves, or they have no feelings. It is one of the two."

Roong, who was sitting to Charles's right, would tug at his hand to draw his attention to any insolence from one of the guards crowded around them. These men suddenly stood to attention, saluting the fine featured Brahmin who had just walked into the room.

"Hello, Charles," he said, extending his hand. "So Roong is here, just like a faithful wife. Heh, heh, heh. How are you?"

"The same as I was in the lock-up," Charles said. "I'm always the same, always smiling. Are you impatient to get my head?"

Deputy Superintendent Tuli, who had arrested Charles, was embarrassed by the question, a question which did not suit his jovial mood. "To get your head? Oh, no! Heh, heh, heh."

"As I already told you, Mr Tuli, we should deal in business terms, not in feelings. I already think you have put your feelings into my case, huh, some personal feeling?"

"Some personal feeling?"

Both men's smiles were broad and false.

"You know, Mr Tuli, everyone in life has to play a game, and we must go by its rules. But you, I think, you have used unfair rules against me," Charles said, looking down at the iron bars on his leg and then at me to ensure that I was listening.

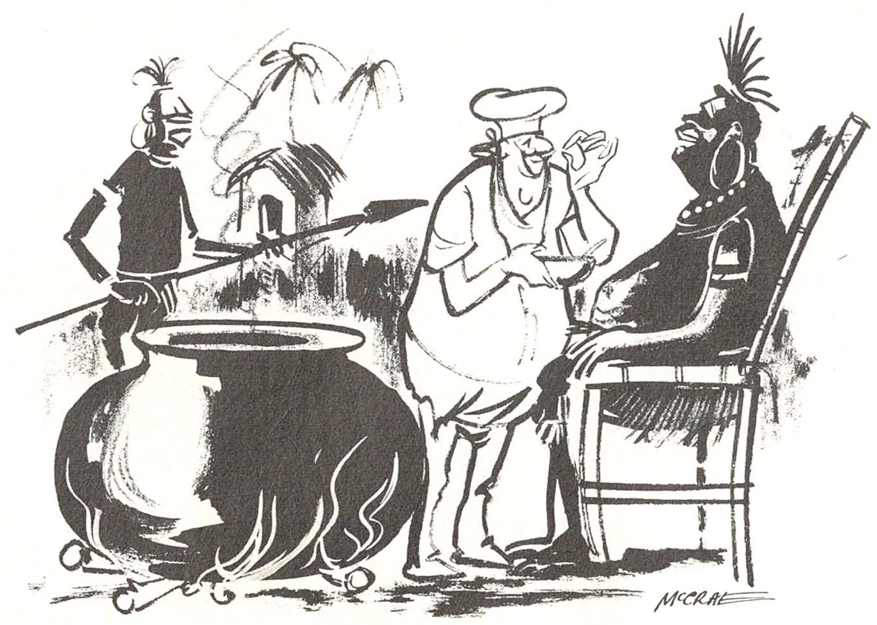
"Not at all. Not one! Why do you say that?" With the mild dignity of a Brahim, Tuli smiled again, unruffled.

"What I like about you, Mr Tuli, is that you can lie as well as I can and still stay smiling."

"Heh, heh, heh," he chortled.

After Tuli had left, Charles said to me: "Tuli tries to keep me in jail, but he knows one day I will go. It is amusing."

"And you will be hunted."



"Saute me ever so gently in coconut oil, add a smidgen of paw paw to tenderise and voila . . . I'll be as tasty as an 18-year-old virgin."

"I always was."

"And in the end you get caught. Your history shows a pattern or capture."

"That's because as soon as I get out I work again."

"Why, would it be different if there's a next time?"

"Different? Yes. Because I have my capital, the stake that I always wanted from the first when I left France with Chantal. All the business I was doing in Thailand, all the cleanings, I will never have to work again. When I get out, I will just spend money to change my face, lie low, and run some businesses. After 15 years I can emerge and say to the world, 'Hello, everyone, I'm Charles Sobhraj.' "

For the moment, however, Charles was not to speed off in his getaway car. The breakout gang, Guy and his two friends, had over-indulged on the local hashish with the consequent loss of efficiency. The whole operation had begun badly when Charles had blown Guy's cover. After that first embrace in the court, the Indian press had publicised the arrival of the "gang from Paris", and the sleepy guards with the unloaded 303s were replaced by karate experts and sharpshooters.

To be on the safe side, the Immigration Department confiscated the passports of the three rescuers — more Stooges than Musketeers — and put them in jail.

Once out on bail, Charles insisted that they go ahead with the breakout; but squabbles erupted over money, then recriminations, threats, and the three young men slunk out of Delhi under a barrage of Charles's curses.

Charles was held under regulations which banned prison visits. On our last day in Delhi a lawyer had managed to arrange for us to see him in the visitors' room at Tihar Jail.

Above the sound of weeping visitors, I asked him again about the mysterious American, supposedly the first link in the chain of his victims. In dribs and drabs, a story emerged about a bearded young man he had taken to Pattaya in September 1975. Near the spot where he claimed to have drowned Teresa, Charles questioned the American who allegedly told him about Andre Breugnot, Teresa Knowlton, and Vitali Hakim.

"Under my shirt I had a gun, a flat gun, not a revolver, and I took it out and shot him four times, three in the heart, and one in the head."

"Did you say anything to him first?"

"Yes, that I was sorry, but I had to do it." He laughed. "After, I put him in a blanket, the hole was ready for him. In fact, there were two holes. The first one was too close to the sea, so we dug another. I was with a Chinese. You can still find it there, the old hole with the shovel inside, even after all the rains. I will show you."

As the guards stood by having given up attempting to follow the rapid flow of English, Charles leaned over and drew a map of a strip of Pattaya beach in my notebook and indicated approximately where the American was buried. The map has since been passed on to Thai Interpol.

When our visit was over, Charles accompanied us, like a gracious host, as we walked from Tihar's visitors' room to the courtyard. The front gate of the jail suddenly swung open for a truck to enter.

"See how easy it would be," Charles said looking out at the dry road across the plains where children waited in resignation for something to happen. "All I need is a car outside," he said, "inside there's already a gun."

Julie said goodbye to him. He looked deeply into her eyes and asked: "Why are you so paranoid about me?"

During the following year, while we were writing this book, Charles kept in touch with us. He sent the report of an investigator he had hired to shadow Roong. It said she had been spending his money on another man. Charles was furious and their betrothal collapsed.

Charles posted us three pages of evidence in a long, difficult code, which incriminated Marie Andree, the most telling of which was the date and place that Marie Andree had posed as Teresa Knowlton and cashed $810 of Teresa's cheques.

This information agreed with the bank stamps on the cheques retrieved from American Express. He warned afterwards: "But I will deny under oath that I ever told you about this."

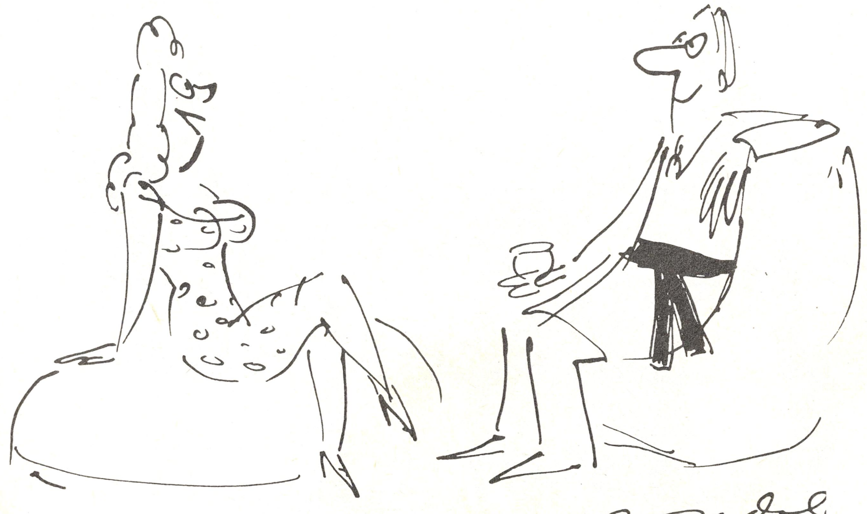
And so, no one is safe from his savage machinations. His world hatred is not like the slash of a knife in a moment of fury, but a constant accretion of schemes and betrayals. As Hazlitt said of Iago, Charles is "a man with the most perfect indifference to moral good or evil, or rather with a decided preference for the latter, because it falls more readily in with his favorite propensity, gives greater zest to his thoughts and scope to his actions."

I had come to Delhi with a crude theory of Charles as a child of colonialism revenging himself on the counter-culture. Instead, I was dazzled by a brilliant psychopath.

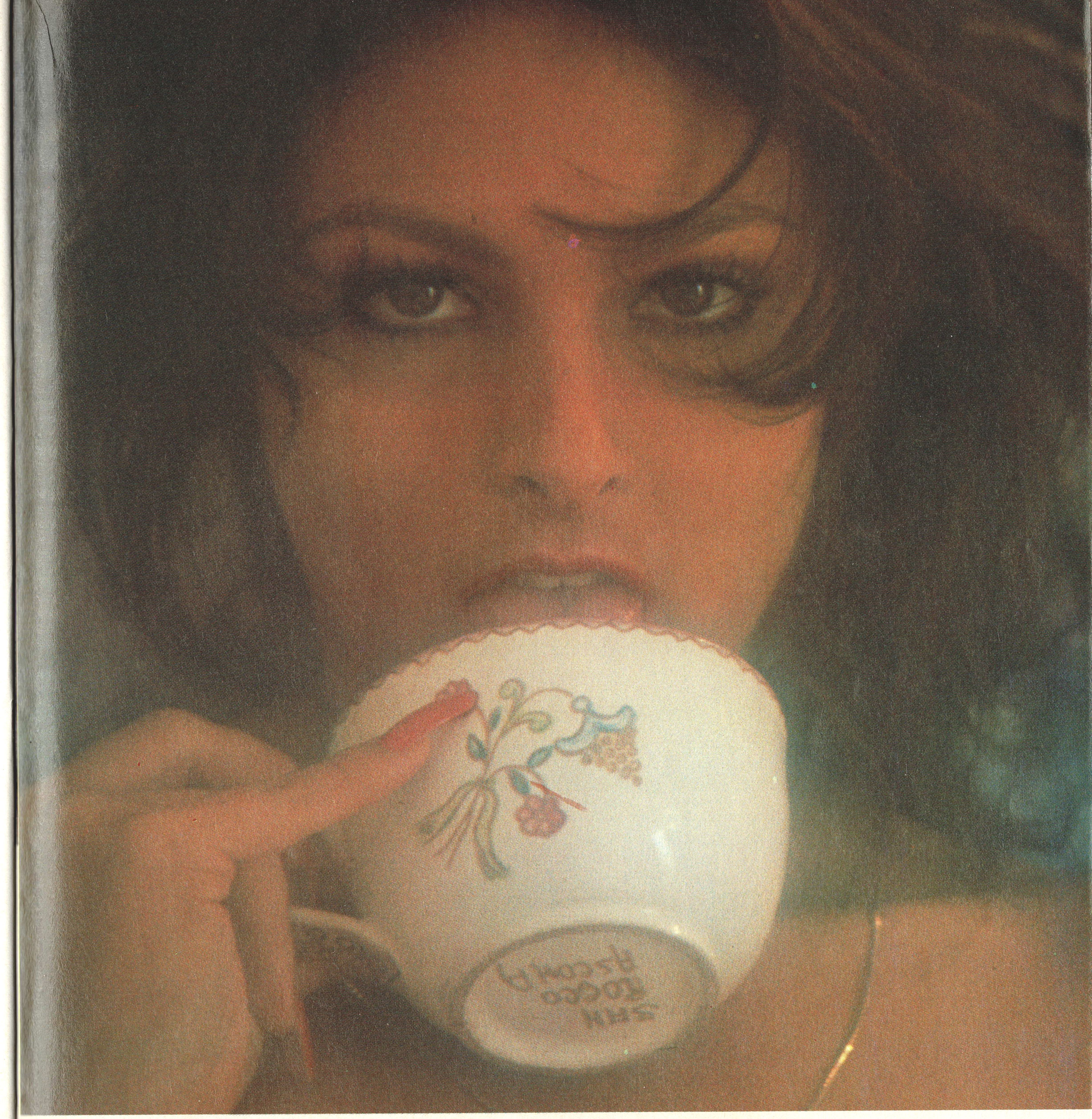
Charles is still behind bars in Delhi, but if his past is any indication, his game is not played out.

It will be on one of those lazy tropical afternoons when interest in the case has waned, and the flies buzz and the guards doze in the heat, that Charles Sobhraj will make his move.

The Life and Crimes of Charles Sobhraj © 1979 by Richard Neville and Julie Clarke, published by Jonathan Cape Ltd., London.



". . . And I didn't even know they had a black belt for oral sex."

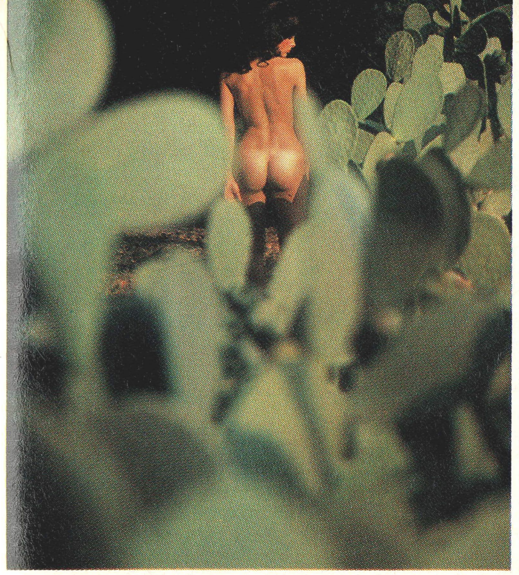


PET OF THE YEAR RUNNER-UP

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

Lovely Debora Zullo wowed us when she came to Australia with US publisher Bob Guccione for the launching of *Australian Penthouse*. Her charm and beauty won her many new friends in this country, and it was not surprising for those who met her to learn that she was chosen as the 1979 US Pet of the Year Runner-up.

"Being associated with *Penthouse*," claims 36-23-35 Debby, "has been more fun than any adventure in my life. It's a real high to see yourself become a fantasy figure for millions of men. Travelling around the world has taught me that admiration, like love, is a universal language." In the pictures shown here, Debora regally posed in an 800-year-old castle on the Italian Riviera. "It had everything," she tells us, "Baccarat crystal, fountains, satin sheets, eight-course meals, and enough servants to run a small hotel. I was in heaven — like being Queen for a week!" she enthuses.



"They say a man's home is his castle," observes the 26-year-old superpet with a smile. But doesn't a proper lady like me deserve one, too?" In San Diego, California, where Debby lives in a house she recently bought for herself, life is far more homespun. "My parents, uncle, and cousins all live within six blocks of me," she explains. "We all adore huge Italian feasts, so we get together for dinner at least once a week." She's old-fashioned in nearly every way, she admits. "For one thing, I love to go dancing, but only cheek-to-cheek, to music like the songs of Frank Sinatra and Barbra Streisand.

"It's so much more romantic than strutting around in tights, jumping to disco music. Besides," she adds, "the loud noise and flashing lights give me a headache." Debby's ideal man would be equally old-fashioned. "He has to be warm, sincere, and — above all — a gentleman. Naturally, my family would have to approve of him, because I could never approve of a man they didn't like." The winsome runner-up realises that her views are far from fashionable, but she knows her own mind and doesn't hesitate to speak it.

"Someone has to make the decisions, and I have no desire to run a man's life — only to improve it!" There is one arena, though, where Debby refuses to play second fiddle to anyone: the chessboard. "A neighbor taught me how to play chess when I was just a little girl," she tells us, "and now it's second nature to me. I may not *look* like a chess whiz, but I play like one!" she boasts. She does have one rule, though: "Never play with an attractive member of the opposite sex. The game requires a lot of concentration, and with such an opponent there are too many other distracting moves to consider . . ."

Her moves for the future include: "First and foremost, representing *Penthouse* in my capacity as Pet of the Year Runner-Up for the coming year. I feel very proud to be working for the magazine. I intend to keep on modelling and maybe become an advertising account executive." And for where she'll settle down, Debby is uncertain, except that "no matter where I live, I hope I'll always live in the hearts of men!" Debby, your wish is our command.

Illustration by Ted Blackall

He was a child. His toys
were wind-up frogs. His
boss was dead.

TRIGGER

FICTION BY RICHARD OWEN

It was a warm day at the zoo, but Trigger had on his windbreaker over his Big Mac T-shirt so he could carry a frog in each pocket. The zoo was full of people strolling along stopping to look at the animals. There were other nine-year-old boys like Trigger. But he knew he was the only one with two frogs.

He had been following the man all morning, and they had come to the big cats. He stood nearby while the man told his daughter about the cats, reading to her from the plaques on the cages. He was a fat, shambling man who held his daughter by the hand and mopped his brow with a handkerchief. The daughter was about six years old.

Trigger stared at one of the cats lying in its cage. It had dead, yellow eyes that didn't see him. He stared at it hard, trying to get it to see him. It only yawned, and he saw its teeth. Then it rose and started to walk back and forth, back and forth, with its dead, yellow eyes.

Suddenly, Trigger realised that the man had wandered off with his daughter, and he hurried after them. Fleeson would be mad as hell if he didn't get him this time.

He caught up with them at the camels. They were watching the camels rolling in the sand with their long necks twisted. The daughter was pestering her father to go on the ride, pointing at the cable cars going high up over the trees. Trigger didn't wait; he ran off to where he knew they would get on.

Crawling under the fence around the hill in front of the station, he crouched in the bushes so he couldn't be seen. The cars leaving the station passed close over the hill and then rose quickly, bright green with a white number on their backs. They went high up so you could see the buildings of the Bronx in the distance and crossed from one side of the zoo to the other.

Trigger took one of the two frogs from his windbreaker. It was a mechanical wind-up toy, green with black spots and yellow eyes. He took out a magnet and stuck it on the bottom. There was a key in the toy's side with a piece of tape over it. He removed the tape and held the key to keep it from turning.

The man and his daughter came up the path and went past him into the station. Trigger glanced back and saw them getting in a car. All at once the car was coming over the hill, and he jumped up and clapped the frog on to the bottom.

He ran. For a moment, scrambling out from under the fence, he was ahead of the car. Then its shadow passed over him, and it was going away, rising toward the first cable tower. The frog was sitting under the car. In the next instant it exploded with a thunderclap of smoke and fire that shattered the windows and tore off the green sides.

Trigger began to scream, the way he did whenever he rode a roller coaster, screaming on and on. No one heard him above the clap of thunder. They were all looking up at the car coming apart in a burst of flame, with the man and his daughter inside. Nobody would have noticed him anyway. He was just a boy.

He still had one more frog in his pocket.

Machado reached under his jacket and took out the envelope of money. He handed it to Fleeson. It was an ordinary envelope, unsealed, thick with thousand-dollar bills. Fleeson counted them.

Machado knew there were 50.

He waited for Fleeson to finish counting. Then he said, "What about the other job?"

He didn't know what "the other job" was. The boss had just said: Ask about the other job.

"Don't worry," Fleeson said. "It will be taken care of."

"Sure," Machado said. "By one of your boys?"

Fleeson gave him an angry look. "Listen, don't tell me how to run my business. I don't need your cheap, shitty opinions. If you don't like the way I do things, take it up with the boss."

He stalked away again, flinging up his arms. It was an act. Machado had seen it before. If there was one thing Fleeson liked more than making a fool of him, it was playing the fool himself. Whenever he did it, though, he was usually working up to an insult. He whirled, facing Machado.

"You have no right to criticise my boys. They are as close to me as my 10 fingers!"

Fleeson held up his fingers, but with the envelope of money in his hand he could show only seven. He staggered back, clutching the bulge under his jacket.

"You have wounded me to the heart!"

Machado never knew how to take this clowning. He started to walk past Fleeson, to go downstairs and leave. Fleeson stopped him.

"My boys are ruthless. They will go anywhere and do any*sing*. They know how to obey orders. You think my boys are amateurs," Fleeson said. "C'mon, I'll show you the boy who is going to handle the other job."

"No."

Machado said no so quickly that Fleeson laughed. He knew Machado hated his boys, and he liked to rub it in.

"But you should meet him. He is very interesting."

"I have a plane to catch."

"The afternoon flight? Don't be silly." Fleeson took him by the arm, his big blow-up all of a sudden forgotten. "You've got plenty of time. He's downstairs with the others. You can see him on your way out."

Machado didn't want to see the boy. The way Fleeson was acting suggested something special, and Machado wasn't up for anything special. But he let himself be drawn to the stairs, and they started down.

"This boy is amazing. Have I mentioned him to you before? His name is Trigger. It's just a nickname; he won't tell us his real name. The other boys tease him about being Roy Roger's horse. But he wants to be called Trigger. So," Fleeson shrugged humorously, "we call him Trigger." They reached the second floor. "Believe me, if you knew what he could do, you would call him whatever name he wished to be called."

Machado expected to be told what the boy did that was so special. But Fleeson was playing games as usual. He waved the envelope of money. "I've got to put this away first."

They went down the hall to the door with the title on the frosted glass and entered.

> At first glance he looked like any other nine-year-old boy playing with his toys, except that on second glance he wasn't playing.

Fleeson ignored him and led Machado into his office. He went around behind his desk and with the larger of two keys on a leather key holder opened a drawer. He took out a safe-deposit box and, opening it with the smaller key, deposited the envelope of money. Taking his time, leaving Machado hanging in suspense, he closed the box, put it back in his desk, and looked up with a little grin.

"Trigger is our high-explosives expert."

It was a joke, and he enjoyed Machado's blank stare.

"He makes bombs," Fleeson said. "Out of toy frogs."

Fleeson told him the story as they left the office and went downstairs. One of his boys had found Trigger wandering around the Bus Terminal, a place they liked to hang out, and had brought him back. It turned out he had run away from home . . . "or what was left of it," Fleeson said.

"His father was a chemistry professor at Princeton. One day they had a big argument. The police still don't know what caused the explosion. They think Trigger died along with the rest of his family . . . only they couldn't find his body."

They reached the first floor and started back to the room at the end.

"This kid is a genius. Any*sing* that has to do with explosions he can do."

Machado didn't want to hear about it but Fleeson was telling him anyway . . . About some guy who was giving the boss a hard time. Trigger had followed him to the Bronx Zoo, where the guy was taking his daughter to see the animals. He put a bomb under a cable car.

In the several visits Machado had made to Fleeson's he had never been taken back to this room they were entering now.

Inside, three boys were playing cards at a table. They glanced around at the two men and went back to their game.

"Hurry up, Ray; we waitin' on you," one said. It was the black boy with the Afro.

The room was large and dim. The one window faced the soot-covered wall of another building. There were seven or eight beds against the walls, cheap metal ones like the bed upstairs, with grey blankets thrown over sheets that probably hadn't been changed in weeks or months.

The room looked like a boys' school dormitory, if you just counted the three boys playing cards — fooling around instead of studying. The fourth wasn't playing.

Machado had noticed him the minute they came in: the only white boy he had ever seen at Fleeson's. He was sitting in a corner of the room, lit by a goosenecked table lamp beside him on the floor. At first glance he looked like any other nine-year-old boy playing with his toys, except that on second glance he wasn't playing.

Machado saw, spread out around him in a clutter of bottles and tools, a number of wind-up toy frogs. The boy was doing something with them. He didn't look up, as the others had. He was busy.

"Here he is," Fleeson said. "Making bombs as always."

They crossed the room to the boy, but he still didn't look up. "This is Trigger," Fleeson said.

Machado stood looking down at him. The boy had white-blond hair, and he wore blue jeans, a T-shirt, and sneakers. He was holding one of the wind-up toys and with nail clippers was bending back the tabs that held the upper half — the hollow shell, shaped and painted like a frog — to the bottom half.

"How many have you made today?" Fleeson asked.

Trigger finished bending back the final tab. Then, putting the nail clippers aside, he said in a resentful voice, "Six." He removed the froglike covering and put that down, too. "No, wait a sec, wait a sec . . ." he counted a row of toys. "Only five. These shits won't even help me. I'm running out of frogs. They won't even get me some more frogs."

"Well, they have other things to do."

"Playing cards," Trigger said.

"What he tryin' to make trouble for now?" the one called Ray asked. "We ain't got time to be always running around gettin' some more of his old frogs. He already got hisself enough of them bombs to blow up the whole Empire State Building."

"Shut up," Fleeson said.

"I ain't gonna do it no more." The boy had a high, yapping voice like a poodle's bark and large, glittery brown eyes. "I'm sick of him always telling us what we got to get him. He ain't our boss."

"C'mon, Ray," the boy with the Afro said. "Hurry up and play. Tell him, Angel."

The third boy, Angel, exhaled cigarette smoke indifferently.

Raymond shut up and considered his cards.

Trigger had gone back to work, picking up a twist-on Coca-Cola bottle cap that had been sealed off to make a tiny container. He took the other half of the toy, the undercarriage on which rested the motor and tried to wedge the bottle cap into the front, but the space wasn't large enough to contain it easily, and he was having trouble.

"You've made enough for today," Fleeson said.

Trigger struggled to get the cap in. Machado watched him working himself into a fury, refusing to listen to anyone or to concentrate on anything except the toy. On his T-shirt was a picture of a hamburger with the words "Big Mac" next to it.

Fleeson shrugged with resignation. "He is not happy unless he is making bombs."

Machado looked at Trigger as he would at a scorpion before putting his shoe on it, and he thought a single word, *Cono,* the crudest, commonest expletive in his country. This boy was crazy.

Trigger had finally got the bottle cap in. He took the froglike covering and fitted it over the bottom half. With the nail clippers he bent the metal tabs back down, securing the two halves together. Fleeson held out his hand.

"Be careful," Trigger said solemnly, handing him the frog.

Fleeson took it and showed it to Machado. It looked like an ordinary wind-up toy except that its wheels had been removed. The price tag was still on the bottom: $1.25. There was a key in its side.

"You wind it up," Fleeson said. "When it winds all the way down, the bomb explodes. Here."

He held the toy out, and Machado stared at it: a green yellow-spotted toad. Like everything else the boss had got him into, it scared him. Fleeson was watching him with his grin, and Machado felt a primitive moral outrage. He pushed the toy away.

"I do not like it."

"What do you mean?" Fleeson said.

"These frogs. I do not like them."

Suddenly, Trigger gave a shout, and glancing round, Machado saw a frog coming at him with a ratchetting whir. He jumped aside so quickly he almost stumbled. The frog struck the opposite wall, and Trigger let out a cry.

"BAM!"

Before Machado could regain his balance, Fleeson fell on him, slapping him on the back and laughing. "Oh ho ho, that was the funniest *sing* I have ever seen!"

Machado shoved him away, and Fleeson went to Trigger. With one eye on Machado, he pulled the boy to his feet and planted a kiss on his cheek. Machado was confused. Fleeson was pulling something.

"Leggo," Trigger said. "I gotta finish my work."

"No more work. You've made enough bombs for today."

"I've still got a few more to do."

Trigger tried to squirm away, but Fleeson jerked him back.

> Machado looked at Trigger as he would at a scorpion before putting his shoe on it. This boy was crazy.

"I told you, no more. I want you to go to the deli and get me my sandwich."

"Get your own, you old fag."

Without warning Fleeson began to punch Trigger in the face. There was a wail of shock and pain, a flurry of kicking, then the boy was fleeing across the room, bawling.

"I'll kill you! I'll kill you!"

He was out the door and gone.

"Shit," Raymond rolled his eyes, "now he gonna be making more of them bombs than ever."

Machado glanced at his watch. It was getting late. He was going to miss his plane if he didn't get out of there . . . very fast.

Trigger stayed angry at Fleeson for two days, even though Fleeson had gone out of his way to cajole and flatter him and put up with his sour looks. He didn't like bratty youngsters; you had to keep them in line. But he never should have punched Trigger.

Punching was okay for the others. It wasn't easy controlling a bunch of boys like his — runaways, mostly blacks or Hispanics. Fleeson was proud of the way he handled them. The older ones looked after the younger and taught them how to do things. Fleeson gave them money, and they went out and brought pizzas back. He kept after them to take their laundry to the Chink's and to stop eating so much junk. But the important thing was they did the jobs he gave them, and the few who got caught never squealed, knowing that Fleeson was all they had to come back to.

If they acted up, you had to get tough. They were used to his punches. Only once had he gone farther. That little shit . . . what was his name? Horace. Shouting at him: "I gonna tell on you! I gonna tell!" Fleeson had grabbed him by the throat and squeezed until the boy's eyes bugged out and he wet his pants. Finally, Horace had stopped flopping and was still, whereupon Fleeson had looked up and seen the others watching him, wide-eyed.

None of them had ever threatened to tell on him after that.

Fleeson hadn't always seen the possibilities of using the boys. At first, he used them for pornographic stills or movies or sent them on errands. Going about the city, they did what came natural to them, snatching purses, grabbing anything they could get their hands on, but gradually they became more discriminating, and all at once, seeing the kinds of merchandise they were bringing home to him, Fleeson had a revelation . . . These boys were an incredible untapped resource.

Everybody knew that kids were getting into crime. More than half the serious crimes in America were committed by kids. Not just small stuff. Rape. Murder. Young killers roamed the streets, looking for kicks. They disrupted schools; they hung around bus and train stations, hustling queers; they poured petrol on winos and set fire to them; they stole cars, slashed, and shot people. It was a plague, and there was nothing you could do about it. The juvenile courts were a joke. First offenders were released immediately; it was almost impossible to trace a child's arrest record. Even if the kids were put away, they escaped or were sent home after a few months. You heard theories blaming slum conditions, the permissive age, the materialistic society; it was all talk. The plague had come, and you had to learn to live with it.

Fleeson had not only learned to live with it; he had taken advantage of it. A boy like Raymond could push a thousand dollars' worth of drugs a night. Fleeson had channelled the aimless violence, and he was not beyond regarding it as a stroke of genius.

His boys had started doing special jobs for special clients, and more and more the client had become John Dawkins. The assasination of the new president of Costa Verde, Dr Rodrigo Mora, would be the biggest job they had ever done for him, though, and Fleeson knew, as surely as he knew anything, that he would never have been able even to consider it without Trigger.

Until Trigger had come to him, no matter how sharp his other boys were, he was still small-time. When Trigger came, his horizons broadened. All the dreams he had brought with him, but which had been ground out of him by the years of hustling and failing, came back.

At first he didn't know what he had got his hands on. One of the boys had found Trigger wandering around the bus station and had brought him back. Fleeson hadn't known what to make of Trigger; a strange, frightening little boy smouldering with resentment. He was like a little animal; he grabbed food from the others — when they hit, he bit. "Give him a toy," Fleeson suggested. The toy was a mechanical wind-up frog. Trigger flung it at Fleeson's head. They went through a week of this until Fleeson was ready to get rid of him, thinking he was of absolutely no value. One of the boys, however, had gone out and stolen a chemistry set that Trigger had asked for. For a while this kept him quiet; he went off in a corner and played with the chemistry set. About the same time Fleeson was discussing with Ronald a job that required blowing up a safe to destroy some documents pertaining to Dawkins. Ronald didn't know anything about explosives, and none of his other boys did either. Trigger emerged from his corner. "Use this," he said and put an object in Fleeson's hand.

The object was the toy frog he had thrown at his head a week ago.

Now Fleeson was no longer small-time. It gave him a feeling of power to know he could affect the destiny of a Central American country from this building whose blighted exterior was so deceptive. Nothing seemed impossible. He was letting his imagination run away with him. But was it really so farfetched, considering what he had at his disposal?

Deep down Fleeson harbored a grudge against New York. He had taken a lot of shit. Now he wanted revenge; he could bring this city to its knees. Look what had happened during the blackout. Chaos. His boys were deadlier than a blackout.

Every year *New York* magazine ran a story of the most powerful and influential men who controlled the city. The list included people like the mayor, the governor . . . bankers, advisers to municipal unions, campaign managers, political insiders etc. Fleeson knew he would never make that list. Still he lived in the profound and secret hope that his time had come. The age of Fleeson was at hand.

Only where . . . he muttered, he cursed, standing at the window and searching the deserted street . . . where was his sandwich? He had sent Trigger to the deli almost and hour ago.

The deli owner, whom his boys called Old Weasel-Face, knew exactly what he wanted. Half a loaf of Italian bread, slit lengthways and filled with ham, cheese, salami, lots of mayo . . . pickles . . . Thinking of pickles, Fleeson grew breathless with hunger. But even if there had been customers ahead of Trigger, the food wouldn't have taken this long to make.

Suddenly, Fleeson realised the certainty of what he feared. Trigger wasn't coming back. The thought was like a physical blow. He saw his big mistake. You couldn't apply a formula. The formula that worked for 12 boys would create a disaster with the thirteenth. Ronald and Raymond and the others were tough kids. They could take a punch in the face. But Trigger was a sensitive boy. Hadn't he destroyed his family in an infantile rage?

During the public debate over the Vietnam War, Fleeson had heard a lot about the domino theory. He understood now what it meant: a series of accumulated disasters. He had sent Trigger out to the deli again to get him another sandwich. He wasn't back yet, and if he didn't come back, there would be no assassination. Mora was scheduled to leave in a day or so, and it was too late to find somebody he could trust to do the job. If Mora wasn't killed, Dawkins would be extradited, and if Dawkins stood trial and went to jail, as he surely would, the Fleeson might as well forget *New York* magazine and go back to peddling porn flicks.

> “Fleeson hadn't known what to make of Trigger; a strange, frightening little boy smouldering with resentment.”

Suddenly, the door to the room opened. "Where have you been!" Fleeson exclaimed.

Trigger entered the room. He was carrying a sandwich.

Fleeson shook his head with anger.

"There were people ahead of me," Trigger said.

"You've got a job to do. You should have forgotten the sandwich."

Fleeson didn't really mean it; he was glad to see the sandwich. He held out his hand for it, but Trigger went to the table instead and put it down next to the girlie magazine Ronald had been reading.

Fleeson crossed to the table, without taking much notice of how Trigger skipped away from him. He sat down and removed the sandwich from its paper bag. Crumpling the bag into a little ball, he raised the sandwich, took a bite, and then remembered something.

"Change," he said with his mouth full.

Trigger was standing at the other end of the room, looking as if he had done something bad, and wouldn't come near Fleeson for fear of being punished.

"My change," Fleeson said.

Trigger dug into his blue jeans and found a nickel. He came forward cautiously, slapped it on the table, and backed away. Fleeson scooped up the nickel and went on eating. He had forgotten about the boy who was lying on the bed, watching them.

"What are you doing standing over there? Come here and tell me how you are going to take care of Mora."

"With a frog."

"I know that. But how?"

Mora had arrived in New York yesterday, and Trigger had gone to the Waldorf, where the president was staying. When he had come back, he had said he knew how he was going to do the job. He hadn't gone into detail, and Fleeson hadn't pressed him. Trigger liked to keep these things to himself. This job was too important though. Fleeson had to know, now, how it was to be done.

"Are you going to get him at the Waldorf?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Can't get near him."

"Did you try?"

"Sure I tried." Trigger stood in the middle of the room, as solemn as a cigar store Indian. "I waited out front for his car to come up. Then I followed him inside, and he went up in an elevator."

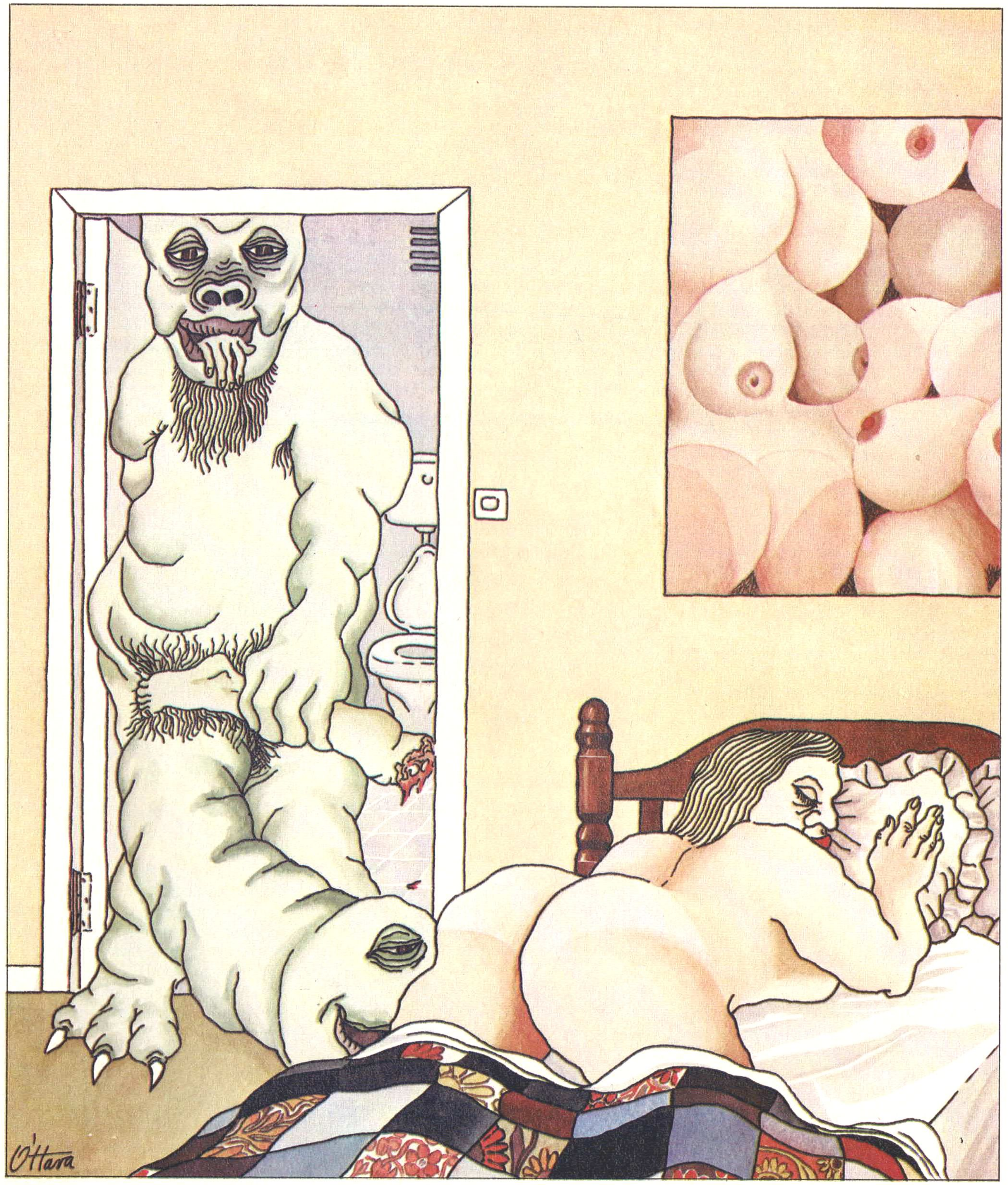
Fleeson paused over his sandwich. "Go on."

"I went up and hung around outside his room for a while. But one of his men looked out and asked me what I was doing there; so I left."

A man hanging around ouside Mora's hotel room might have geen asked more than one question. No one ever suspected a little boy with nothing in his pockets except two wind-up toy frogs. But what good was that going to do if he couldn't get near Mora with the frogs?

Fleeson had gone down to Costa Verde a month or so ago to discuss the job with Dawkins. At first Dawkins had thought about election. Then, when he saw the writing on the wall, he had acted decisively, as always. With Mora out of the way, he was sure he would be left alone. He had enough money to pay off the right people until he could apply for citizenship. Then no one could extradite him.

His niece's son went to a boarding school in New Jersey, and Mora was scheduled to visit New York to address



"C'mon Harry, surprise me!"

the United Nations. This was Fleeson's territory.

"Mora's going to be under tight security," Dawkins had said.

"I've got a boy who's amazing."

"The little bomber?"

"That's the one."

"I'll send Machado up with your first payment after the kidnapping."

Fleeson had snorted. "Machado. That idiot."

Now he didn't feel so cocky. Since his arrival in New York Mora had been seen everywhere. Yesterday he had given his speech before the UN, all about the sovereignty of nations, whatever that was. Fleeson didn't give a shit about the class phrase for sticking it to the boss. Then, this morning, Mora had flown to Washington for a meeting with peanut brain. Now he was back, according to radio reports, intending to stay two more days. He had caught on with the press and cut a colorful figure, which made him even harder to get at. Fleeson was beginning to think he had made a mistake; he should have realised the difference between the small-timers Trigger was used to handling and a head of state.

He didn't like the way Trigger was looking at him either; he was getting the same scowl he had been getting for two days.

"Listen, I do not want any more of your sour looks."

"You punched me in the face."

"I will do more than that. Do you realise how much depends on this job?"

The question was rhetorical; none of Fleeson's boys knew the reason for the kidnapping or the assassination.

"I don't care."

Fleeson saw red. He started to get up from the table.

Trigger reacted with actual panic. "Don't get up! Don't get up!" he shouted, thrusting his hand out protectively. "I'm just joking!"

Fleeson paused halfway out of his chair.

Trigger grimaced, shaking his head in a way he had seen the other boys do. "Can't you see I'm joking? Sit down. I'm going to do the job."

Fleeson held the last piece of his sandwich. The second he put it in his mouth Trigger gave one of his rare laughs, short and mirthless.

"Do you have money for the subway?"

Trigger was smiling. "I don't need it." He had the most private smile Fleeson had ever seen, a tiny imperceptible gloat. "I'm going to take your money."

"What do you mean? I will give you the subway fare. Here . . ."

"Don't move!" Trigger shouted.

It was more than a command; it was a cry of alarm. Fleeson, who had been about to rise, froze. The cry had been as riveting as a little boy could make it.

"If you move, you're going to explode."

Fleeson scowled, but something made him remain seated. He had learned to listen carefully whenever Trigger spoke of explosions.

"You punched me in the face."

"Do we have to go through this again?"

"I hate you."

"Fine. Hate me. As long as you do as I say."

"You're going to die."

"Don't be silly."

"One move and you're dead."

Fleeson tried to make a joke. "What, you're going to throw a bomb at me?"

"No."

"Then stop —"

"You're the one who's got the bomb," Trigger said, "and you don't even know where it is."

Fleeson scowled again but without much conviction. Although it was helpful from time to time to think of Trigger as an ordinary little boy who had a special talent, it was difficult not to be aware of how easily this little boy dispensed death. Trigger had concealed bombs on people before.

> Fleeson remembered swallowing something that had almost stuck in his throat. He had thought it was a pickle.

Fleeson made a mental check of the various items he was carrying on him. His own ballpoint pen, his wallet, the keys to his safedeposit box. He was sure he was booby-trapped, but only Trigger knew how.

He tried to get tough. "Did you put a bomb on me? Where is it?"

"Guess."

"I don't want any of your games."

"This isn't a game. I'm going to take your money."

"What money?"

"The money downstairs."

Trigger meant the safe-deposit box. It was where Fleeson kept his petty cash. Whenever he gave the boys money to buy food, he usually got it from there. But none of the boys knew what was in the box now: the $50,000 Machado had given him.

"The box is locked," Fleeson said.

"So what. I'm going to get the key from your pocket, and you can't stop me. Because if you try, you'll be blown to smithereens."

Trigger came toward him. Fleeson didn't move.

"Listen, tell me where the bomb is. I promise never to punch you."

"It's too late," Trigger said.

He reached inside Fleeson's jacket pocket and fished out the leather key holder with its two keys. Fleeson felt an impulse to grab him, but he couldn't bring himself to risk it.

"Too late? What you mean too late?"

He saw a tiny fist coming, but he didn't duck. He didn't even flinch. The tiny fist struck him in the face.

"Because it was in your sandwich. You swallowed it."

As Trigger retreated out of reach, Fleeson stared at him in disbelief. "You're lying," he said.

"No, I'm not."

Trigger was businesslike. Even the punch in the face had been delivered soberly. Fleeson hadn't felt the punch; he was thinking too much of his stomach.

"In the sandwich? That's impossible."

"It's one of the hubcap bombs; only I made it even smaller. You swallowed it. You're lucky you didn't bite it. It would have blown your head off."

Fleeson remembered swallowing something that had almost stuck in his throat. He had thought it was a pickle. For a moment he was *sure* it was a pickle.

He started to get up and couldn't do it. His body knew something his head was unwilling to admit. He commanded his body to rise, but it wouldn't obey, and in that second of hesitation doubt entered his mind, and he was transfixed.

The other boys were always fooling around, but Trigger had no sense of humor. If this was a joke, he had played it very convincingly.

Get up, Fleeson told himself. Don't be a fool. For the life of him he couldn't persuade his body to perform.

"I made it the other day," Trigger said. "I've been waiting for you to send me out to get your sandwich. You kept sending Raymond. If you move too quick or bump against something, it'll go off."

"I don't believe you."

"Go ahead and see. But I'm getting out of here first." Trigger went to the freight elevator.

"Where are you going?"

He stopped and looked at Fleeson: a little man going off to earn his bread and butter. "I told you. I'm going to get your money."

"You can't do this to me!"

Fleeson was wild. He wanted to get his hands on Trigger, but he believed what he was saying — one bump and it would be over. Trigger got into the elevator and closed the heavy door. With a throbbing hum the elevator started.

Fleeson heard it stop at the third floor. Then there was a silence, so complete that a fly buzzing and ticking against the window panes sounded like a buzz saw.

Fleeson couldn't hear anything below, but he knew what was happening. Trigger was getting out of the elevator and going into the office. There were two keys: one for the desk drawer, the other for the safe-deposit box. In his grim little man's way he would take out the box and unlock it with the tiny, silver key. The knowledge of what he would find when he lifted the lid almost made Fleeson stand up. The farther Trigger got from him and the closer to the $50,000, the more he was inclined to believe there was no bomb in his stomach? The little bastard was lying. He better get downstairs. But the moment he imagined himself rushing down to stop Trigger, he had a vision of the explosion that would rend him.

Trigger called them hubcap bombs because he stuck them on the hubcaps of automobile wheels. Once Fleeson had seen a demonstration. It involved a bookie who had failed to pay the interest on a loan and had to be taught a lesson. Out of curiosity Fleeson accompanied Trigger to a neighborhood in Brooklyn. There he watched him run past the bookie's parked Chevy Camaro, squat beside the car's right-front hubcap, slap the bomb on, and run off. The bookie came out of the stationery store that was the front for his operation, got in his car, and drove off. The Camaro was almost out of sight, going 30 or 40, when it hit a pothole. What was left of it, after the explosion, flipped over and burst into flames.

For the first time in his life Fleeson thought of himself as a Chevy Camaro. Before, he had seen only dominoes. Now the world was full of potholes.

Just then the fly left the window and entered the room. He could hear it going round and round, ticking against the walls and ceiling. All at once it was circling his head, and Fleeson was afraid. He wiggled his head to get rid of it, but the fly wasn't impressed. Without warning it was in his right ear, and the ear was filled with a malicious drilling. He let out a scream. The fly was gone, back at the window: buzz, tick, tick, buzz, tick, tick. Then he heard the elevator again and he froze, listening. It sounded like it was coming back up instead of going down.

The elevator's hum ceased with an audible jolt. The door opened, revealing Trigger with two handfuls of money.

"Look what I found."

He stood grinning at Fleeson from inside the elevator, in his blue jeans and sneakers and windcheater, his yellow hair looking, as Fleeson sometimes said jokingly, as if it had been cut with nail clippers. His Big Mac T-shirt was faded by repeated launderings at the Chink's; so it was even harder to decipher the jingle with its words run together:

"Twoallbeefpatties
specialsaucelettuce
cheesepicklesonions
onasesameseedbun."

"You had a lot of money," he said. "More than I thought."

Fleeson sat with his hand on the butt of his .38, knowing he was going to have to shoot him. The trouble was he couldn't move fast without risking an explosion.

"I don't care. You can have it. I've always given you money."

"Not this much."

"But those are thousand-dollar bills. You can't buy a Big Mac with a thousand-dollar bill. You'll get arrested."

Trigger's grin vanished, and Fleeson tightened his grip on his .38.

"Who's going to give you jobs? I thought you liked to do jobs."

"I do. I'm going downstairs to get two frogs. I'm going to kill Mora with one, and if anyone tries to arrest me, I'll get them with the other."

"But what then? Who's going to take care of you?"

Trigger looked worried, but the worry didn't last. He gave his mirthless cackle and held up the money.

> The moment he imagined himself rushing down to stop Trigger, he had a vision of the explosion that would rend him.

"I've got this."

He started to stuff the bills in his pockets, and Fleeson eased his .38 from its shoulder holster. It was almost out when Trigger finally got the bills put away and reached to close the elevator door.

"So long," he said.

Suddenly, seeing the .38 emerge from under Fleeson's jacket, he gave a gasp and dashed out of the elevator. Fleeson fired, holding his breath in agonised expectation that the revolver's recoil would set off the bomb inside him. There was a loud bang, and he knew instantly he had missed. The elevator was empty, and Trigger was already out the door.

Before he realised what he was doing, Fleeson was on his feet. For a second he stood, amazed to find himself standing and still intact. "Stop!" he shouted and took a single, tentative step. "Stop!" He took another step, then two more. As he reached the hall, he saw Trigger halfway down the stairs.

The boy glanced around, startled. "Be careful!"

Fleeson raised his .38. "Stop, or I'll shoot!"

Trigger kept going, and Fleeson fired, holding his breath. An explosion filled the hallway. It reverberated between the walls, washing out Fleeson's head and causing his ears to ring. But it wasn't his explosion. It was the .38's, and as he let his breath out, Trigger was toppling downward, falling in a clattering somersault until he hit the bottom and lay still.

"I told you," Fleeson said. "You little bastard. I told you I would shoot you."

He felt a distinct regret and immediately understood why. With Trigger dead, he would have to find somebody else to kill Mora. But what else could he have done? He couldn't let Trigger take his money. Worry gnawed at him an instant before he permitted himself a fatalistic shrug. Well, perhaps he could get one of the other boys to do the job, using one of Trigger's frogs. If they came back in time, they might even be able to catch Mora on the cable car.

He was still worried about the bomb, even though with each passing moment, each new venture into movement, he became surer it didn't exist. All the same he intended to exercise caution. He would go down and sit on the toilet and wait until he knew for sure that nothing was in his digestive tract that didn't belong there. It would be an inconvenience, but he had to be safe. When the boys got back, he would call Raymond in and ask him if he could handle Mora.

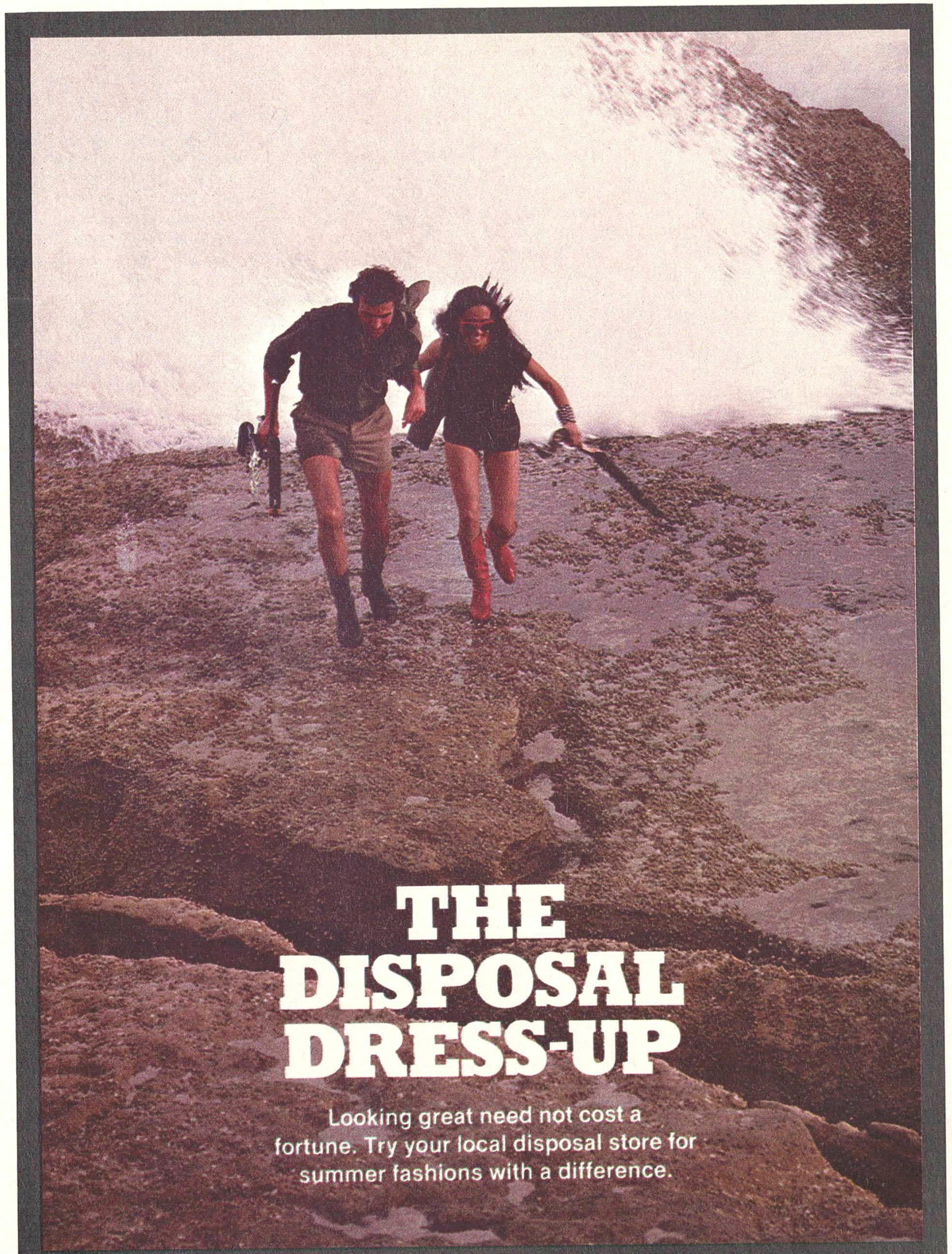
Having spent the last 10 or 15 minutes under a death sentence, Fleeson felt miraculously reprieved. He returned his .38 to its holster and started to descend, gripping the banister to steady himself. Trigger's corpse lay facedown. Fleeson would get the boys to dispose of it. He was a third of the way down, taking each step one at a time, when the corpse came to life. It sprang straight up without warning, its arms raised triumphantly.

"You missed!" Trigger shouted and darted away.

Fleeson was so startled that his foot missed the next step, and he stumbled. He began to tumble downward out of control, but in a way this was a good thing. After the first few steps, with his body bumped and jarred all the way, he knew that nothing was going to happen. A great weight was lifted from his mind. There was no bomb; it had been a trick after all. He would live many, many prosperous years, and life would go on forever.

As he hit the bottom, there was a welling in his stomach like a cataclysmic belch. It rose with a deafening roar, constricting his throat and driving his teeth into the top of his skull.

In the split second of consciousness remaining to him Paul Fleeson realised that his celebration, as well as all his hopes and dreams for the future, had been premature.

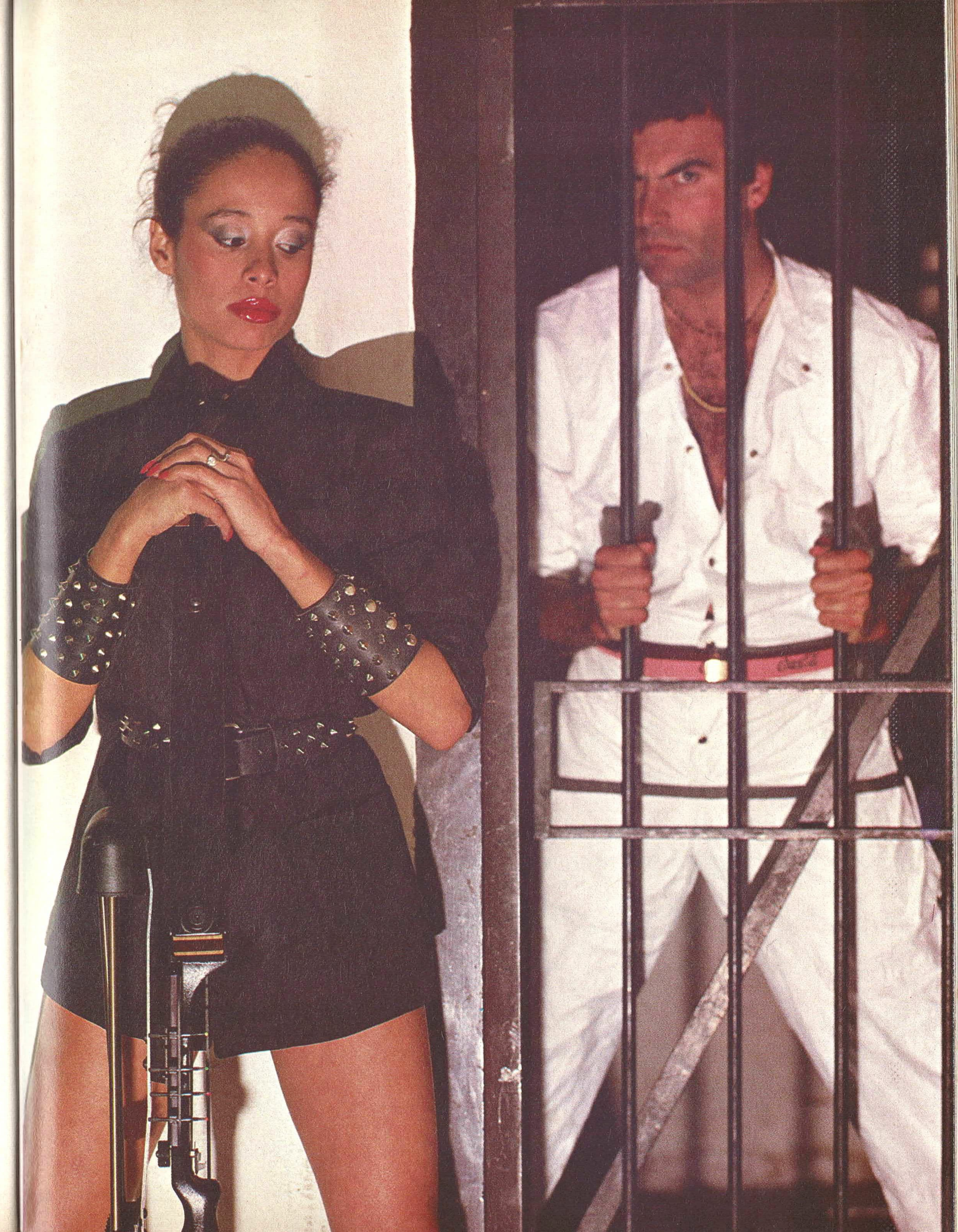


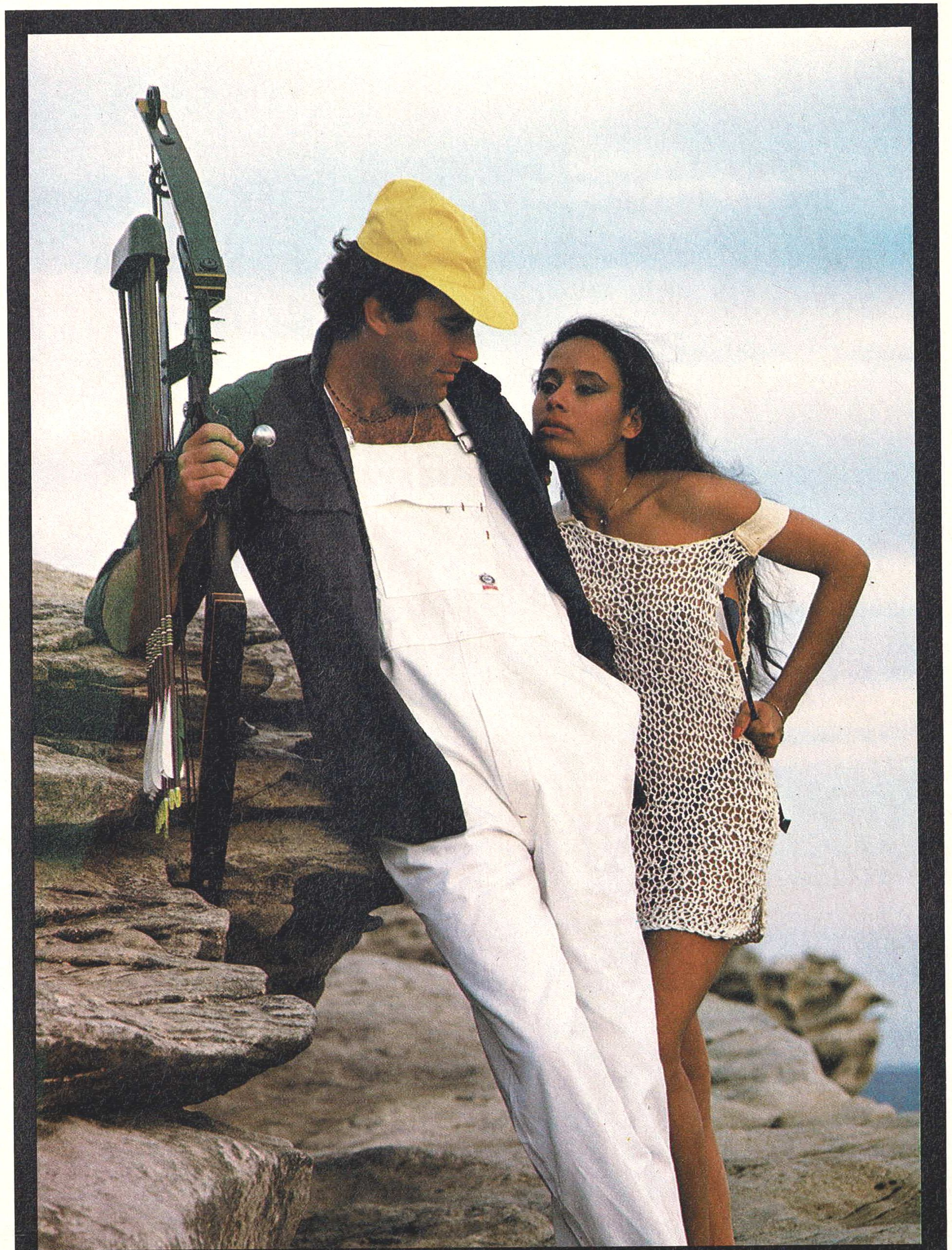
THE DISPOSAL DRESS-UP

Looking great need not cost a fortune. Try your local disposal store for summer fashions with a difference.

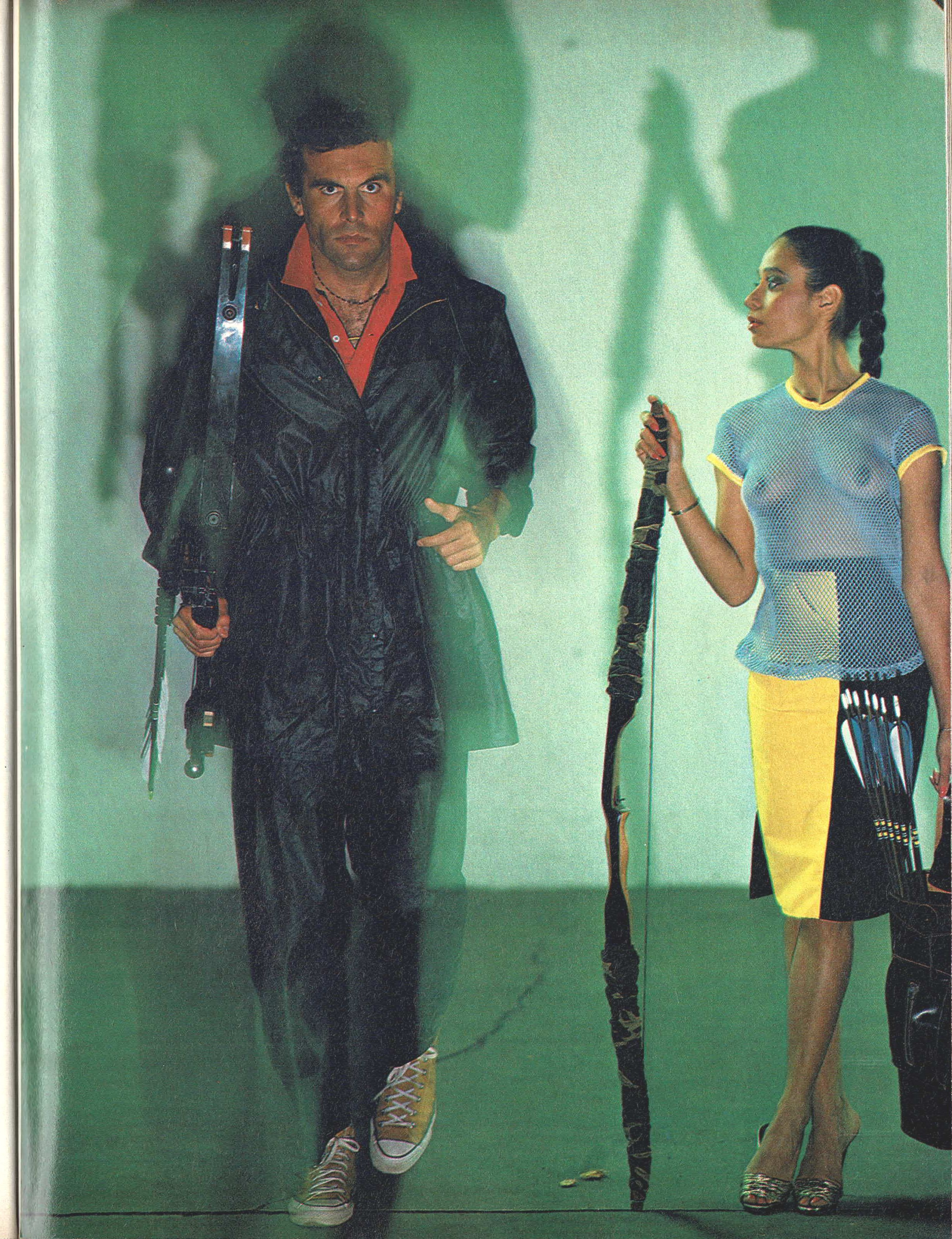
Khaki army shorts and shirt with laced jungle boots and digger hat from Junction Disposals, Bondi Junction, Sydney, and leading disposal stores. Her outfit from Game Birds, Paddington, Sydney. Right: white paper disposable overalls for him and navy shirt for her. Bows and arrows available from the Archery Centre, Sydney.

Photographs by Rob Butcher





White King Gee overalls, navy shirt, yellow cap and her string vest available from leading disposal stores. Right: his black oilskin jacket and matching pants from Junction Disposals, worn with a red shirt from Gowings, Sydney (available from department stores). Her outfit from Game Birds. Prices vary from State to State.



PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

LEE MARVIN

> ‘
>
> We're seeing a little male chauvinism backlash now — a backlash to the tremendous strides the women have made in equal rights. The boys are getting a bit tired of it all.
>
> ’

Fifteen years ago, Lee Marvin won the Academy Award as the best film actor of the year. After that his career seemed to decline, but now film offers are again pouring in, presumably because of the world-wide publicity attending the 11-week court trial in Los Angeles involving Marvin. The trial now known as the "Marvin case", resulted in a landmark decision establishing that a woman can successfully sue a man for support, even if she has never been legally married to him. Presumably, a man can sue a woman on the same grounds.

Michelle Triola Marvin lived with Lee Marvin for six years, out of wedlock. She said she had washed and cooked for him and shared his bed, board, and cheque account. She also claims to have become pregnant three times but aborted each time because Marvin told her he didn't want children, since he already had four by his first marriage. Michelle even changed her name to Marvin, but Lee says that that was not his idea.

Marvin decided to end the relationship in 1970, agreeing to pay Michelle about $1000 a month if she would go away and learn a trade. He then married a sweetheart from his teen years, Pamela Feeley. With his four kids and her four kids, they moved to Tucson, Arizona, and hoped Michelle would leave them alone. But Michelle was burned up. She wanted at least $1 million, but the judge gave her $104,000 for "rehabilitative purposes". Lee laughed and said that was less than what he had planned on giving her anyway — though he was a little hurt about the "rehabilitative purposes" part, since it left the impression that living with him was tantamount to being wounded in action.

Michelle retaliated by having her attorneys appeal the decision and ask for more money. This means Marvin will have to pay seven percent interest on the $104,000 until a final decision is made.

Born in New York City on February 19, 1924, Marvin was reared in Woodstock, New York, but was sent to various boarding schools, most of which expelled him for such antics as throwing a classmate out of a second-storey window. ("For Christ's sake, he wasn't hurt much" was Marvin's comment.)

Since he didn't seem to have the temperament for it, he quit school in 1943 and joined the Marines. He fought at Kwajalein, Eniwetok, and Saipan and wound up getting shot and spending 18 months in hospitals. After the war he drifted into acting. He appeared on Broadway in a featured role in *Billy Bud* and then toured in *A Streetcar Named Desire.* He made more than 250 television appearances and eventually had his own series, *M Squad,* in which he played a tough detective.

In films he usually played villains or somewhat raunchy heroes. His sneering smile and icy eyes have typed him as a tough guy in such movies as *The Professionals* and *The Dirty Dozen.* Almost all of his roles have been physical. Even when he played the relatively harmless part of an ex-baseball player in *Ship of Fools,* he wound up beaten into submission by the petite Vivian Leigh, who used her high-heeled shoe to do the job.

In 1965, playing dual comic roles as a villain with a metal nose and his own twin brother in *Cat Ballou,* Marvin won the Oscar for best actor. Jane Fonda was his co-star.

In his early days, Marvin was under the influence of method acting. While on the set of *Bad Day at Black Rock,* he was taking a great deal of time to get into the mood for a scene with Spencer Tracy. At last Tracy lost patience. "Look, son," he said, "I'm too old, too rich, and too good to wait any longer. Let's go."

That experience may still rankle in Marvin, as indicated by some of his comments in this interview, in which he talks about the old stars whose only concern was money and saying their lines while standing on the proper mark. Fred Robbins conducted this interview in Munich, when Marvin was working on his latest film, *Avalanche Express*.

Penthouse: What do you think the legal impact of *Marvin v Marvin* has been?
Marvin: I don't know if there has been any legal impact. What the case has done is just spook those women without any money or attorneys and keep them from pressing a case like this, unless the woman's had three kids with her guy and they had a joint bank account in Zurich. The lawyers are going to say, "Uh-uh, honey, I can't use this case," whereas before they'd take on anything if they thought it hadn't been cited enough. But the Marvin case didn't establish any law. The only thing at issue was this: I said that there never was an agreement between Michelle and me concerning her support, and she said there was.
Penthouse: Do you think the case will affect the way men and women conduct their relationships?
Marvin: I hope so, because there are a lot of thieves on both sides.
Penthouse: Don't you think two lovers will baulk at having to sit down and draw up a contract covering their relationship?
Marvin: Well, they don't have to sign a contract, really. The man, for example, just has to say: "Okay, that's my television set, baby. I hope you like it and enjoy it. And if you behave yourself, you can look at it for a long time! That's my piano, too; you can have that *if*. . ." He can still say all this stuff with a hard-on, right?

I think we're seeing a little male chauvinism backlash now — a backlash to the tremendous strides the women have made in equal rights in the past few years. I think the boys are getting a bit tired of it all. They say: "Look, honey. You want me to open the door, you want me to pay for dinner, and then you say no when I put my hand on your thing? What kind of horseshit is that?" You know, the old game is still the best game: you waltz them, you wine them, you dine them, and you hope, with any luck, you might occasionally make out. But if she says: "Don't open the door for me, and I'll pay for half of the dinner," then the guy says, "You know, I don't even want to screw you, by the way." It just gets so bad when women's lib gets into relationships.

Listen, Michelle fell back on the oldest profession in the world, and all the modern women hate it! They hate to admit that they're living off their arse or are dependent on men. So not one feminist organisation came out for Michelle. All the big-time feminists were mum on it. Every woman I'd see on the street — every single one — said: "I hope you win." Old ladies, young ladies. So all I got was positive vibes, which is a boost to any actor's ego, right?

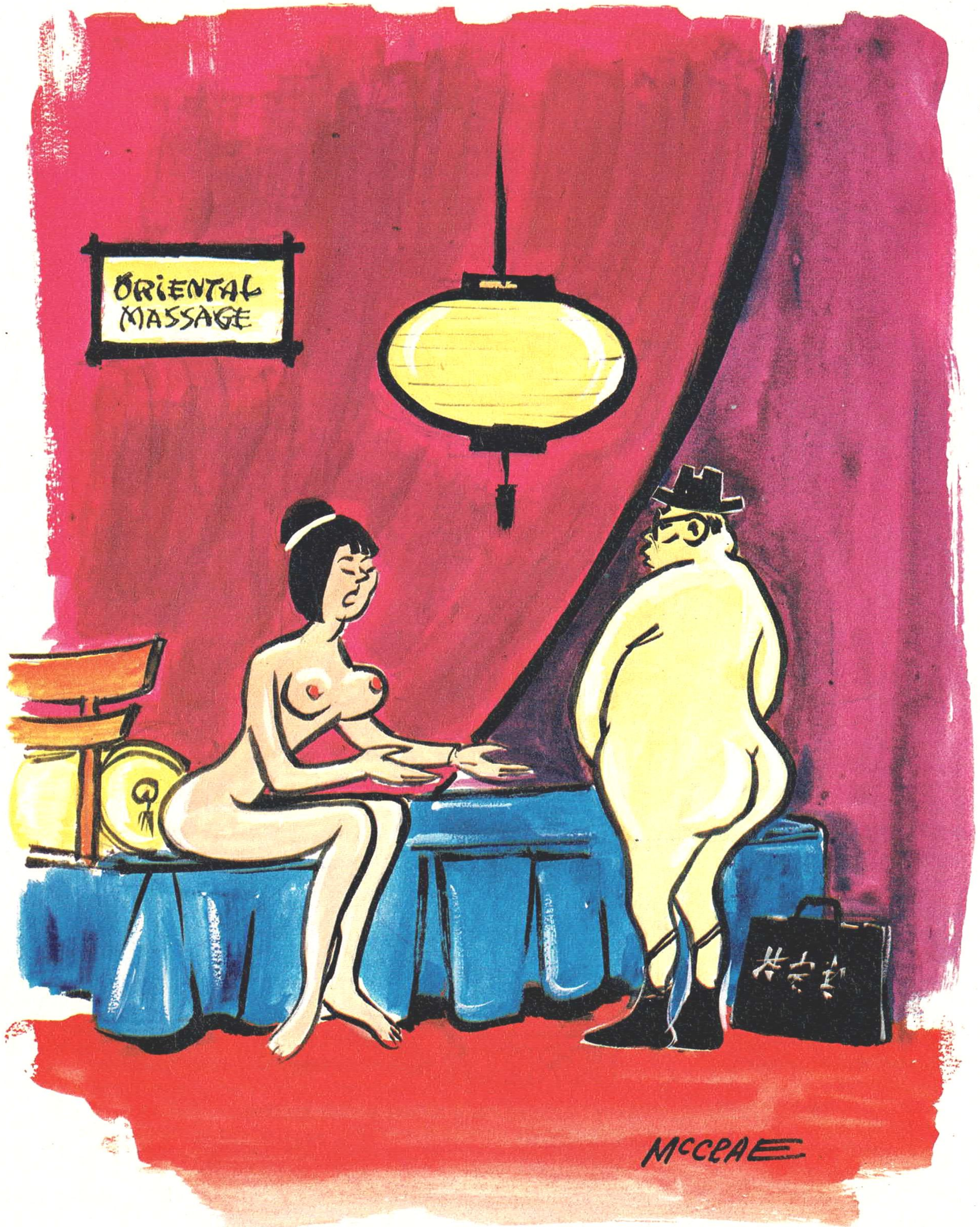
When I walked into New York City airport, with all those photographers and all those crowds waiting for me — I mean, I've never seen anything like that in my life, not even in the heyday of Judy Garland! God, it was like I'd just come back from the moon or something! The working man — which is my public — geez, I'd walk down the streets in New York, and they'd literally stop digging their ditches or driving their trucks and say: "Hey, you screwed her — hey, great!" I'll never forget it. And you know, when I want to get highbrow, if I want to hang out with the fancy intellectuals and liberals, they're just going to say: "Fuck off." It certainly tells me where I should go in my career, doesn't it?
Penthouse: Were you confident from the beginning that the judge would rule in your favor?
Marvin: Yeah, because I know what I said in that relationship and what she said and what we understood. And therefore two years later, when she and her lawyer, Marvin Mitchelson, conjure up the idea of this case, I thought everyone would see through it. You can see her scheme was born two years after the termination of the relationship.

> ‘Michelle had her full day in court. She let it all hang out for her hundred days. She and her lawyer were trying to wear me down.’

I think this whole thing was conjured up by attorneys who wanted to see how far they could push the law or whether they could rewrite the law. The only fame attorneys can get is when they rewrite the law. I don't think it's in a girl's nature, generally speaking, to want everything the guy's got.
Penthouse: Do you feel you should not have had to pay Michelle any money?
Marvin: Well, the judge awarded her some "get back on your feet" money. I think the judge was just scolding me. He was saying: "Look, you've got to be a big boy and take responsibility." But you know, when Michelle and I broke up, I had agreed that, if she'd stay out of my life, I'd give her a certain amount of dough. And the judge ended up awarding her less than I'd been willing to give her!

Poor Mitchelson! He's left saying: "But I can't make my fee out of what she got!" She has to pay him out of that $104,000 — and he must have put 1000 hours into the case. This has all been a tremendous blow to Mitchelson. He lost on every count of the law. And what he won, if you want to call it that, he won because of the generosity of the judge — something I had agreed to before he was even in the picture.

But I did want to give Michelle money in the beginning. I said: "Go out and reorient yourself so you won't be a burden on your friends. And you'd better go to school and learn to do something." So now look at what she's doing — she's going to write a *book*. But that's all right, because then she's open for libel, especially if it's a big seller.
Penthouse: Do you feel anger or bitterness toward her now?
Marvin: No, I have no feelings for her at all. I realised that a long time ago, and that's why I got out of the relationship.
Penthouse: You're not angry at her for dragging your personal life into the courtroom?
Marvin: Oh, that was a combination of her and Mitchelson. I think he's really despicable. He's really an ambulance chaser. He doesn't have anything going for him; so therefore he has to crank up a big, false cause. And now he's suing me! He says: "This actor's career has improved as a result of this case. I'm due enrichment."
Penthouse: Did the trial go on too long?
Marvin: No, I understood what the judge was doing. He was just allowing everything that was admissable to be presented, so that if anybody were to appeal, he'd say: "We already covered that." Michelle had her full day in court. She let it all hang out for her hundred days. She and her lawyer were trying to wear me down. I would say: "Oh come on, boys, this is ridiculous." Which it all was. But you know, I realised what the ground rules were, and I stuck to them. Fortunately, I had a gentleman representing me; so I think it was more painful to the other side. I knew my side was right.
Penthouse: Was the court as much of a circus as it sounded from press reports?
Marvin: No. A lot of people lined up to watch, but they were just the court-watching types. Judge Marshall ran a very orderly court. If anybody got a little out of line, he'd reprimand them and then make a joke out of it, to take the strain off. But it was very difficult, because Michelle was such a dirty player. That's why he went without a jury, because he couldn't trust what she was going to say. A jury is always shocked by a lie, but a judge isn't.
Penthouse: Was it better for you that the case was heard by a judge and not a jury?
Marvin: It made it a totally different case. This way, I was just playing for the judge; the other way, I'd have to play for the jury.
Penthouse: How did your wife Pamela hold up through the trial?
Marvin: My wife is a very strong gal. She



"It's no good Mr Kuimotu! You've been too long practicing the ancient art of bonzai!"

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SEAU 0059

knows me. We've known each other since she was 15. There was no jealousy or anything, because the mess had all happened at a different time in my life, when we weren't together. So she was just very good and calm and constructive to me during the whole time. We're close, and that made us even more close. I don't know how it turned out to be so positive, but it did. In other words, there's nothing to fool each other with anymore, nothing to hide.

It was bad when we first got married, though. Michelle was on the phone all the time, hassling my wife and kids. She'd ask Pamela, "How does it feel to sleep in my bed?" and "You think it's going to last? You don't know him." That type of low stuff. But after you go through something like this, you find out that people like Michelle really do get theirs in the end.

Penthouse: Why do you think the public pays so much attention to the private lives of famous people?

Marvin: I guess people like to read about all the lousy things in a star's life because it shows them that even the big guys have problems.

Penthouse: What do you think of the recent rash of confessional books written by the girlfriends or ex-wives of film stars?

Marvin: You can't forget that the only reason they're doing it is probably that they're not making it in movies. And so it's their way of getting even.

But the guys shouldn't worry so much about those books, about being called rotten lovers or whatever. You know, I had a teacher when I was first acting who said: "I don't know why all you young men worry about the size of your cock. All you do, when you put it in, is just grab both cheeks of her arse and squeeze, and she doesn't know what's in it!" I remember thinking: "Geez, this guy's pretty smart!"

The one book that I've heard a lot of good things about is Betty Bacall's book. Everybody liked it because she didn't name names, stuff like that. You don't have to. Everybody knows about the voracious appetite of women. I mean, I don't care who you're screwing, you're going to think twice before you think, "I'm the only one that she ever let do this . . ." Come on, sonny! But I'd just rather not hear about it.

Penthouse: A lot of people do, though. They buy millions of those books.

Marvin: That's because the printing press has gone as modern as the films. They fire these books out so fast now. They can read an audience quick to know what it wants and then get the book right with the first printing.

I'll tell ya, it's all taught me to believe the old Hollywood adage that you should never screw nobody taller than you. Otherwise they're going to talk.

Penthouse: Are you as male chauvinist as you sound?

Marvin: I've always respected women. When I was growing up, we had a very high regard for women. It was part of our training, to respect them. Women carried around that female magic, that secret thing that was a mystery. I hate to see them lose any of it. Of course they can vote, and of course they can do whatever they want to do, but I'd hate to see them in the army, as riflemen. I don't want to see them get hurt.

There are a lot of bad things about women's liberation, as there are an awful lot of good things. But I really don't think girls ought to be pilots of 747s, because there's still that stigma from years ago saying: "What happens when she has her period and she gets emotional?" You see two girls walking up to the front of the plane, giggling, and you say: "Hey, wait a minute! I'm getting off." You want a sincere, earnest-looking gray-haired old captain going up there, who has had 300,000 hours of experience in all kinds of bad weather. But I do believe in equal jobs and equal pay.

> People like to read about the lousy things in a star's life because it shows that even the big guys have problems.

You know, respecting women allows me, the male, to say: "Hey, I have a secret, too." And so I'm not at the beck and call of any loose female who says: "Hey I want to jump in the hay with you." I say: "Well, you know, my dear, if that is really your aim, then you'd better be a little more seductive about it and let me think that I'm involved, too." I don't find the looseness of modern women at all appealing.

Penthouse: Do you think men have to be aggressors?

Marvin: It depends on many things. Some men are not the aggressors — some women are. They find their own level. It's like water seeking it's own level, in the long run. But I think the healthy — for lack of a better word — male attitude is that of aggressor. He wants to think that he has *conquered* or that he has really won the prize, by whatever fancy footwork.

Penthouse: What are the components of a good marriage?

Marvin: I just think that two people have to be basically heading in the same direction. They have to have an agreement on the moral structure of their lives. They set a course — not just due north, but with a variance of 15 or 20 degrees — and then the rest just comes naturally. It's not even important to like the same things. The little things make no difference.

Penthouse: Is the good wife in a good marriage a male chauvinist?

Marvin: I think a good wife naturally believes in male chauvinism. Because I can't really think of a lady of the tenderness, the intelligence, or the feeling required of a good wife who would not want or allow a man to open the door for her or to seat her at the table or to light her cigarette or whatever it is. Courting has always been done that way. And it should continue. So that's male chauvinism. If somebody splashes mud on your wife's skirt or something, you don't just turn and start brushing it off. You *go* for the guy. You say: "Hey, pal, that's my *wife*."

Penthouse: Has the notoriety you've received from this film led to a change in the type of parts you're offered in films?

Marvin: Around the time of the trial, the only scripts I got were Canadian scripts where I was to play some 55-year-old man — running around with a 19-year-old girl — who can't get it up anymore and hires a chauffeur or someone to pound away at her. In other words, the only film response I've had has been of low quality.

But then, there just aren't good parts *around* these days. When I talk to my agent, Meyer Mischkin, he says: "Look, really, I'm telling ya, I'll send down three or four scripts to show you what's being made today." And they are all kind of low-class crap. I don't see any scripts that are along the lines of what we think of as the old Hollywood. There are no leading-man roles like there used to be. They're all character things. That Cimino thing with a bunch of misfits in Vietnam. Or Kristofferson, a singer playing cowboy. The pickings are very slim. If good parts are being written, I'm sure I'd be considered.

Josh Logan said something that sums up exactly what's going on now in our society. He said: "You're nobody in this country until you make it in the hay." You haven't made it until they can publicise who you screw.

Look at that marvellous senator who was going around with that Argentinian pepper pot. When he became notorious, everybody kinda liked the guy. They'd never even heard of him before. He had been on one of the biggest Senate committees in the country, but as soon as he ran around with this stripper, they said: "*Okay!*" And now, of course, the lady is writing a book on "where I learned to type."

Penthouse: Why are so many high-budget films being made these days?

Marvin: I don't know. Maybe it's like, you know, the price of a whore. If she's a thousand-dollar hooker, everybody says:

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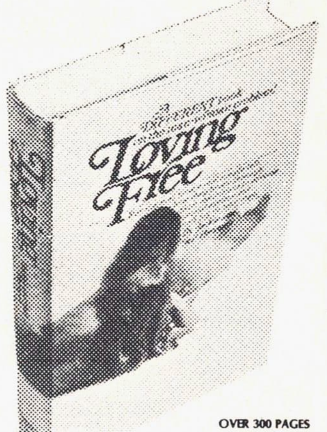

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"Jeez, she must be good!" When a two-dollar piece of arse would have done the job.

Penthouse: Are banks less conservative about financing big-budget movies?

Marvin: The banks aren't where the money for films comes from anymore. Movies are made with all the dirty money floating around. I think it's one of the biggest laundries going now. I think it's way ahead of Vegas. You'll have a junk dealer in Akron, Ohio, who wants to hide $5 million from the government. So he'll turn it over and say: "All right, get rid of it." And it's put into a film, and the films makes $14 million. And they bring it back to him, and the guy says: "What are you trying to do, ruin me? I said get *rid* of it."

Penthouse: Who makes up film audiences these days?

Marvin: God, I don't know. I tell you, I look around — I live in Tucson, you know — and I look around here and can't tell who these people are who sit in movie theatres.

They are all in T-shirts, shorts, sandals, beards. And some of them are professors. They are all in disguise. I think you don't dare put on a tie to go to a movie, right?

The Roxy days are dead and gone, when the movie theatres had all the marble and the beautiful seats and the lovely carpets.

Penthouse: What do you think of the young actors who appear on screen for the first time and become instant stars, never having to serve the 20-year apprenticeship you did?

Marvin: The only great thing about serving an apprenticeship or being the low man on the totem pole for a while is that you really develop a sense of humor at a young age. And it only gets bigger as you grow older. So that's why your Gary Coopers could poke fun at themselves on the screen when they were mature men. They did it with such quiet, inside humor that the audiences absolutely loved them.

I just think that these young guys who achieve instant fame will have critical times in their lives because of their lack of humor about themselves. Their numbers are so big, they have to take themselves seriously.

They can't afford to smile at themselves. They think they're playing some other guy when they do a funny scene. So they get caught up in that monetary trap.

Penthouse: Why do present-day actors get such huge fees for pictures?

Marvin: Because years ago, when they made a film, if they really thought it was great, they made 150 or 200 copies of it. And they thought *that* was saturation. Today they don't take a chance on anything. For instance, when *Avalanche Express* is released, there will be a thousand prints. So they'll completely saturate the audience in one week, before the word of mouth gets out that it's either a bomb or terrific. Maybe it doesn't have the legs to stand on or something. So they figure, "Don't give the audience a chance", because if the word gets out and the film is bad, the audience will say, "Jesus, I've been had". The film people just hit it quick, right? They get all the dummies in quick, and by the time they can turn around and say, "It's a piece of shit" or something, the picture's left town and the negative's in storage.

So when you think of the actors getting exorbitant fees, forget it. Look at what the distributors are getting; look at what the producers are getting. And the actor's salary gets them publicity. Just think what the guys who own some of the films are making — $25 and $40 million, right? I mean, look at the percentages made from *The Godfather* or *Star Wars* — my God! So the actor is still way behind the real thieves.

Penthouse: What does the public want from its stars these days?

> The underdog has become the leading man. He's the heavy because he's kicking mother or shooting a bazooka into the sheriff's office.

Marvin: Well, besides complete idiocy, they want lack of respect. They want all the rules broken. The underdog has now become the leading man. He's the heavy, because he's kicking mother or shooting a bazooka into the sheriff's office — he does that before the movie even starts. Next, he's got to burn the town down until there's nothing left. And the audience reaction is: "Geez, ain't he great?" I think this all reflects on our times.

Penthouse: What do you think of some of today's big box-office hits?

Marvin: I haven't seen a film except on airplanes.

Penthouse: What's the last film you saw?

Marvin: Depends on the last plane I was on. And that's been a long time. I guess it was over a year ago. I went to see one, a rerun, here locally — *Jaws*. I didn't see it when it first came out. I thought it was one of the smallest pictures I'd ever seen. It's scope — everything. It was a cheap little film to me. And yet here it is, 28 million bucks. I mean, really, they were shooting hand-held cameras, more or less, at Martha's Vineyard. That's a *newsreel*. And they had 50 people on the beach, and they panicked. Count them — 50! And then a few boats went out, and then they slaughtered this shark. And I'm saying to myself: "Where's the film? I thought this was supposed to be a big picture!"

There just haven't been many good pictures for the past 10, 15 years — I mean the ones that you would show your students if you were teaching school and wanted to show the better aspects of the human journey. But the films are very precise at showing the social situation today. Maybe that's their job: to relate what is happening today. That's why we have all these scummy shows, because society is really falling apart out there. The old values have now become negative. Mummy and daddy are pricks, the boss is a bum, and big business is a villain. Movies show that the counterculture is really making itself felt.

Penthouse: Are you conscious of making films that suit current tastes?

Marvin: It's such a gamble, whatever type of film you choose to make. If you're going for the audience, that means you're looking for something to bank. And money just isn't a problem for me. So I go for something that I think is realistically appealing to me and might communicate something to other people.

Penthouse: Is your living in Arizona a way of rejecting the Hollywood scene?

Marvin: Yeah, because that scene doesn't hold anything for me. I really don't want to go to lunch or dinner at the Bistro or whatever it is. Because I don't need that kind of hype. The people who hang out there are the people trying to pump themselves up and break in, or the people who are trying to say: "I'm on top." I'd rather be with a bunch of old drunks at some saloon. At least I get a laugh out of them — and that's not meant evilly or to hurt anybody. It's just a good dirty joke or something.

Penthouse: Was there ever any other career that you wanted to pursue other than acting?

Marvin: No, I don't think so. My film career just happened. I don't know what else I might have been. I didn't have the education for anything really. I just lucked into acting — just fell into it.

Penthouse: Have you ever thought of directing?

Marvin: I'd rather remain the actor and have a separate director who I trust. A lot of actors are quite content to remain actors. I think that might be because we've all heard the advice from the older actors, the 40 and 50-year veterans of the bussiness. They say two things: number one, grab the money and run; and second, they say: "Look, kid, all I know is hit the marks and say the lines." They have this kind of protective thing for the young actors, because they know that to be good doesn't mean anything in this business. It's all just a matter of breaks and time and fate.

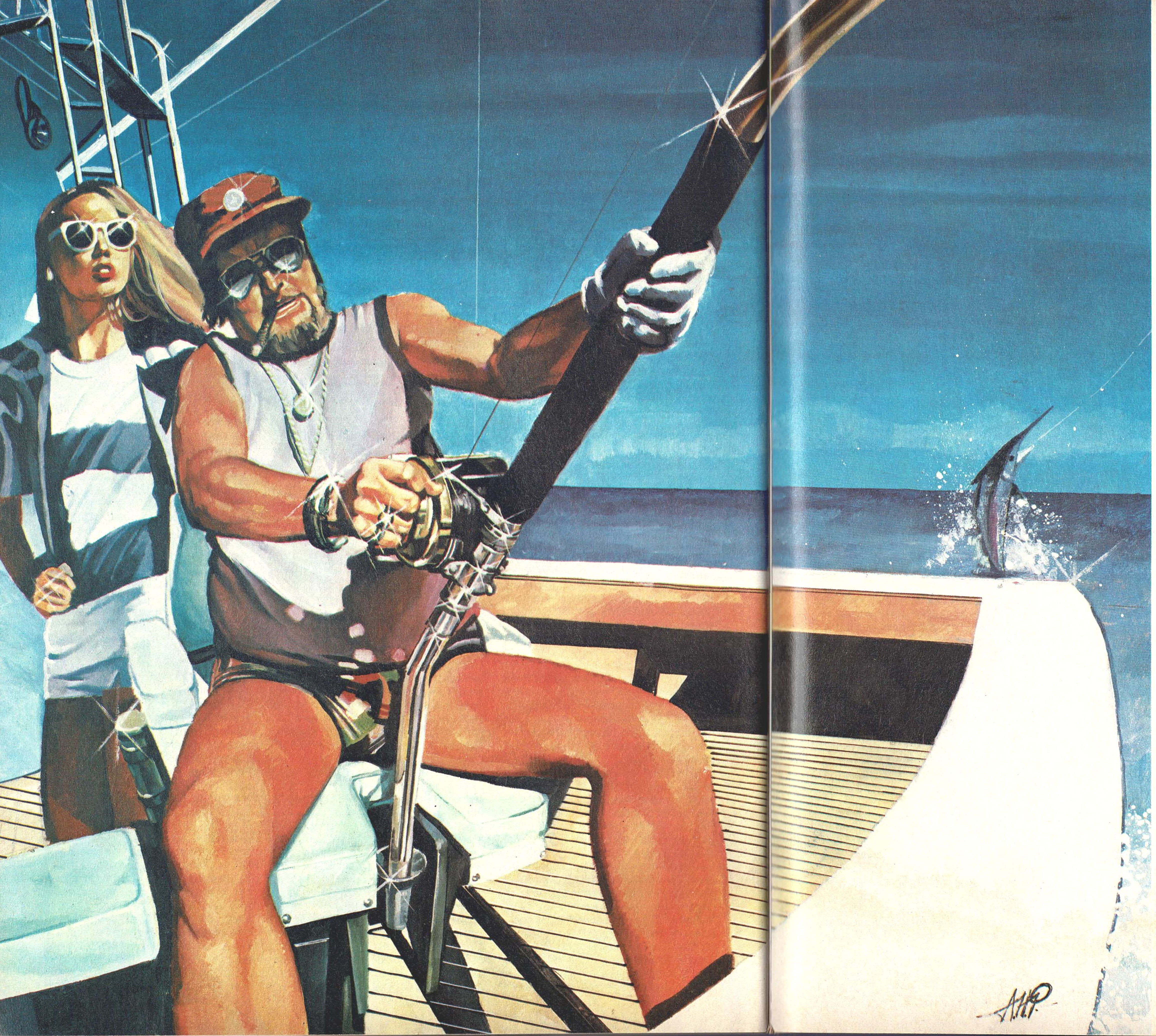


Illustration by Tony Pyrzakowski

Each year a strange breed
of well-heeled adrenalin freaks descend on
the Barrier Reef to pit their skills
against the giant game fish.

HOOKED ON THE MARLIN GAME

BY PHIL JARRATT

The first thing you notice about the men who hunt giant marlin is their likeness to their prey — slick, proud and driven by forces which are at first difficult for an outsider to comprehend. The second thing you notice about marlin hunters is that they aren't short of a quid. The third thing you notice about marlin hunters is that they're not exactly busting a gut to lodge themselves between the covers of *Australian Penthouse* magazine.

This story begins then, not with a macho Hemingway quote about men pitting their skills against the creatures of the deep but with an admission. I got it under false pretences, serving slops to a bunch of fat cats from behind the bar of the good mothership Petaj.

I hope the people concerned will forgive me, both for my short change on the double shots and for my fearlessly befuddled reporting of what goes on out there on the reef during The Season.

Late in October, 1979, Mrs Gloria Tyson, wife of American chicken king Ron Tyson, confesses to a reporter from *The Australian* newspaper that big game fishing is "a bit like being on dope — once you start you can't give it up". Seized by the significance of this off-the-cuff remark, your intrepid correspondent makes haste to a northbound jetliner and several scotches later finds himself at the very apex of the springtime home of the international marlin junkies, Cairns, glamor capital of far north Queensland.

Now read on . . .

"You wouldn't believe the money," says Paul Kamsler, thrusting a plate of grilled barramundi in the general direction of your correspondent. "They don't care how much it costs, they want to catch the biggest fish in the world." Kamsler has been in Cairns since 1952, and this past decade he's seen it all happen.

As proprietor of the Tradewinds Hotel, the closest thing to a Hilton around, he is the contact point for the strange breed of well-heeled adrenalin freaks who descend on Cairns each spring.

They want the best, and more of it than anyone else, and Kamsler makes a point of giving it to them. Seafood platters that would make a Kampuchean weep, cars, taxis, all-night room service. Then they are off.

Out on the reef in small boats. Fishing, drinking, raging, fishing, drinking, talking fishing. Ocean madness out on the rim of the Coral Sea. All right! I want in.

I phone Tony Doreian, skipper of the twin-screw motor vessel Petaj, which is a mother ship servicing three game boats out on the reef. The Petaj is off on a charter in the morning, but the skipper wants to check me out before he agrees to anything.

So I run through the heavy rain of a Cairns morning and find Doreian, short, chunky and ginger-bearded, loading the booze on board.

We reach an agreement. I won't harrass the guests and he'll let me help the crew. We steam at midday with a sou'easter on our tail.

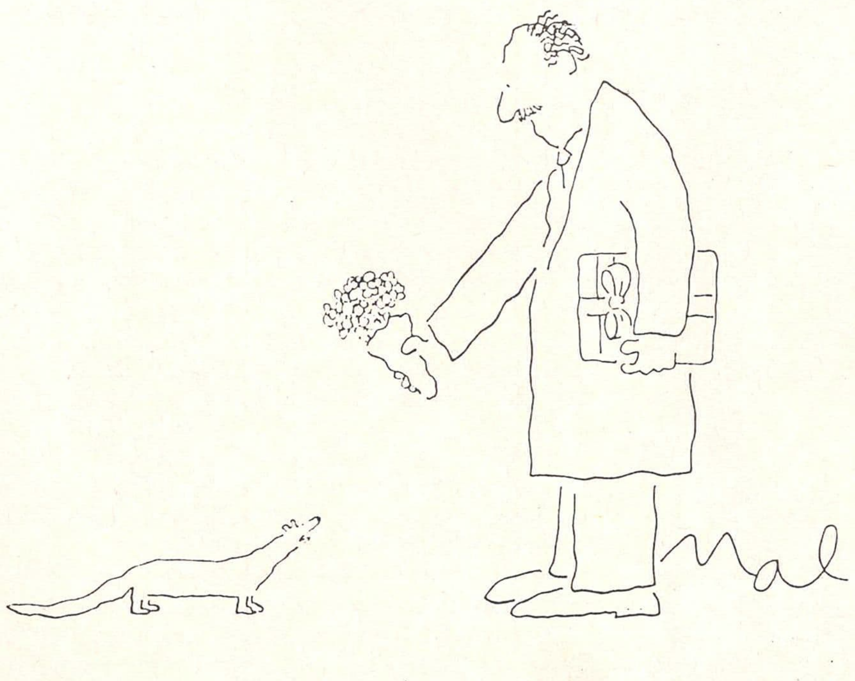
In September, October and November the giant black marlin come out of the deep and feed on the edges of the Great Barrier Reef. They're something to see. Whoever wrote that crap in *Genesis* about man having dominion over the fishes of the sea hadn't encountered these mothers, 500kg or more, rearing up out of the water and glistening momentarily in the sun.

Dominion here is an even money bet, which makes it great sport. Rich man's sport. Kind of sick, kind of sad, but mind-boggling in its excitement.

The ecological debate goes on, of course, with the latest anglers' retort being to the effect that "if we don't get them the Japanese long-lines will". But there are rules.

It's bad form to land a fish under 1000lb (forget the metrics, 400-odd kilos doesn't sound the same) unless it's an angler's first catch, and many feel strongly enough about it to "walk" a reject around the boat before cutting it loose to the depths.

Which doesn't alter the fact that marlins which have been cut loose have generally expelled their stomachs, are bleeding profusely and face a harrowing few weeks as ocean-going cripples, if they live that long. It's undeniably cruel, but then so is gutting a mullet.



"What I would really like is a coat made out of chorus girls!"

What gets under most people's skin is that these anglers are hideously wealthy, and once their egoes are satisfied they have no further use for the Goliaths of the sea.

They don't even eat them, is a remark you often hear. If Hitler had been partial to Jews on toast would history have been kinder to him?

So here we are on the good ship Petaj, steaming north to St Crispins, our first reef of call. Me and the skipper and the serious crew. Al, the deckhand, a kid from Gosford working his way round the top. The skipper reckons he'll be a good one when he learns his pleases and thankyous.

There's Melanie, the chef, who leaves hubby and the kids in port and goes mad in the galley. And Liz and Sandy whose job it is to see the customers have a good time, within the bounds of good taste and propriety.

(Actually they've both been mistaken for hookers, which is not their fault, just a by-product of being at sea for weeks at a time. Once they set the record straight they say they have no problems. In fact, when a hooker did spend a few days on the Petaj, she found she couldn't cover the rent. Anglers, it seems, need all their energy.)

On board we have enough booze to aah, sink a ship, food for two weeks of cordon bleu cooking, a stash of tapes to suit all tastes (Neil Young, Boney M, Rachmaninoff), color telly, two sets of backgammon, a roulette wheel, cigars, a bunch of lousy paperbacks (the rich don't need to read), several potted palms and a medicine chest full of hangover cures.

Doreian's big go is to stand behind the wheel and power through the gaps in the reef, jumping up and down to the music pounding through the eight speakers placed strategically throughout the ship. A former Melbourne TV repairman, he built a boat in his backyard and took to the sea, eventually finding his way to Cairns. This is his first season mothershipping for the marlin loonies. The anglers, he says, are "crazy but nice".

The Petaj, built in 1943 as a cruiser for a Sydney millionaire, is one of about half a dozen motherships working the reef between Dunk and Lizard Islands. The motherships anchor each night behind the reef currently being fished and serve as weighing stations, five star restaurants, cocktail bars and hotels. Most anglers charter a smaller game boat for the day's fishing and share the cost of the mothership with other groups. At $400 a day for the game boat, $350 a night for the mothership, $25 a head for each day's catering plus drinks, you don't get much change out of 10 grand at the end of a week.

The real high rollers, like actor Lee Marvin and Paramount producer John Frankenheimer, put a higher price tag on complete privacy and usually charter two boats for their own use. Frankenheimer, who is following us up the reefs on this trip, is halfway through a 23-day charter and hasn't yet been fishing.

The game boat just sits and waits for him to say the word. Skipper Tony Doreian likes to operate the 17-berth Petaj with two game boat charters coming in each evening, but on this voyage we have three boats and the likelihood of 30 or more people at the bar.

Tonight at St Crispins, a lucky break. The anglers won't be joining us until the morning.

We anchor inside a line of white caps and one solitary black coral rock. The only work to be done is the weighing of a couple of marlin. As the sun sets the party lights on the mothership Febrina go on a hundred metres away across the water. Out on the deck, John Frankenheimer can be seen sitting cross-legged, glass in hand, reading.

The black marlin brought in for weighing just before dark is the first one I've seen. A handsome corpse. The skipper and Al hoist it on the block and tackle while the angler looks on with a passionate interest in the flick of the scales. This is his first marlin and it weighs in under a grand — a "rat" in the parlance of the big game fishermen. The angler is suddenly totally disinterested. He stares blankly while Al saws through the bone above the tail and the carcass slithers into the depths.

Fifteen minutes later, Garrick Agnew, a mining tycoon from Perth, brings in his marlin.

This one is a monster. The fish is hoisted and the scales flash between 1100 and 1200lb, but before Doreian can pinpoint the weight I feel the steady rope fly through my hands and jerk me almost over the stern.

The one that almost got away. Gaffs and ropes come from nowhere and the corpse is saved.

I look up at the scales and see one of the more revolting sights of the marlin game — a glistening tail with giant bloody muscle tissues dangling from it. Dead a couple of hours, the fish has fallen apart under its own weight. It is hoisted again and weighed alongside its tail. 1150lb, the second biggest fish weighed on the Petaj this season, but it's not a record so Agnew isn't interested. Slice and slither. Burial at sea.

Later Agnew comes on board to chomp on cigars, fondle his lady, sip a few after-dinner wines and generally shoot the breeze. After eight seasons on the reef, most of them on his own vessel, Pannawonica, Agnew has made a fair impression on the record books.

Two years ago he landed a 1323lb monster near Lizard Island and cleaned up the records and trophies, only to be equalled by a woman using a lighter tackle two weeks later.

That must have hurt. Still, Agnew is recognised as one of the best. He calls the skipper Bill, and the skipper, cognisant of the master/servant relationship that exists in the best hotels and on the high seas, makes no effort to correct him.

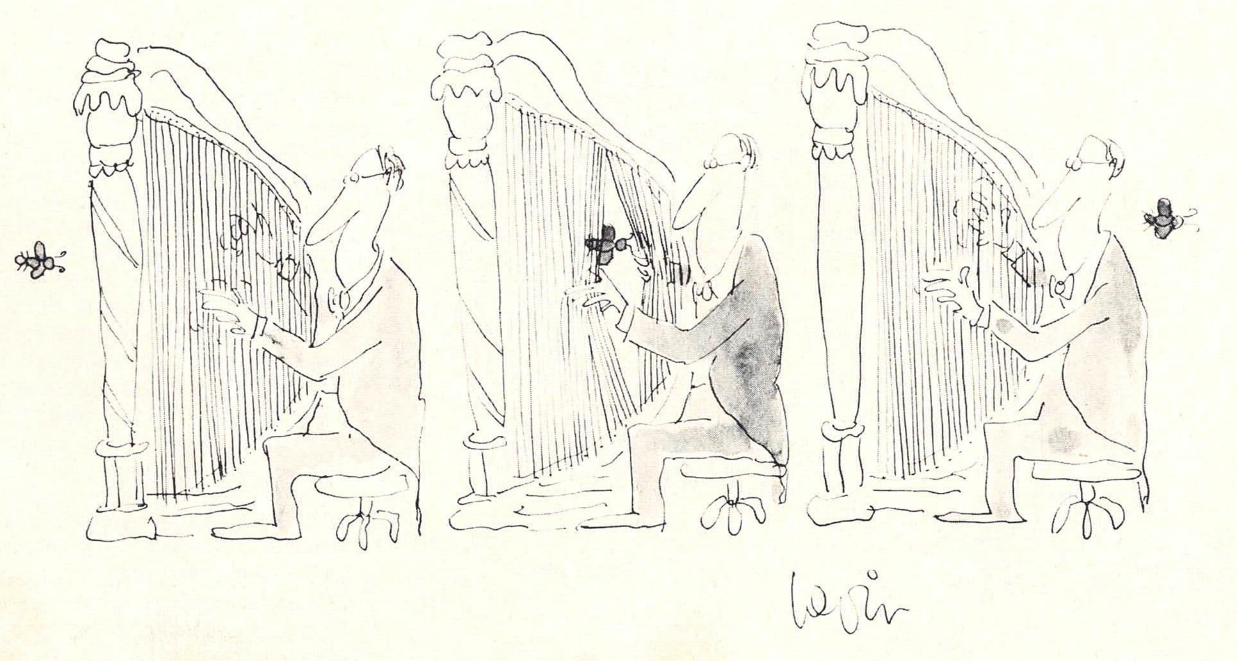
The day the charters join us is less than your classic Barrier Reef brochure blue. The wind howls and rain squalls hit us on average every 30 minutes as we ply our way up to Number Five Ribbon Reef.

The skipper has four radios in the wheelhouse, as well as the blaring tape deck, and on one of them we hear the Japanese long-liners just over the horizon.

On another we can hear the news that a man named Buster May has pulled in what appears to be a new world record black marlin up near Lizard.

May, who owns a chain of food stores in the US, is an ageing cripple with a heart condition. According to deckhand legend they start lowering the flag every time he gets one on the line, but Max thrives on the battle. He's more likely to towel it back at the office, signing a six-figure cheque.

First of our guests to arrive is Alec



Mildren, the former Australian champion formula one racing driver. Almost 20 years after his last lap of honor, Mildren is a fit, grey-haired figure in a sun hat and Hemingway khakis. With him is his wife, Marjorie, and Mr and Mrs John Toohey, of beer fame.

The Mildrens and the Tooheys make it up to the reef every year, usually in their own boats, but this year is a rush trip, in and out in seven days.

Next on board is the Hooker charter, Robert and Georgette Douwma, antique dealers from London, and Marco somebody, a handsome Latin who owns a string of clubs in Tahiti. The Douwmas are regulars on the reef, vying each year for the honors in the annual newsletter of the Cairns Game Fishing Club.

Georgette, all 1.7 metres of her, was the aforementioned small woman who shared Garrick Agnew's season record in 1977. Robert, a thin, chain-smoking Dutchman, has lately taken to using absurdly light tackle, claiming that the real buzz is the fish you catch with no help from anyone.

At dusk the Tanderra ties up alongside and the teams of Choate, Hamlin and one Eldeen McKinney makes a beeline for the already crowded bar. This is Florida's contribution to the Petaj's Club International. Tim Choate is a podgy, youngish lawyer from Coral Gables who made his money designing the Striker, now a standard game boat construction. His pal, Ronnie Hamlin, is a professional game skipper who has just taken time out to write the definitive steamy novel about the game fishing set.

Rubber-faced and slightly hampered by a polio affected right arm, Hamlin needs only three or four rums under his belt to explain his book like this: "It's about five millionaires on giant ego trips who put up a million each, winner take all, for a round-the-world tournament. It's full of sex and drugs and violence and all the anglers are gonna snap it up to read about themselves."

The book ends with the villain, the richest, dirtiest cheat of all, harpooned in the guts with a marlin bill on the reef off Cairns. "It seemed like a fitting end for a real prick," says Hamlin, grinning slyly at Eldeen.

Eldeen ("Needle spelt backwards, but it doesn't mean anything") runs an anglers' bar at Marathon Shores, down in the Keys.

She's along for the ride and today she caught her first fish, around 300lb. "Oh wow," she says. "It was something else. Same again, please. I'm celebrating tonight."

It's funny how people with a lot of money don't like to see the actual folding stuff change hands. Money to them is a scribbled note or a piece of plastic or a radio-telephone call to a nail-biting stockbroker. For this reason the bar on the Petaj operates on a credit book, which enables the barman to see not only how much each person owes, but also how each downfall occurs.

Maiming and killing marlin is apparently thirsty work, causing severe dehydration which cannot be cured by mere quantity, only by sampling every drink available and then washing it down with more beer.

More conventional in their drinking habits, but no less serious about the true purpose of the cocktail hour, are the game boat skippers and their deckhand crews.

These guys have the unenviable task of finding the marlin, baiting the hooks and ensuring the catch. At a grand day the customer doesn't want to be screwed around.

Tensions run high, skippers yell at deckhands, deckhands yell at each other and at night they get drunk. Camaraderie in the best Hemingway tradition. If there is a certain polite aloofness in skipper-angler relations, there is no such impediment when skippers and deckies get boozed together.

On this occasion, we have three of the best marlin skippers on board — John Cowell, skipper of the Tanderra, a reef veteran featured in a string of movies John Frankenheimer has made about himself; The Avalon's Peter Bristow, a marine scholar who studies spawning patterns and knows more about marlin than most; and Peter Wright, skipper of the Hooker, a smooth-talking, affable pro who flies in for the season from Hawaii's Big Island.

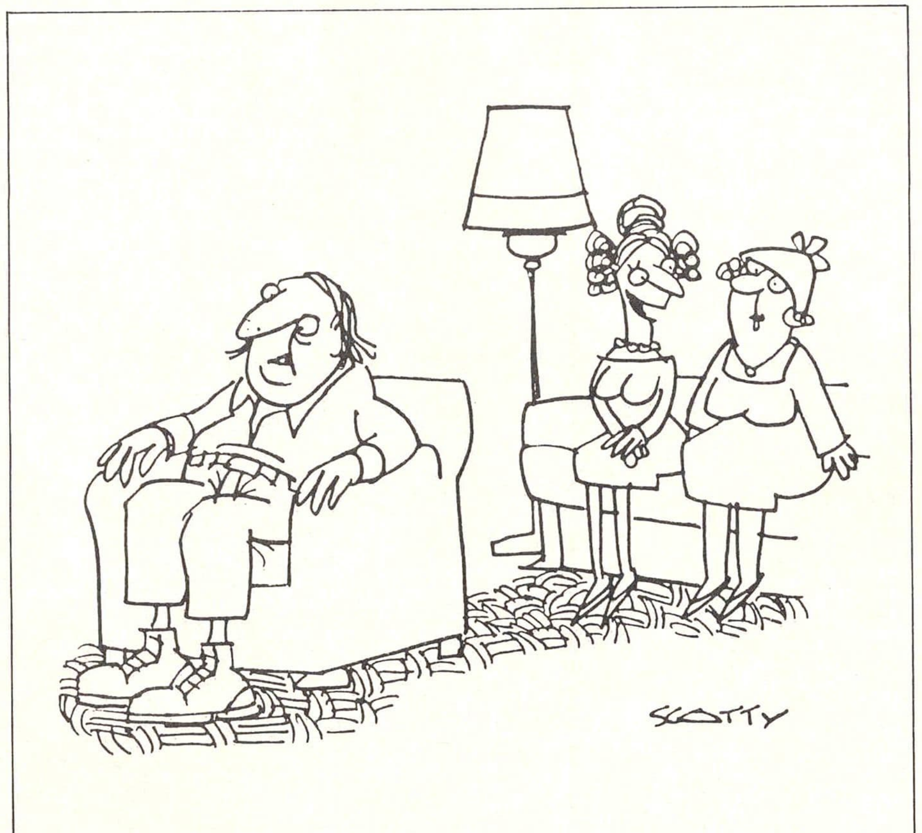
The deckhands are a mixture of wandering Aussie adventurers and US college types. Plus a few salty seadogs who'd do anything other than landlub.

You hear stories about skippers and deckhands receiving $1000 tips and first class air tickets half-way round the world for their toils, but more often than not a slap on the back and a round at the bar is the extent of their perks.

They work hard for good money (tight lips rule the marlin boats, but not many skippers would be poorer than $500 a week, and deckhands generally earn between $200 and $300) but these guys are pros who follow the game seasons around the world. They don't expect to be lavished with praise or dollar bills for doing their jobs.

"It does occasionally happen," says one veteran deckie. "An angler we had on board early in the season caught his first fish and went crazy in the bar that night. French champagne for two hours straight then he slipped a roll of fifties over to me and the other deckie. Frankly I was embarrassed by the whole thing. He seemed to think it was luck that things had gone right."

"Anybody slips me some bread or a gift,



"I don't know if it's a tribute to my cooking, but George passes wind a lot."

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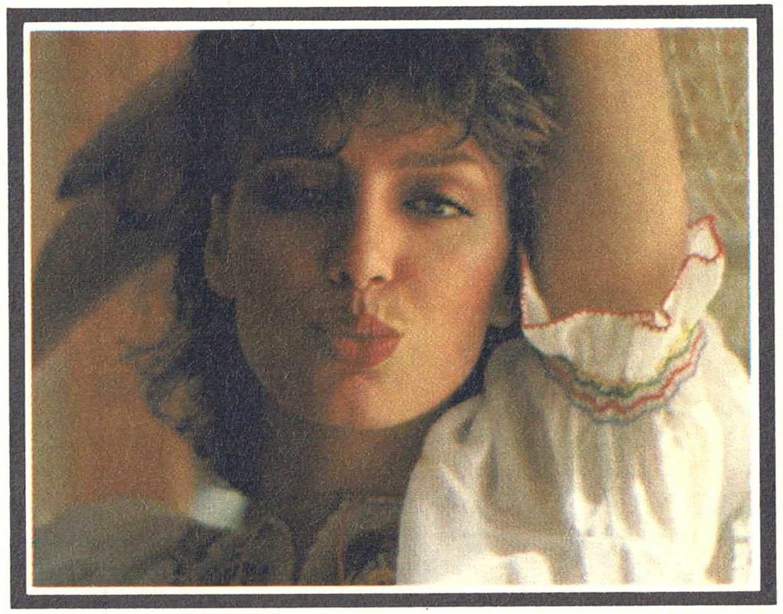

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I'll take it," says another. "I'm not proud. But you know how these bastards got so rich? Not by being big tippers, that's for sure."

Oh, it's a pretty wet show here at the bar as night turns into morning. Eldeen thinks she'll have another three or four for the road. What the hell, tomorrow we go fishing.

Tim Choate is having a beer for breakfast. The Mildrens are slightly shocked, but it's a free country. Eldeen thinks she'll line her stomach first. Ron Hamlin, who made a pig of himself early in the season and nearly puked with a big one on the line, agrees.

In the drunken madness of the night before, Hamlin has agreed to take me fishing.

We're out on Number Seven Ribbon with clear skies and a two-metre swell crashing on to the reef. We load the Tanderra with beer, rum, Coke and ice and hold on while John Cowell powers out through the gap at 20 knots, Jimmy Buffett hammering out of the twin speakers on the flybridge, which is appropriate.

Not yet accustomed to the roll of the hull, I'm feeling a little like a cheeseburger in paradise myself. Half a kilometre outside the reef Cowell cuts back the motor and deckhands Art and George troll two scad lines, which is game boat talk for catching bait. By 11am we're ready to start real fishing.

Eldeen is up on the bridge, her head in a book called *Contract Killer.* Choate and Hamlin share a mug of rum and watch the preparation, which looks like hard work to me but according to Art is something you could do in your sleep. Briefly, the baits are wired and rigged so that the huge hooks protrude from the gut. Then the lines are run from two rods, holstered on either side of the game chair, down in a big U extending maybe 30 metres behind the boat and back up on to two adjustable outriggers. It's a complex system but the theory behind it is simple: the marlin takes the bait and pulls the line out of its outrigger clip.

With a lot of slack line on the water the fish can swim off and feel safe about swallowing its catch. By the time the line runs out the angler is in the chair and ready for battle.

With the lines rigged, Hamlin and Choate stand behind the chair and drink, peering through sunglasses at the opaque silver water behind our wash. The deal is that Choate is on the left, Hamlin on the right for the first hour, then changeabout.

John Cowell stands on the bridge steering over his shoulder. He wears a tense, gap-toothed smile and seldom takes more than one eye off the recently-departed fish skiing along behind, thankfully oblivious to their impending dismemberment.

At four minutes to midday there is a splash that only trained eyes can see, and Cowell calls: "On the left." The line is out of the outrigger clip. Hamlin says he saw it jump.

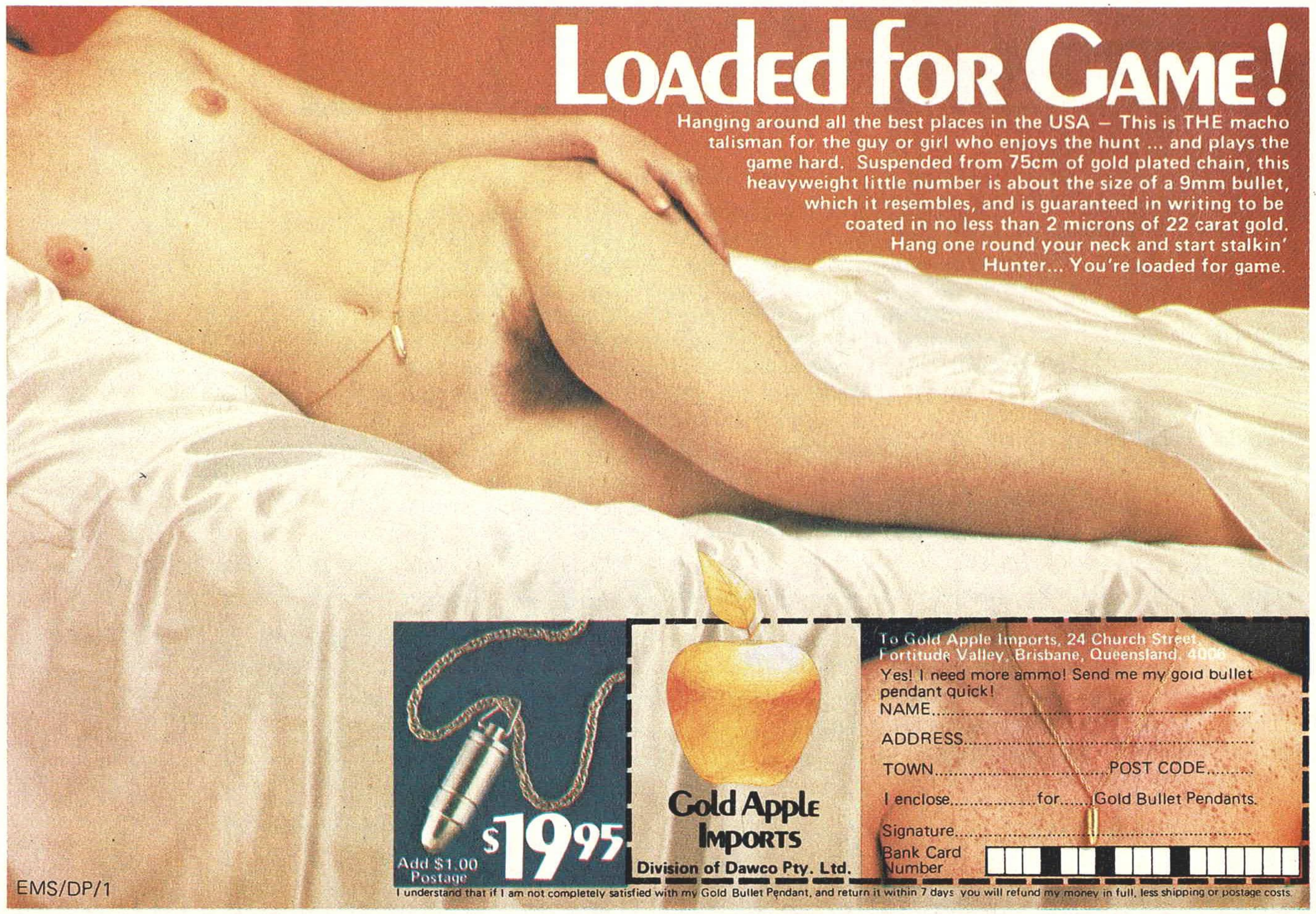
Choate doesn't need a second invitation, he dives for the chair and rips the rod out of the holster and into the gimbal while the deckhands slap the harness on. There's a sudden electricity in the air. I'm trying to watch his face as the line goes taut and he strikes at the fish, the impact lifting his arse out of the chair and his legs tense on the footrest.

Between the heads of the deckies I can see his head nodding, his tongue smacking his lips and a strange manic grin. Then Choate is screaming: "All right! Sonnavabitch! Get up here you mother." Hamlin, who shot the jumping marlin in the Seagrams advertisement, has his camera at the ready and spiritually he's as much in the chair as his friend.

Five minutes later the battle is all but won. The marlin, estimated at 700lb by Cowell and the others, jumps without real strength 10 or 15 metres from the boat. Its stomach hanging out of its bill, blood streaming from the hook wound, the fish has no fight left.

"Let it go," says Choate, and the deckhands quickly tag it for future reference and cut the line.

This is a moral victory. Choate has proven dominion over the fishes in the sea, and in all probability spared a life. He's out of the chair and into a victory dance, slapping hands and hooting. Eldeen gets the drinks.



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"That wasn't the one we were lookin' for," Choate explains. "Man, that fish was dead boring," adds Hamlin.

"Hooked too deep. They come up with a bad case of the shakes, ain't got the brains to fight."

Two hours later the right line goes down and Hamlin, who has seen the fish jump, is in the chair before John Cowell can make his call.

This one is bigger. As Hamlin makes his strike and starts to reel in with his gammy right hand I'm thinking of Buster May, his old ticker working overtime while three people help him into the chair.

Christ, that really must be something to see.

The fish surfaces again and the concensus is 1000lb, at least. "Watch it light up," says Choate. This is a reference to an international debate between American and Australian anglers. The Americans reckon black marlin "light up" with excitement at the moment of strike. The Australians hold that a marlin about to take bait gets darker, almost jet black. It all happens so fast I wonder how they can tell.

Hamlin continues to reel in and the excitement mounts. I remember my tape recorder and flick it on to capture the moment.

Lots of engine noise as Cowell accelerates and backs down, and lots of comments relating to sex with one's mother and subsequent damnation at the hands of The Almighty, but this is what I pick up:

Choate: You got some tape? I cut my finger.

Deckhand: I don't think so, I'll have a look.

Choate: Goddamn. Ain't seen a medicine chest yet with what you want.

Hamlin: Oh my god, he's huge. Take a look at that.

Eldeen: All right, all right.

Choate: You're smilin', Ronnie. You don't have enough pressure on.

Cowell: Here he comes.

Hamlin: Jesus, look at that fucker!

Choate: How big, how big?

Hamlin: I don't know, I don't know how big.

Cowell: What do you want to do with it, Ron?

Hamlin: I don't know.

Cowell: Ronnie?

Hamlin: I don't know, I don't know yet.

Cowell: How big?

Choate: 110 or better.

Cowell: He ain't that big. We'll have another look.

Choate: Tag it, get a tag in!

Deckhand: What are we gonna do? Tag him?

Hamlin: He's right here, by the boat.

Choate: What's that? Next to him. It's a shark. (Two smaller marlin surface with the catch.)

Cowell: No, it's okay. Get him. Have a look at him. How big?

Hamlin: Wait, wait, wait, fuckin' wait.

Choate: How big?

Hamlin: I don't know.

Deckhand: Do you want him or not?

Cowell: Get a gaff in the bastard.

Hamlin: Let him go. I just don't know. (Deckhand cuts the line.)

Cowell: He wasn't that big, Ronnie.

Choate: He was 900. Fuck it, he was 910.

Cowell: He wasn't 1100.

Choate: He was 910, goddammit. All right! Jesus Christ, beautiful!

Hamlin: I don't think so either John. But god, he was some fish.

Thirteen minutes and 50 seconds after the line went down the battle is over. Another moral victory.

Elated — no, more than that, stoked to the gills — Hamlin and Choate get fresh drinks. The fish didn't fight like they'd hoped it would, but he was an improvement on the first.

"Okay," says Choate, pointing a finger at your correspondent. "Get that crap off your neck (tape recorder, camera), you're next."

We troll for almost an hour. Nothing. Then the right line goes down. I'm momentarily transfixed on the bridge, my eyes on that chair. It's like there's a crazed dentist waiting in the wings with a Black and Decker. I can't move. Cowell screams out the call. Choate swings around, slurping rum on his tee shirt. "Get in the goddamn chair!"

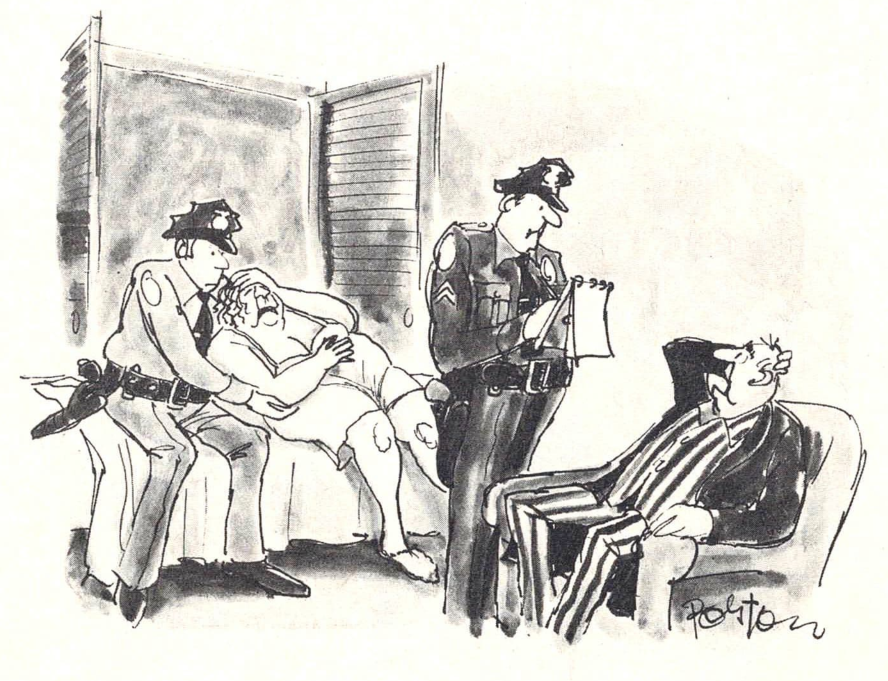
Reflex action takes over. I'm in the chair and grappling with the rod before I know it. Choate, Hamlin and the deckhands are harnessing me. The line goes taut and I don't know whether I should be reeling.

This question is answered by an almighty tug which plants my groin against the harness and my bum in the air. Am I tied to the chair or to the fish? The line goes slack and I start to reel. Again I feel the monster on the end of the line and my legs are rigid against the foot plate, holding me into the boat.

What happened to Jonah? Did he get out in the end? These are the thoughts that plague you when your mind is racing off the clock.

The second line goes down. Cowell calls again, a flurry of activity somewhere behind my left shoulder and my line goes slack. Suddenly nothing. What we have here is a double-header. The marlin has gone for the second bait and expelled them both. Well, at least I felt it. My heart is pounding.

Sitting in the chair while the deckies undo the harness I'm reminded of another time, in Spain. At the bullfights. The



". . . When I came to, my wife had been assaulted and every bite of her tuna pie had been eaten . . . I knew then it had to be the work of a mad man!"

matador makes the kill and presents the ears to the mayor. The crowd goes crazy. I'm sitting in the cheapest part of the arena and I snap back to reality and find myself sharing in this foreign, incomprehensible elation, a goatskin at my mouth and red wine running down my shirt. Some kinds of excitement are so intense they defy rationale. I know I won't be the same for weeks.

Boarding the Petaj that evening I trip on the deck and stumble over Rob Douwma's new Australian record, caught on a six-pound line, the kind you'd chuck off the beach and hope to find a bream. 167lb of black marlin reeled in on a kiddie's rod.

The thing I'd felt was somewhere around 400lb on an 80lb line. So there's sport and there's sport. Douwma seems nonplussed. He doesn't want to take it in for official weighing, so the deckhands cut out a kilo for breeding research and Peter Bristow claims the testes for spawning study. It's a sad end for a little battler. Douwma shrugs and wanders inside to order a beer.

The talk at the bar is of giant fish, boat design, Bimini, Kona and other stops on the game fishing jet route. Subjects of which I know nothing, but it's marvellous how you relate once you're shared the experience, however briefly.

I'm told these mothership bars are the scene of some terrible ego clashes — can you imagine the likes of Nicklaus, Marvin and Frankenheimer debating the size of their respective catches? — but tonight the vibes are good. Rock and roll on the tape deck and Grandfather ports all round, which doesn't signal the conclusion of the night's drinking as it does on land. Out here it's only the start. Full moon night on the Great Barrier Reef.

"Goddamn, I feel good," says Choate. I know what you mean, I pipe in. And it's true, I do understand the high, even if I don't feel it in the way that Choate and Hamlin are feeling it, having played a couple of big ones.

Or the way that Douwma seems to be feeling it, cruising around the ship in his strange, detached way, possibly dreaming up a scheme to catch a bigger fish on smaller tackle. The game fishing rush filters right through the boats, even to skipper Tony Doreian, who averages two hours sleep a night.

These people live for the catch, and it sometimes makes them do curious things.

Take Frankenheimer for example. The man makes action movies for a living and movies about himself and his wife for a hobby.

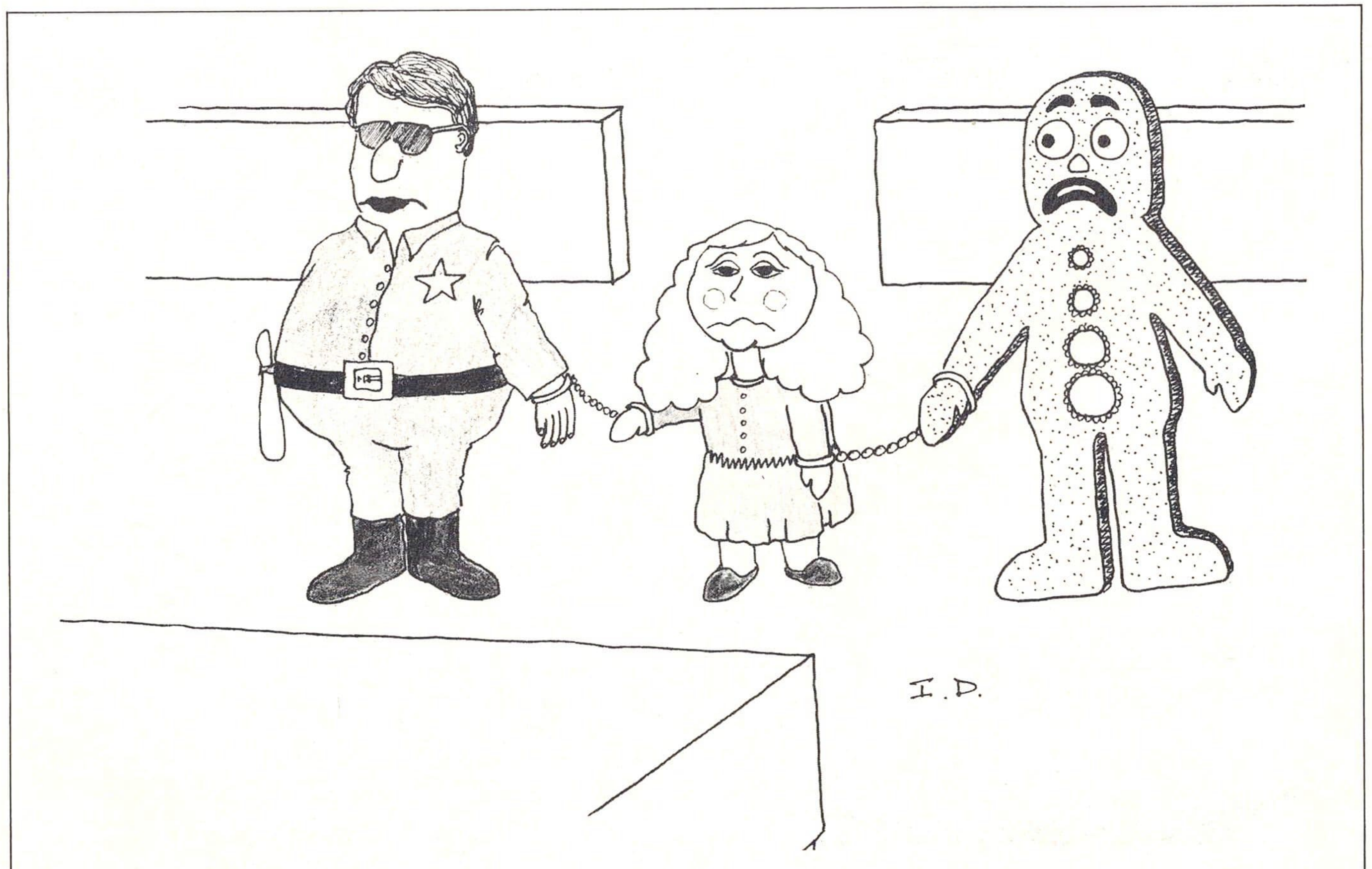
Cut briefly to Cairns, where the Kamsler boys, Paul and Mark, are showing me Frankenheimer's home movies about his quest for black marlin. There's John Cowell on the bridge, just as I saw him, and he's making the call. Frankenheimer is in the chair and somewhere offstage a band strikes up Waltzing Matilda. Waltzing Matilda, for Christ's sake! The great man battled him to the boat and the deckhands cut the marlin loose. A close-up of the veins popping out of the producer's forehead, and the immortal words: "By letting that marlin go I was letting go of a piece of myself, but I knew there'd be other days . . ."

Or here's Frankenheimer on the beach at Malibu. He's expected out on the reef but business has reared its ugly head His wife must go instead. Hand in hand they wander at dusk back up towards the Colony.

"Remember baby," Frankenheimer is saying. "Don't be afraid to get out of the chair and concede. That's the real challenge . . ." Cut, cut. Enough.

So what I'm really trying to say — and probably somewhat laboriously — is that people who hunt the giant black marlin are not the same as you and me. They're rich, they're crazy and they're driven by forces only true hedonists can understand.

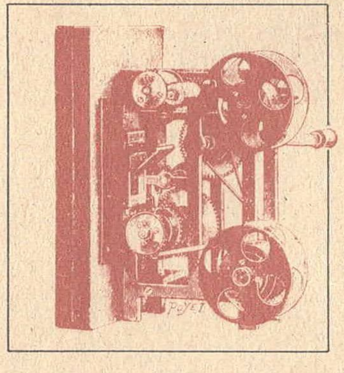
"Always remember Kowalski's first law," says Tim Choate, slipping into the dinghy, beer in hand, for another day's fishing. "The size of the fish you catch is directly proportionate to the amount of booze you consume. That's what fishing is all about."



"Her name's Gretel, Your Honor; she was sprung eating the Gingerbread man . . ."

REVIEWS

FILMS



NOT SO ELEMENTARY

If I hadn't seen it, I wouldn't have believed it: Sherlock Holmes shedding tears! And so it came to pass in this, the 27th portrayal of this famed detective who has been featured in more than 134 motion pictures in the past 50 years.

The previous 26 actors who played Sherlock Holmes included among their numbers the likes of John Barrymore, Christopher Lee, Raymond Massey, Peter Cushing, and most noted of all, Basil Rathbone. Who can forget the eccentric, erudite sleuth Rathbone played so well in *The Hound Of The Baskervilles* (1939)? The Holmes character was cold, competent and clinical as he searched for clues. And so the character remained unchanged over the years.

But now we have a detective of a different color. Paint him human, a la the performance that Christopher Plummer delivers so expertly in Anthony Page's (*I Never Promised You A Rose Garden*) thriller, *Murder By Decree*.

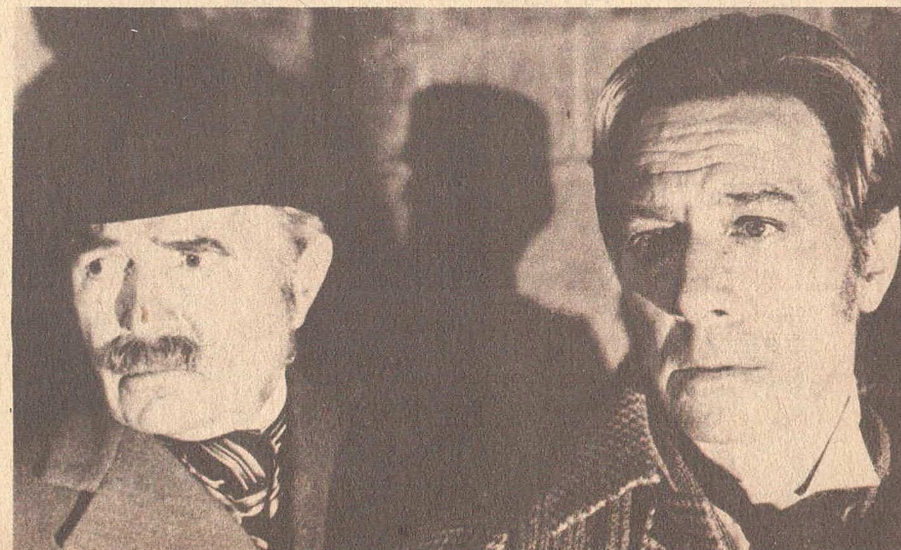
This is the first time the famed fictitious fact-finder has exhibited emotion, displayed his foibles, his feelings bubbling so close to the surface.

With all the other characterisations, one never really knew what the sexless wonders were thinking about concerning their cases and, more significantly, about the people involved in these cases. Sure, they loved the thrill of the hunt, the search for illusive clues that others over-looked or took for granted, but did any of them really care?

This one does, and it shows in each sequence of this film's very stylish performance by Plummer. "One of the most attractive things about him (Holmes) is his passion, which one doesn't think he has because he's so controlled," says Plummer who lets loose the control so skilfully.

Directed by Bob Clark, this Canadian/British co-production is set in London, circa 1888. It's the year of the reign of Jack The Ripper, the centrepiece of this murder mystery.

As Reg Morris' competent camera wends its way through a convincingly fog-shrouded London, it takes the place of the Ripper's eyes as he stalks yet another victim. Three murders have been committed along the dim, gas-lit streets before Holmes is "called in" to assist the police in their search for the brutal murderer. So what? one asks. How many countless films have been made that chronicle the terror of Jack The Ripper? What makes this one different? For one, the conclusion, which traces the murderer (who was never caught or identified) all the way up to Queen Victoria's throne and, *Murder By Decree* shows the crass hypocrisy of the upper classes of the time, the scandal caused by the birth of an illegitimate child at the high point of Victorian morality, and the lengths to which the followers of that code went to right the "wrong".



Dynamic duo: Plummer and Mason.

All this is not to say that Bob Clark's film is faultless, for it isn't. There are far too many clues slung at the audience, and one long-winded dissertation which reveals the conclusion. Much more interesting would have been a piecemeal revelation throughout. But this is offset very nicely by the fine performances given by Plummer as Holmes, and that of James Mason as his ever-present companion, Dr Watson. And perhaps significantly, Clark leads us on with subtle innuendo as to the true relationship between the two. Was it a discreet homosexual relationship, or was it maternal affection the elderly Watson felt for his younger friend Holmes?

The conclusion can be either. The choice is yours. But I know where I'd put my money. It is not to say that Clark has imbued the relationship with seedy characteristics. Not in the least. But he does make you question it.

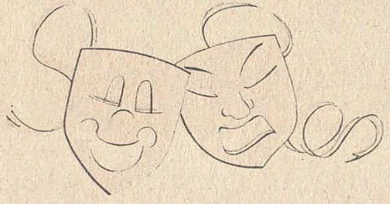
The interaction between these two actors, Mason and Plummer, begs one to cry out for another pairing as the famous detecting duo.

The film may destroy many illusions about the Holmes character, but I loved the breath of fresh air Plummer brings to the role . . . a breath of humanity that speaks of romanticism, of graciousness.

That alone makes the 100 minutes of faithfully reconstructed back streets of London worth watching.

I know it's called "*10*", but it's really a number one film. Blake Edwards' film "*10*", that is. Number one entertainment that is. It's observant, it's shrewd, it's cleverly handled. And it stars the comic's comic, Dudley Moore, in his first solo full-length feature role.

After his hit cameo appear-



ance as a sex-starved, sex-obsessed swinger in last year's *Fowl Play*, it was only a matter of time before some clever casting director snapped up Moore to display more of the talents of this writer, singer, composer and now, consummate actor.

"*10*" is a serious comedy . . . that is, it's a comedy with a neat moral tale to tell. As well as delivering generous and frequent laughs, philosophies about contemporary society are discussed, but, ultimately, and to the director's credit, they're left to the viewers' own judgements.

The film's plot is based loosely on an experience writer/producer/director Blake Edwards had on a grey Belgian morning. Catching a glimpse of a woman in a limousine, he wondered what she was like. Was she beautiful? Was she sensuous? Was she erotic? As the limousine sped off into the distance, Edwards thought to himself that his chance sighting might make a good idea for a movie, someday.

What a relief that Edwards finally took the time to do it . . . and the result is a small masterpiece called "*10*". Edwards has not only developed his fine Belgian idea, but brought to the public's attention a fine acting talent — Dudley Moore — who should grace more screens in the future. For without casting Moore in the lead role as George Webber, a four-time Oscar winning composer of what one ardent fan called "elevator music", the film would lose considerable charm.

Moore develops the Webber character with genuine warmth, in spite of George's voyeuristic tendencies (his telescope trained on a neighbor's ongoing sex orgies), his leaning towards self-confessed male chauvinism, and his affinity for more than a snifter or two of brandy.

George Webber embellishes Edwards' basic idea when he sights a vision in white in a limousine stopped at a traffic light on one of Beverley Hills' salubrious avenues. The fact that the lady is obviously on her way to her own wedding doesn't deter George, who has just turned 42 and feels every year of it.

At his surprise party, held by his lyricist, Hugh, a gay and ageing man, scrambling, like George to hold on to his youth, George asks the woman in his life: "How do you feel about 42?" Sam (Julie Andrews breaking out of her *Sound of Music* mould), a liberated, no-holds-barred musical comedy star, is at a loss to understand what he means. Is it the male menopause, a mid-life crisis, or is George, as his psychiatrist asserts, obsessed with "the ugliness of old age"?

Dudley Moore adds acting to his list of talents.

Perhaps to prove to himself that there is more to life than a plush pad in Bel Air, a Rolls-Royce Cornice, and an attractive and willing bed partner in the shape of Sam, George pursues the lady in white (Jenny, played by one of the most sumptiously delicious women to grace the Hollywood scene in eons, the long-legged, the very beautiful Bo Derek, who not only looks good, but who can act, too), right into the church.

From there on he becomes obsessed with finding and possessing her . . . his perfect "10". Confessing to his psychiatrist that not only does the illusive lady make it to the top of the 10 out of 10 desirability stakes, George rates her a definite "11" . . . and he wants all of her.

And nothing, but nothing will distract him from his search and conquest. Not even Sam. Not even putting up with a tuneless minister (played by Max Showalter) who composes and insists on playing tunes like "I have an ear for love, you're a rainbow of paradise to me" before divulging the name of "11". Next a six-cavities-to-be-filled visit with the bride's father, a prominent dentist, where George discovers that his heart's desire is honeymooning at Las Hadas, a kitsch-looking Mexican resort.

Up until this stage of the film, the comedy flows with a smoothness that just borders on the verge of outright hysteria. The laughs come with such age-old devices as Moore walking on the hot sands of the beach by draping two towels, one before the other, in order to walk. Or in Moore's fall down the steep hillside that surrounds his home, after being knocked down while trying to turn his telescope around to spy on his orgiastic neighbors. Or his failing efforts to climb back up again to answer a phone, which, needless to say, stops ringing when he finally emerges at the top of his Everest.

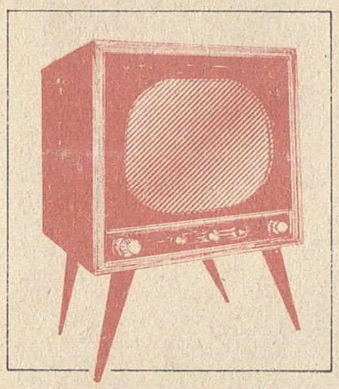
And it's Edwards' expert handling of these seemingly predictible comedy scenes which should be commended.

The tone of the film then gently shifts to the moral aspects. For it is an almost foregone conclusion that George will meet and bed his "11" . . . but it poses the question . . . is what you think you really want, what you genuinely want to get? Are both one and the same? The answers are, of course, no . . . and therefore a perfect device used by director Edwards to show the joy and pleasure of romantic love . . . and with a crispness and freshness not seen on the screen since, perhaps, those romantic comedies made in the '30s.

But all is not grim in the film's later half. The final sequence must be a classic. For as George's sex-obsessed neighbor (Don Calfa) trains his own telescope on the newly reunited George and Sam, he finds only gentle domestic bliss. In anger and frustration he screams out across the Bel Air canyon: "For a year I've shown him mine . . . and he doesn't show me his. I've given him X-rated entertainment and all he gives me is PG (Parental Guidance)!"

And that is only one reason to see "*10*". The fact that Henry Mancini again teams with long-time partner Edwards to score the music, and Carole Bayer Sager wrote many of the lyrics, helps, as does the fine acting abilities in all roles, no matter how minor, and the excellent script by Edwards, to make this a 10 out of 10 picture . . . or maybe even an 11. — *Alex Anthony.*

TV



THE RATINGS GAME

Among my reasonably wide circle of friends, acquaintances, work colleagues, barmaids, creditors and enemies, I know of only one person who has been asked to fill in a book for a television ratings survey.

He was delighted. Not only did he have a marked tendency toward eccentricity, he seldom if ever watched television.

Sometimes his wife did, but only if she had been smoking an illegal substance. She would watch television with the sound off. She liked the colors.

Their two children were not the greatest viewers, either. They sometimes switched on to the *Super Flying Fun Show*, old Gene Autrey movies and *The Three Stooges*, the last named program being no longer with us on the ridiculous grounds that it was too violent for young minds.

So with delight he filled in his ratings book. He even brought a copy of *TV Week* so that he could select programs that he suspected no one watched, odd little shows tucked away in the secret parts of the day. He hoped that through his efforts *Divine Service* and *In Your Garden* might rocket to the top of the ratings; new stars would be made out of men of the cloth and cabbages could be kings.

Of course, nothing of the sort happened. But he was rewarded for his efforts when the ratings people generously gave him a curious metal tray, the purpose of which has puzzled him to this day.

I mention this only to illustrate that ratings surveys are not always what they should be.

Australia has two ratings systems. One is the McNair Anderson system, which gives books to people in the hope that they will be filled in accurately and responsibly.

Some critics suggest that this is not always the case, that people might not like to admit they regularly watch, say, *The Restless Years* and fill in their ratings book with a program that could be considered more intellectually stimulating.

The other ratings system operates only in Melbourne and is run by the Roy Morgan company. It is a meter system which tells what programs individual sets are tuned to.

Of course, no one might be watching the television set. The television set might still be switched on but the couple of the house, carried away by an urgent need, could well be copulating in the bedroom while Don Lane drones on to nobody in the living room.

Yet these are the systems, or more especially the McNair Anderson survey, which dictates what we should watch.

This — and 1200 American households!

Because so many of our programs are imported from the United States, what is popular there will inevitably be screened in top viewing time in Australia.

The 1200 American households are those connected with the powerful AC Nielsen survey group, each linked via mechanical meters to the research company's rating system.

If the 1200 American households do not like a show, then off it comes faster than you can say Fred Silverman. No excuses. No second chances. On to the scrap heap and on with the next project.

I am rather troubled by this — by these 1200 households — because, after all, American suburbia is not noted for its good taste, it being responsible for such dubious benefits as plastic grass, Bermuda shorts on fat ladies, fast food factories, vast supermarkets, *Readers Digest* and Richard Nixon.

I'm aware that we have little choice in Australia because of the basic finances of producing television. For instance, an ordinary series produced by Mr Reg Grundy or Mr Hector Crawford costs around $35,000 an hour to make.

Don Lane comes in at around $25,000 an hour. And *The Paul Hogan Show* could cost up to $100,000 a show.

Actually, I find the Paul Hogan figure quite astonishing. Where does the money go? It cannot be for scripts because, to the casual observer, it is obvious that the Paul Hogan producers have tried to save money by not using scriptwriters. Nor are the sets exactly De Millean in their splendor.

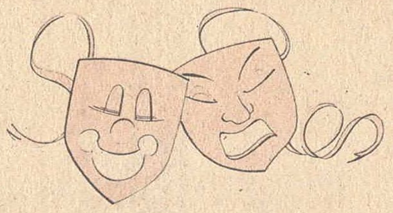
Maybe Mr Hogan's football socks are spun from the purest silk and his football shorts woven from the rare belly button lint of the almost extinct HaHa tribe of Lower Chad.

In comparison, our television moguls can buy from the United States an hour of a television series for a mere $8000, with variety specials at around $10,000. Thus America rules the airwaves.

At the same time, Australian-made shows are the most popular in this country. In the latest Top 20 shows compiled by the Australian Broadcasting Tribunal, 14 were Australian.

The most popular was *The Sullivans*, confirming my belief that the average Australian likes watching a program in

Cop Shop: *One of 14 local TV shows in the Top 20.*



which nothing happens apart from domestic arguments. This is, of course, a part of the voyeur syndrome that inflicts Australia.

The other top-rating Australian programs in order of popularity were the *Channel Nine News, This Fabulous Century, This Is Your Life, Prisoner, Willesee at Seven, Cop Shop, New Faces, Channel Seven News, The Don Lane Show* and *The Restless Years.*

Five of these shows cater to the voyeur. The Australian television industry must be proud. It has created a race of Peeping Toms.

What I decry is the fact that for three months of the year there are no ratings and the viewer is subjected to a pile of repeats, rubbish and rejects.

Many of the programs screened during this period are not necessarily ones the Australian program managers wanted to buy when on their annual trips to Hollywood.

The American television producer simply says to the Australian buyer: "Look, buddy, you wanna buy our highly-successful new series, The Pox Doctor's Clerk? Okay, it's yours. But you gotta take with it the not-so-successful series, The Wit of Jimmy Carter, and The Henry Kissinger Show."

The excuse of the television industry is that they cannot afford to put on top quality shows the whole year round, that over the summer period fewer people are watching.

But I fail to see why the ratings surveys could not be extended to cover the entire year.

Several organisations connected with the television industry have asked for this, including the Australian Association of National Advertisers and the Broadcasting Tribunal.

The Australian Broadcasting Commission, on the other hand, would rather not have ratings at all. But it criticised the fact, in its last annual report, that surveys cover only 32 of the 52 weeks of the year.

"To achieve the best results in terms of audience size, commercial stations — in television in particular — make no secret of their practice of scheduling programs of special audience appeal when the surveys are being taken," the ABC report said sternly.

"This artificial process does not benefit the audience."

It certainly does not. But then television stations were not put on this land to please the people. They were introduced only to make money for a few.

That is why the television stations have written the rules. The public must abide by them because no one, and least of all the Government, will change them. — *Neal Akerman*

SOUNDS

OUT ON A HIGH NOTE

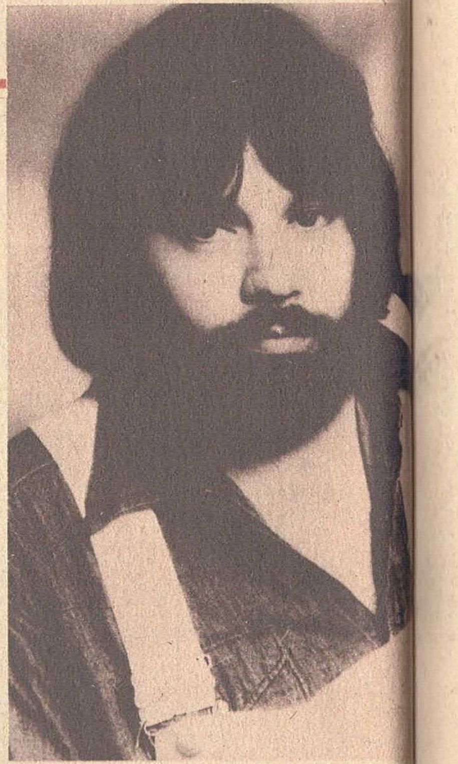
The real "last record album" from that great American music band of the 1970s, ***Little Feat*** is a tribute to both the lost art of musical understatement and the memory of the band's mentor, Lowell George. Little Feat were on the wane long before George's untimely death early last year — in fact George had already attempted to establish solo bono fides — but *Down On The Farm* (Warner Bros) seems to be the work of a band determined to go out on a high note.

Not a great album by any stretch of the imagination, *Farm* is nonetheless relaxed, clever and occasionally inspired. There will be critics who will feel obliged to say that Little Feat should have left their music well enough alone, and if you compare what's offered here to say, *Sailing Shoes*, you may tend to agree. This is not classic Little Feat, but it is the last we're going to hear of a great band.

I would compare it to early 70s Grateful Dead, circa *American Beauty*. The work of a band in disarray, the sum of the parts not quite equal to the whole, but still the magic comes through. Second cut, side one tells the story. Penned by George and the Dead's Keith Godchaux, Six Feet Of Snow is a Southern California hick-rock song with a distinctive Tex-Mex feel, right down to the accordians. At their peak Little Feat would have slaughtered this song, wrung it for every drop. Alas, the energy has gone, and the delivery is competent but uninspired.

Still with me? Good, because I'm going to let you in on a little secret about Professional Record Reviewing. Sometimes you strain for objectivity when you really shouldn't bother. For example, in these pages a few months ago I bagged The Eagles' *The Long Run,* and yet if you come around to my place for dinner you'll hear it until your ears can take no more. For no apparent reason I just dig it. Same thing here.

In the course of writing the totally sensible words above I've just listened to *Down On The Farm* three of four times and I realise that it's pointless to go on. Little Feat, like all the great bands, is a state of mind and this is the last record album, for Christ's sake. Front Page News has a dreadful string section and Wake Up Dreaming is straight Atlanta Rhythm Section, but so what? If they stopped bottling Rouge Homme in a bad year you'd still buy a dozen for old time's sake, wouldn't you? If you've loved Little Feat your collection needs this album, despite its unabashed mediocrity.



Little Feat: a tribute to Lowell George.

The Australian Guitar Album (Festival) features the work of some of the most extraordinary and extraordinarily ordinary antipodean axe artists. No doubt Oz rock historian and compilation expert Glenn A. Baker had his reasons for making this selection, but they are not immediately apparent to this reviewer.

Included here are some of the best homegrown guitarists of the past decade — Phil Manning, Lobby Lloyde, Kevin Borich, Mario Millo — but few of the cuts represent the musicians' best work. Perhaps there were contractual difficulties.

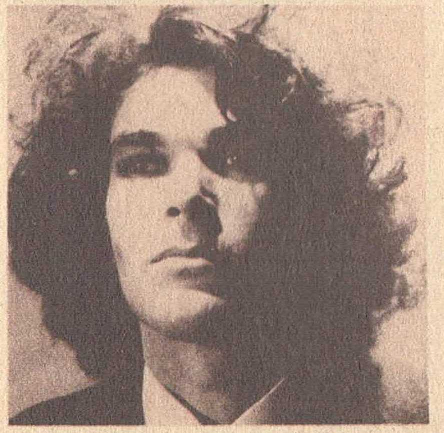
Whatever, Kevin Borich is capable of rivetting solo work far superior to End Of Me, although I have to admit he's not my cup of tea, and practically everything Phil Manning has done, from early Chain through to the present, is better than Turkey Trot. In what smacks of a direct hit on the Christmas pop/rock market, Baker and Festival have neglected the blues roots and jazz fusion playing which was so typical of our guitar heroes in their formative years, in favor of third-rate studio offcuts. Millo's Rebecca and Ronnie Peel's Let It Go, backed by last year's Sherbet, stand out. A good idea executed poorly.

Coming so soon after Dragon's *Power Play,* and featuring most members of the band in a variety of roles, it is inevitable that ***Marc Hunter's*** first solo album, *Fiji Bitter* (CBS) will be compared with the current product of his former band.

An unfair comparison because Dragon has clearly sorted out its future musical direction since Hunter's departure, while the singer has still to decide whether he wants to be David Bowie or Boz Scaggs.

However, *Fiji Bitter* is an impressive solo debut. Hunter has a useful (although not particularly strong) voice and a great knack for spitting out lyrics, and here he is helped out by a sympathetic Richard Lush production, some fine Rick Formosa arrangements and the ubiquitous presence of brother Todd.

Of the 10 songs offered at least two have hit potential and only one (Krank Frank) is without any redeeming quality. The best songs (Don't Take Me, Island Nights, Fiji Bitter) are firmly in the Dragon tradition, but Hunter also shows a willingness to do a little experimental crooning on Casablanca and My Mystery. *Fiji Bitter* also features some tasty playing by session musos and band nomads like Harvey James, Mark Kennedy and Rick Formosa, and backup vocals by Cheetah. I don't really know where Hunter is going but it's a promising — if slightly muddled — start.



Marc Hunter: solo album.

Jimmy and the Boys: obscene and should be heard.

Jimmy and The Boys are obscene and should be heard. Their debut album, *Not Like Everybody Else* (Festival) is a poor substitute for a stage act which features an effigy of Malcolm Fraser committing fellatio, but it is none the less good, high voltage, witty rock.

From the first bars of the title track it becomes obvious that this band is a force with which to be reckoned. Vocalist/lunatic Ignatius Jones belts out the menacing and morally questionable lyrics in an extremely dangerous manner, aided and abetted by some positively indecent guitar licks from Steven Hall, filthy sax from Danny Danjanovic and an indecently tight rhythm section. All in all, it's disgustingly good. Jimmy and The Boys have wisely developed an extensive and varied repertoire of contemporary music styles which will hold them in good stead when the shock/horror wears off . . . as it surely will. Songs on this set like Komputer Songg and Dr Cairo reveal a depth of talent only thinly-veiled by the self-mockery and reminiscent of Zappa's Mothers Of Invention in their early and best years. The best song, however, is Rude To You (I've Just Gotta Be), which seems to sum up the band's current political stance.

We've come to expect mammoth, mindblowing musical projects from ***Stevie Wonder***, but the double album *Journey Through The Secret Life Of Plants* (Astor) is an unexpected triumph.

The soundtrack for the film of the book of the same name, it could have been trite, cute, background stuff. But Wonder, having spent three years in production, has settled for nothing less than a masterpiece of mood, gentle jive and understated balladeering.

For the best part of 10 years, Wonder has increasingly adopted the role of the music industry's number one cosmic guru, but where others come off sounding pretentious when they reach for the heart of the matter, he is always painfully sincere. Here we have bird noises, kids choral societies and other cute tricks . . . and everything fits.

It is a soundtrack that stands up by itself. Wonderphiles who have been counting the days since *Songs In The Key Of Life* appeared may need to give it a few hearings. There is no hard-edge between the ballads and a lot of orchestration which at first seems out of place. It isn't. *Plants* is a beautiful album and four of its songs — Same Old Story, Send One Your Love, Come Back As A Flower (vocal by wife Syreeta) and the title track — rank with the best work he has recorded.

When the cream of Los Angeles' session musicians recorded together under the name ***Toto*** last year, their debut was roundly shitcanned for its clinical feel.

I never agreed with that verdict but I'm afraid Toto's second album, *Hydra* (CBS) is all the things they said about the first one. The keyboard/synthesiser attack of David Paitch and Steve Porcaro is tight, competent and about as exciting as televised golf.

Toto seems to have no real reason for being. Each of its members has played far better on other people's albums, and if this is meant as a creative outlet

it says something about why some musicians were destined to always be session players. — *Phil Jarratt.*

After hearing Linda Ronstadt sing three of ***Karla Bonoff's*** songs on her *Hasten Down The Wind* album, I eagerly awaited her own recording debut. *Karla Bonoff* was released in late 1977 and I wasn't disappointed. It was a beautiful album full of far better than average songs. We've waited two years for a new Bonoff album, and it's been well worth waiting for *Restless Nights* (CBS).

Despite extensive writing for Ronstadt, Nicolette Larson and others, Bonoff has managed to keep seven gems for herself, and these make up the majority of this superb album. An introverted affinity with her own material and a kinship with her friends and musicians runs through this entire set. Like her debut album, this one was produced by Kenny Edwards, with whom she has had various musical associations.

The album opens with Trouble Again, with a sparkling guitar solo from Waddy Wachtel, which leads into the title track. This has the confident classic simplicity apparent in all her material, and tells of confiding in the warmth of another to combat the loneliness of living with someone whose love has cooled. This is followed by the very personal pain of disbelief expressed in the discovery of a letter in his room from a secret lover, in the conversational lyrics of The Letter.

The pace changes with the Jackie De Shannon classic, When You Walk In The Room, with Jackie singing backup harmonies. The arrangement has not changed since the Sixties and the track is single material. Then one of the best tracks, Only A Fool, a sadly beautiful retrospective ballad with acoustic guitar work by Bonoff and the celebrated David Lindley.

Side two opens with the uptempo Baby Don't Go — not a strong song but one has to consider AM airplay. Never Stop Her Heart is an allegoric folk-styled ballad which could procure some cover treatment. Loving You is another weaker track, both lyrically and musically, but it is only paled by the super strength of the rest of the album.

The traditional masterpiece, The Water Is Wide, resurrected by Dylan and Baez on the Rolling Thunder tour, radiates new warmth here with the added richness of James Taylor and J.D. Souther, and a tasteful accordian solo by ex-Band member, Garth Hudson.

The best thing about *Restless Nights* is the feeling of personal communication of spirit to the listener which can only come of talent such as Karla Bonoff's.

Dave Loggins in now ***David Loggins,*** which is the title of his new Epic album. I've always been a fan of Dave or David — until this concocted effort. The train of progression of this talented singer/songwriter seems to have gone off the rails somewhere.

I fondly remember *Apprentice In A Musical Workshop*, with the now standard Please Come To Boston, and the one-take freshness of Sunset Woman, so I dived into this offering as soon as I got my hands on it. Ah! yes, the same bunch of loyal Nashville stalwarts plying their musical wares, interesting titles so it must be good. Not so.

To be fair, it has its moments, but that's all. Face In The Window opens side one, and is perhaps the best cut. It's an up rocker and the voice still has the urgency of old, but there's a bit of Bee Gees' falsetto sneaking in there.

You Made Me Feel Love is a Bill Withers-influenced, medium paced piece with a Sanbornesque alto running through it by one Blue Jay Patten. In If I Had My Wish Tonight we are treated to lyrics with all the richness of "wish I may, wish I might have this wish I wish tonight so bad". Enough said. Loggins sums up his dilemma in Tell Me Anything But The Truth, the philosophy of which he is following to the letter.

Karla Bonoff: communication of spirit.

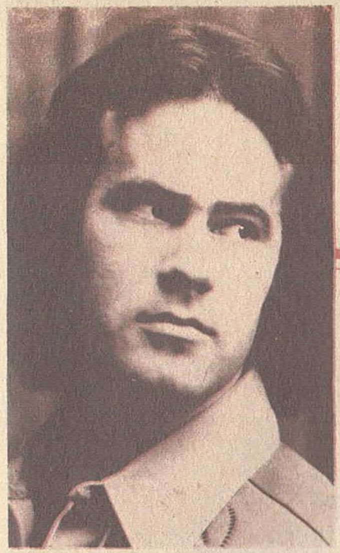
The Fool In Me opens side two, and Loggins tries to convince us that he is a latter-day Dobie Gray. Pieces Of April follows, and at last we can breathe easy. This is a beautiful love song and was covered by Three Dog Night. Rain So Hard is next and brings to mind Wish It Would Rain, by Delaney Bramlett, but without Delaney's power. Still I am expecting a Savior Of My Natural Life, which closed side two of *Country Suite,* his second album for Epic. But we get a fairly well-written song called Stones, about a man's attempt to get his lady bright, shiny stones.

And then the closing song, My Dream Lover, with the line "I wonder why it is I have to go back to the daylight". Dave, please go back to the daylight! This album lacks the direction and fire of the early outings. Some fresh faces are urgently needed in the shape of musicians and production. Instead of the individuality promised some years ago this album sounds like a dozen others of the same genre.

It's a pity the powers that be concentrate only on a trendy (and in their minds selling) sounding album and forget the artistic awareness needed to achieve lasting quality. — *Carol Ashdown.*

When a player who is right on top of the competitive New York scene visits Australia three years in a row, and makes a recording here, we can believe that we are on the international jazz map. Saxophonist ***Dave Liebman*** came here as the star of the Chick Corea band in 1978, revisited to teach and play in the Sydney Festival last year, and is here again for the Sydney Festival this year.

A recording that Liebman made last year on Horst Liepolt's 44 label — *The Opal Heart* — has been cunningly released to coincide with this year's visit. Nor does it fail to stir enthusiasm for hearing the man again.



David Loggins

With Liebman are Americans Ron McClure, bass, and Ed Soph, drums, with expatriate New Zealand pianist Mike Nock.

Liebman makes no secret of his adulation of the late John Coltrane (he is reputed to take certain Coltrane tapes wherever he goes) and the influence of Coltrane on his tenor playing is immediately apparent.

However, Liebman has always played slightly different scalar phrases than Coltrane and his later playing has incorporated long running lines, not unlike Roland Kirk's.

The album opens with a brilliant workout on the Cole Porter tune I Concentrate On You, which is taken at a fair clip without losing its sinuous, unwinding quality. This track is really cooking, all the parts running fluidly.

There are many contrasts on the album. For instance, at the other end of the spectrum there is a slow, haunting duet by Liebman and Nock on Duke Ellington's Star Crossed Lovers, which to my knowledge has only been recorded once before — on the Ellington album *Such Sweet Thunder.*

All the other tracks are originals — two by Liebman and two by McClure. McClure's Down Under and Liebman's Port Ligat are both slightly exotic and wistful tunes, which Liebman plays on soprano, bursting through the wistfulness during his solos with searing flights of passion.

The nod towards jazz rock on Liebman's The Opal Hearted Aborigine seems not particularly appropriate to me, and though it cooks too in its fashion, I found it the least satisfying track. All in all, though, this is a beautifully played, highly spirited album.

Simultaneously, 44 Records has released *Mike Nock Solo,* which Nock recorded in the Recording Hall of the Sydney Opera House last year.

Firstly, a few more words about Nock. The New Zealand born pianist had acquired a solid following at Sydney's El Rocco jazz club by the early Sixties when he took off for England, and then America. Since then he has played in important bands led by John Handy and Yusef Lateef, and led important bands of his own.

There are no gratuitous technical displays on Nock's solo album (though some of the things he does incidentally require technique of the highest order). This is a thoughtful and sensitive exposition of a number of Nock's own tunes, two songs which have become jazz standards — What's New and In Your Own Sweet Way — and the haunting traditional air, Black Is The Color Of My True Love's Hair.

What's New is, in fact, delivered rapidly with blithe and intricate improvisation which, though modern, recalls ragtime. This reinstates the other side of a tune which has become a slow love song, but was originally called I'm Free, and was played rather more quickly. An exceedingly nice touch, showing Nock's awareness of the tradition.

Black Is The Color is one of my favorite performances of the tune on record, inventively harmonised and extended, yet completely idiomatic. What beautiful playing! What a lovely record! — *John Clare.*

WORDS

PERFECT TARGETS

Thank God (or whoever it is that controls the heavens) that Tom Wolfe and not Norman Mailer has written the definitive book on pioneer astronauts. It is such a bizarre piece of 20th Century history, so weird, so surreal and yet already so dated, that only a writer like Wolfe who can at once be patriotic and self-mocking, could ever have pulled it off.

The Right Stuff (Jonathan Cape, $19.95) is a rambling, schizophrenic monster of a book. Torn between hero worship bordering on awe, and bewilderment at the absurdity of the Cold War years, Wolfe traces the Project Mercury astronauts from their boozy beginnings as desert test pilots, through their brief (and quite often stage-managed) moments of glory to their fast fade into obscurity.

Wolfe has always used words like bursts of machine gun fire — not always deadly accurate but enough of them to ensure a direct hit — and crewcut symbols of The American Way like John Glen, Gus Grissom and Wally Schirra provide perfect targets.

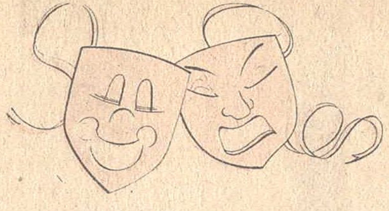
In the post-Vietnam, post-Watergate era, the unthinking patriotism and wide-eyed heroism of the men who hurtled around in space is almost laughable. What were they, what was the United States trying to prove? Almost laughable, but not quite. To his credit Wolfe has stopped short of cynically brutalising a breed of men whose motivation is no longer fashionable. This respect for the men who possess the unspeakable "right stuff", coupled with his belief that the astronauts represented a symbolic return to the age of the single-combat warrior in the face of the prospect of nuclear annihilation makes *The Right Stuff* an important book.

Wolfe's extremely personal account of what it actually felt like, buzzing around out there on the edge of oblivion with the G-forces pounding you through your seat and the world looking on like voyeurs at a freak-sex show may be inaccurate, but it is the only account so far in which the astronauts are laid bare.

Wolfe comes right out and says that Al Shepherd, the first American in space, had bladder problems during the long countdown and was actually shot off the planet with an ocean of warm, tense piss circulating in his space suit.

Oh, it's an absorbing book all right. And it makes you wonder at the end not why these men volunteered to sit on top of rockets, nor why the two super powers placed such importance on the manned exploration of the great void. It makes you wonder why we've had to wait nearly 20 years for a writer of the calibre of Tom Wolfe to come along and explain to us that astronauts are people too. — *Phil Jarratt.*

Only in the past few years have we come to realise that the last of man's truly unique capabilities, that of fashioning another human being with all its physical, and possibly mental, traits fixed at birth, is no longer the parents' province alone.



Cloning, gene recombination — in general, the picture of biologists shoving the templates of our being around like so many chess pieces — have entered the popular psyche and now work on our hopes and fears about what the future holds.

As we are, not unreasonably, a fairly cynical lot when it comes to speculating about what people with power tend to do with it, there has arisen a very strong group which believes that such tamperings with the stuff of life can lead only to disaster, even a disaster more final than that threatened by thermonuclear warfare. Perhaps there is a subliminal sense that it is okay to shovel in mutations with bursts of intense radiation, but not okay to remove all random factors and do it ourselves.

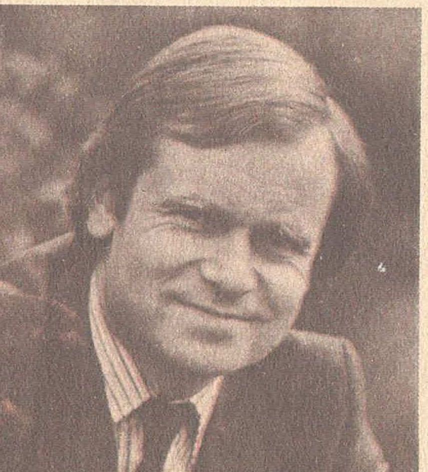
Whatever the pro and con people say, the debate has been positively ingenuous on at least one level: there has been a sense of inevitability about it all, as if the scientists' ability to manipulate genetic structures is simply the result of the inexorable progress of Science.

Nothing could be further from the truth, but up to now the story has not been presented in a way which made it accessible to those without specialist training.

The advent of a major work by Horace Freeland Judson, called ***The Eighth Day of Creation*** (Jonathan Cape, $23.35) has changed that. Here we have a chronicle of the drive to understand the most basic processes of life that guided the great biological thinkers of the century, names almost totally unknown off university campuses — Sir Lawrence Bragg, the exceptional Linus Pauling, Francis Crick and James Watson, Max Perutz, Rosalind Franklin, Max Delbruck, Jacques Monod and Francois Jacob . . .

Judson has so exhaustively researched and covered his topic that his book moves out of the realm of dessicated texts into a sweeping montage of the personalities involved in perhaps the greatest detective story ever written, that of the hunt for the elements of life.

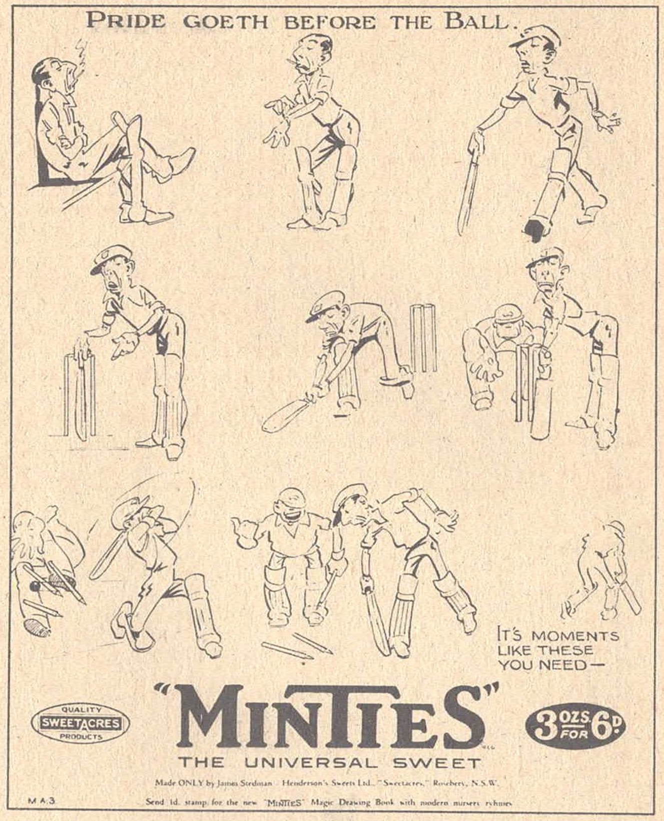
The revolution in molecular biology is linked with the revolution in physics which led to the nuclear age as the two most profound events in our modern history. If the names of the progenitors of the biological revolution are not as well known as those of Einstein and Planck, this book should cover an enormous distance in rectifying that oversight.



Jeffrey Archer:
Kane and Abel.

The "wit and sophistication" which Jeffrey Archer displayed in *Not a Penny More, Not a Penny Less* (according to the flyleaf of his latest work) is unfortunately largely absent from ***Kane and Abel***, (Hodder & Stoughton, $12.95).

He's certainly skilled enough as a writer, and has the ability to keep a cast of characters performing more or less consistently with the persona allotted to each; yet *Kane and Abel* is curiously lacking in the color that fills in the pencil sketches on the broad canvasses so many writers seem to attempt these days.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Entertaining collection of Minties ads.

There's an almost Taylor Caldwell "why-did-he-write-this-book?" and "haven't-we-been-here-before?" feel to the story of William Lowell Kane, the Bostonian born to power and wealth, and Wladek Koskiewicz, the illegitimate son of a Polish gypsy (good grief!) who later changes his name to Abel, presumably to give the book a catchy title.

The two enter into a lifetime of conflict with each other, but even here Archer has been able to inject little of the drive and tension of his other major work, *Shall We Tell the President*? Perhaps a better title for *Kane and Abel* might have been *Shall We Dodge the Issue*?

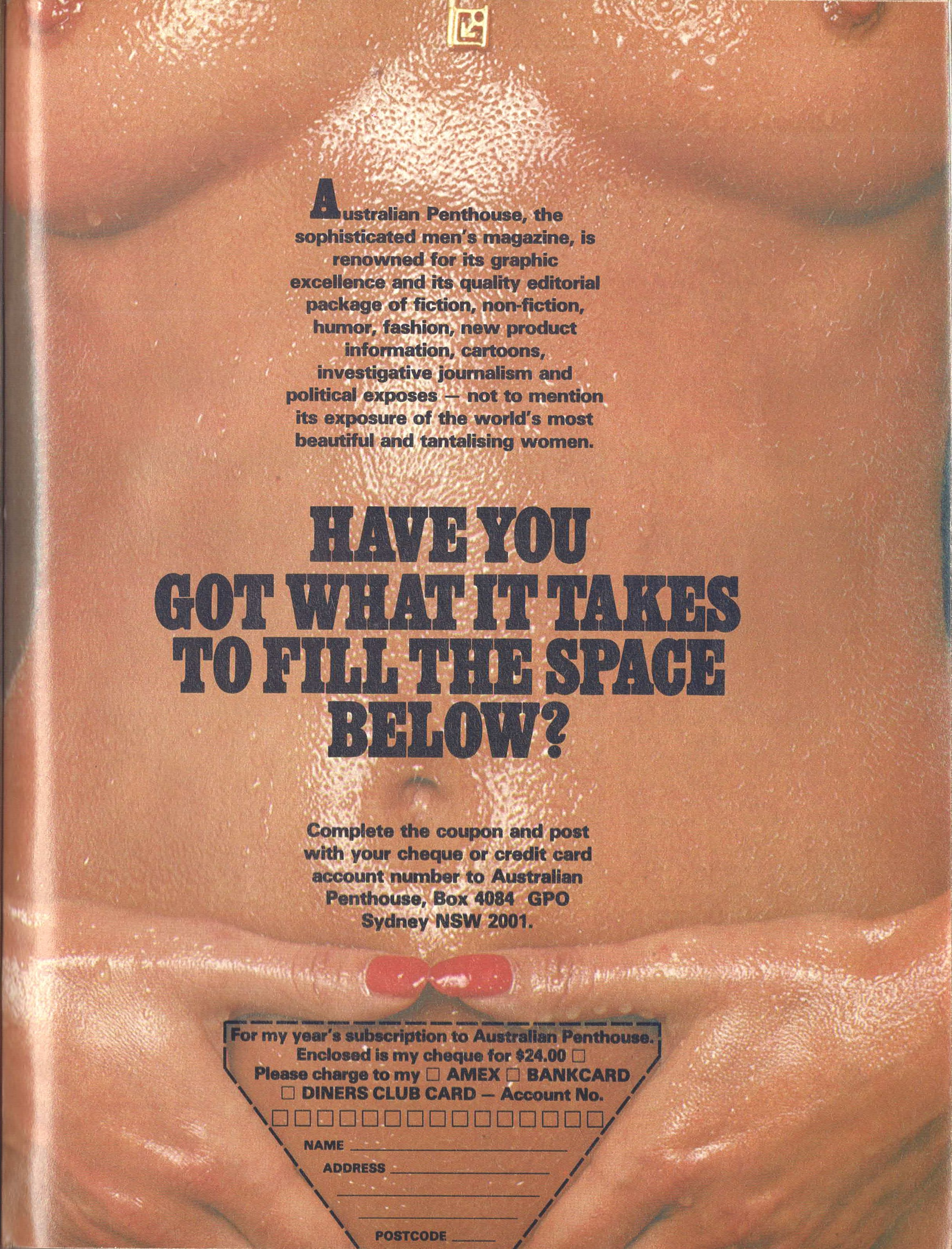
There's a tendency to find profound sociological significance in the most mundane popular events of our recent past.

I'm not sure that popularity confers on cartoons the authority to be considered infallible perceptions of our national characteristics, yet in collections such as ***It's Moments Like These . . .*** (Sun, $5.95) we can find an often amusing reflection of the mores of the times, some of which are valid today.

The slogan, of course, refers to Minties, that tarry lolly possibly responsible for the premature removal of more childhood fillings than any other confection. The "It's Moments . . ." campaign began in 1927, had its heyday in the Thirties and Forties and had largely petered out by the 1960s, but not before it attracted some of our best-known black-and-white artists.

While entertaining, Vane Lindesay's collection remains essentially unimportant in historical terms because, naturally enough, the last thing the maker of Minties wanted in an advertising campaign was contentious material.

The book would probably offer older generations a pleasant nostalgic trip, but I think anyone under 30 will find most of the social references incomprehensible and much of the humor simply banal. — *John Hampshire.*



Australian Penthouse, the sophisticated men's magazine, is renowned for its graphic excellence and its quality editorial package of fiction, non-fiction, humor, fashion, new product information, cartoons, investigative journalism and political exposes — not to mention its exposure of the world's most beautiful and tantalising women.

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THROUGH A LENS SHARPLY

Somewhere out there is the camera meant for you, just something personal between you and the subject.

POLAROID SX-70 LAND CAMERA
OneStep
minolta
AUTO 200X
minolta
XD5
Nikon SB-E
Nikon
Sankyo
Konica

With the wide choice of features and accessories now available, finding the right camera has never been easier. (left to right) The Polaroid SX-70 ($295) has automatic focusing and folds down to a mere 4.4 cm. The Minolta XD5 ($550) has both auto and manual exposure control. Shown here with standard 45mm f/2 lens, an Auto Winder-D ($120), and a 200X flash ($99). Accessories for the Nikon EM ($380) includes a 50mm f/1.8 lens ($110), the MD-E Motor Drive ($130), and the SB-E Flash ($70). The Konica FS-1 ($410) comes with a 40mm f/1.8 lens and is shown here with the X-24 Electronic Auto Flash ($89). The Sankyo XL-620 Supertronic movie camera ($585) can be equipped with an SMU 233 Telescopic Condenser Mike ($74).

There is no perfect camera. Not for anyone who has the quirks that make photographs human. There may be a hundred cameras which are right for you. The trick is to recognise one when you see it.

Searching for the right camera is not unlike searching for the right woman — with the advantage that, if you find the perfect camera on someone else's arm, you can always get another one exactly like it. For with the right camera, photography becomes a more sensuous, more inspirational experience — just like sex with the right woman.

So first, analyse yourself: what kind of photographer are you? What kind of photographer do you want to become? Active? Contemplative? Arrogant? Shy? Is photography your private art or just a way to preserve pleasant memories?

Your photographic personality should guide your choice of camera, the camera you choose will, in turn, affect your photographic style. Compare the two extremes: the view camera and the subminiature.

The view camera is the oldest type in existence — just a bellows on a rail, with a lens and shutter at one end and a photographer under a black cloth at the other. Because of its large film size, no other camera offers so much detail and tonal quality. Since both the front and back of the camera can be tilted away from their normal positions, the view camera can even eliminate perspective distortions. Yet no other camera forces you to work as carefully and contemplatively as the view camera. The camera must rest on a tripod, and there are many adjustments to be made. The expense in time and film makes this a camera for the photographer who's willing to take just five or six shots a day — but to make all of those shots count. At the other extreme is the subminiature, a camera that you can carry around in your pocket. If, however, like most potential camera buyers, you're looking for something that combines image quality with mobility, you'll want to look at reflex and optical-finder cameras. Both cameras are available in the popular 35mm and the larger 120 sizes.

THE SINGLE-LENS REFLEX

Your choice of camera type depends on your photographic style. With a single-lens reflex, you see exactly what the lens sees, because you focus through the lens itself. Between shots, a mirror flips down behind the lens to bounce the image up to a ground glass atop the camera. When you shoot, it flips back up again, to let the light pass through the camera to the film. This gives the single-lens reflex (or SLR, for short) tremendous versatility. Its focusing screen lets you judge what's in and out of focus anywhere in the picture. Mount a wide-angle or a telephoto lens or fiddle with a zoom lens, and you will see each change in coverage and perspective exactly as the film will "see" it when you click the shutter. Move in for a close-up, and you will be able to frame and focus as accurately as you do on distant objects.

Within this category, there's a tremendous choice of models. Every major company makes at least one SLR. Most make several, varying in size, weight, and features. At first glance most SLRs look alike — the 35mm ones, at any rate — but you'll find that there is a vast array of designs and features.

Take exposure, for example. Until recently, most SLRs had manually controlled shutter speeds and f-stops, with a meter in the finder to help you with the proper settings. The Canon F-1, for instance, is a manually controlled camera with automatic exposure available as an accessory. Auto-exposure is standard on the Olympus OM-10 (with an accessory to add manual-control capability). Pentax's ME has only auto-exposure. If you prefer cameras with both auto and manual control, check out the Konica FS-1 and the Minolta XD-5. Base your decision on how much you value the convenience and security of automation against the creative possibilities of manual control.

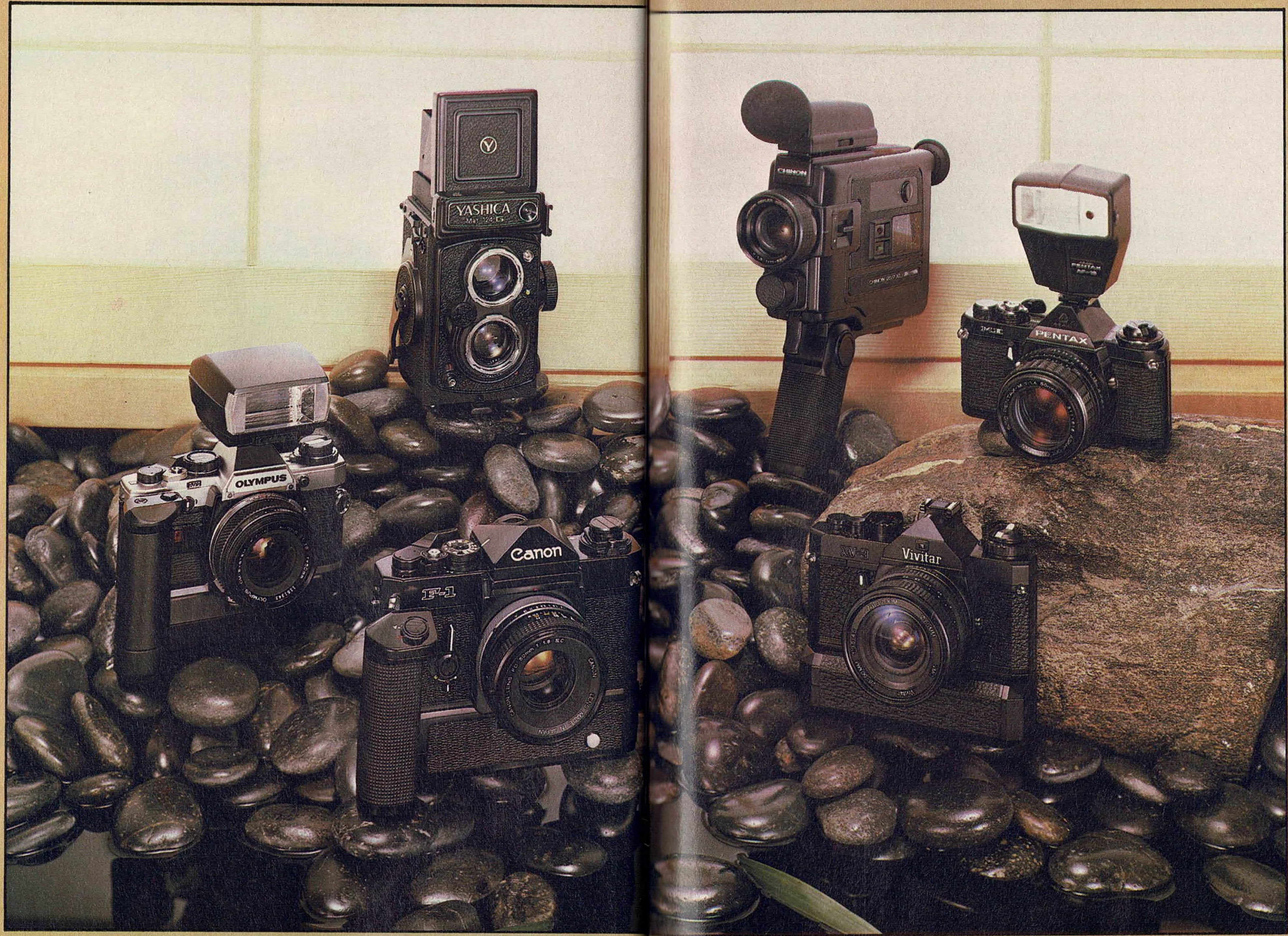
Even within these categories — manual or automatic — you're offered enough choice of features to be sure that you end up with a camera that works for you. You can get cameras that set the f-stop when you set the shutter speed (handy in action photography), cameras that set the shutter when you set the f-stop (an important feature if you plan on using a wide range of lenses and optical accessories), or even cameras — such as the Minolta XD-5 — that do both.

When purchasing an SLR, you should also consider the accessories. Most new models have matching flash units that automatically set the camera to the correct flash speed, set their own exposure, and light up an LED in the finder when they're primed for the next shot. Both the Konica FS-1 and the Minolta XD-5 have these features, as does the Nikon EM, which also lets you know when you've set the camera improperly for flash use. If flash photography is important to you, you might prefer the Olympus OM-10, whose flash reads the light actually coming through the lens and automatically adjusts for close-up accessories, filters, and the f-stop the lens is set to. The OM-10 also blinks a finder light after each flash shot to confirm that it was correctly exposed.

Minolta's XD-5, Pentax's ME, and Vivitar's XF-3 let you speed up your shooting with optional auto-winders, which advance the film and click the shutter as fast as you can push the button. The Canon F-1, the Contax RTS, and the Olympus OM-10 all have both motor drive and auto-winder options. Konica's FS-1 has an auto-winder built in, a less expensive solution — as long as you're equipping only one camera body with a winder.

LENSES

Lens availability will have some bearing on your choice, too. Many manufacturers have one or more lenses with unique



(clockwise, from upper right) The Chinon 20 PXL Direct Sound super 8 movie camera ($299). The Pentax ME ($375), the smallest 35mm single-lens reflex available, is shown here with its standard 50mm auto zoom lens, and the AF-16 Flash ($34). The Vivitar XV-3 ($365) can be equipped with an Auto Winder XV-3 ($132). The 28:50mm auto zoom lens f/3.5-4.5 ($234) has one-touch focus and zoom control. The Canon F1 ($710) has an interchangeable finder system and is shown here with its 50mm f/1.8 lens ($121) and its Power Winder F ($330). The Olympus OM-10 ($216). Accessories include a 50mm f/1.8 lens ($175) and a T20 Flash ($104). The YashicaMat-124G ($400) has built-in exposure meter and f/2.8 lens. (Suggested retail prices.)

capabilities. Canon, for instance, has a 35mm f/2.8 lens that both tilts and shifts to give a 35mm camera some of a view camera's perspective control. Nikon has its 28mm PC, a lens that only shifts, but that covers a wide angle, for easier handling of such problem subjects as tall buildings. Minolta has its 24mm VFC — the first lens whose plane of focus can be curved at will to match the shape of the subject plane it's focused on.

Some very good lenses will fit almost any 35mm SLR. Made by accessory lens specialists, they're sold in a variety of camera mounts; some even have interchangeable mounts, in case you own incompatible cameras or plan to switch camera systems soon.

LARGER REFLEXES — AND NON REFLEX 35s

For slides, you can't beat 35mm: the processing labs, most slide projectors, the entire slide system, are set up with 35mm in mind. But if you want to make high-quality oversized prints, a bigger film size makes a difference. For the amateur, that bigger film size means 120 roll film.

The classic 120 format is the 6-by-6, or 2¼ square, and the classic camera is the twin-lens reflex. The TLR is a tall, square box. The bottom half contains the film, a lens, and the shutter. The upper half has a similar lens, a mirror to aim the image upward, and a focusing screen on the top surface of the camera. Though you can use the camera at eye level, it's basically designed to be viewed from above.

The TLR has limitations: you can't have interchangeable lenses unless you're willing to change two lenses at once, and the viewing lens's higher vantage point may fool you into cutting off the tops of close-up subjects. But with those limitations come some worthwhile virtues. The TLR's finder doesn't black out at the moment of exposure, because its mirror doesn't have to flip up out of the way to let the light reach the film. That simpler mechanism also means that the TLR is far quieter, more reliable, and a good deal cheaper than the SLR. It's perfect for wedding and child photography.

There are also 35mm cameras with optical finders like windows that look straight through the body of the camera. Such cameras are quieter, more compact, and less expensive then reflexes. But they're also less versatile. With the exception of the Leica, no current non-reflex 35mm camera has interchangeable lenses. And while the Leica is compact and ultraquiet, it's hardly inexpensive.

But the demand for the expensive Leicas continues — which demonstrates the virtues not only of the Leica but of the less expensive rangefinder and viewfinder cameras. One of those virtues is rangefinder focusing, which is fast, precise, and easy to use, especially in dim light or with wide-angle lenses. Rangefinders use triangulation to measure the distance between camera and subject. You see two images in the finder, the second image being cast by a mirror inside the camera. As the lens is focused in and out, the mirror pivots, so that when you're focused on your subject the two viewfinder images will superimpose exactly.

Not all non-reflex cameras have rangefinder focusing. The less expensive models often have only "scale" focusing — you estimate the distance, then set the lens's focusing scale.

All these viewfinder cameras have additional features that make some photographers prefer them to reflex models. The optical viewfinder shows you life in much the way you see it normally, except for a superimposed frame that lets you know how much of the world out there the lens will cover. The reflex, on the other hand, shows life as the film will see it, with some areas sharp and others out of focus. This makes the reflex finder's view more informative. Still another benefit is their smaller size. Their short lenses make optical-finder 35s fairly compact, and many models fold down even smaller. The Rollei 35 LED has a lens that retracts into its body when you're not shooting. There's only one reflex that folds, and it's not a 35mm: the Polaroid SX-70 folds from about 13.3 cm in height to a mere 4.4 cm. Unlike the other cameras we've seen, the Polaroid produces instant prints — no extra trips to the store for processing — but no slides. The same is true of Kodak's instant cameras.

MOVIE CAMERAS

When it comes to movie cameras, however, the reflex reigns supreme. That's because moviemakers find the zoom lens an invaluable tool for making their films more interesting, and only the reflex can follow the infinite variations in a zoom's field of view without additional complexity and expense. With few exceptions, most home movie cameras have reflex finders, zoom lenses, and auto-exposure controls.

So if you're into movies, you have a lot of decisions to make. For beyond the basic format, the variations in features and facilities are as numerous as mosquitoes on a summer evening.

Should you go sound or silent? Sound adds another dimension of realism, another way to convey information in your films. It also gives you one more thing to worry about.

You always have the option of shooting silent film in a sound camera, but if sound movies don't interest you, you'll find silent-only cameras cheaper and smaller. If you have a videotape system, you can even show your home movies on television.

These lists of features are only guides to help you in narrowing down your search for the *kind* of camera for you. Finding the *model* demands personal involvement, because the right camera for you is the one that feels right to you. Once you've decided what you need in a camera, pick up and play with every model in your price range.

Hold it, focus it (especially in dimly lit corners of the store), sight through it and click off a few dummy shots. The camera that seems to amplify rather than obstruct your vision, that snuggles into your hands like a warm puppy, is the one to get. In the long run, no exotic feature that you will seldom use will compensate for an awkward feeling that overcomes you every time you pick your camera up.

Again, it's like the search for the perfect woman: you'll have to make some compromises, but a comfortable, productive partnership is the goal. ⊶

Do the rock paintings done by
ancient Aboriginals in the Kimberley commemorate
visits by beings from space?

ALIENS OF THE DREAMTIME

BY DENNIS HANCOCK

It is more than 40,000 years since the first Aboriginals splashed ashore on Kimberley beaches, having island-hopped by raft across the then-shallow straits which separated the far north-west of Australia from Indonesia. It is less than a 100 years since the first Europeans made tentative treks into the Kimberley — prospectors heading for the short-lived goldfield around Hall's Creek.

In the long time-lag between, did this vast, still largely-unknown region witness the most remarkable invasion of all? An invasion which bridged, in one stride, the gulf between prehistoric man and a sophisticated technology undreamed of on Earth?

An increasing number of scientists, historians and archeologists are becoming fascinated by the possibility that the primitive Aboriginals of the Kimberley saw and recorded, centuries or even millennia ago, the first arrival of visitors from another planet.

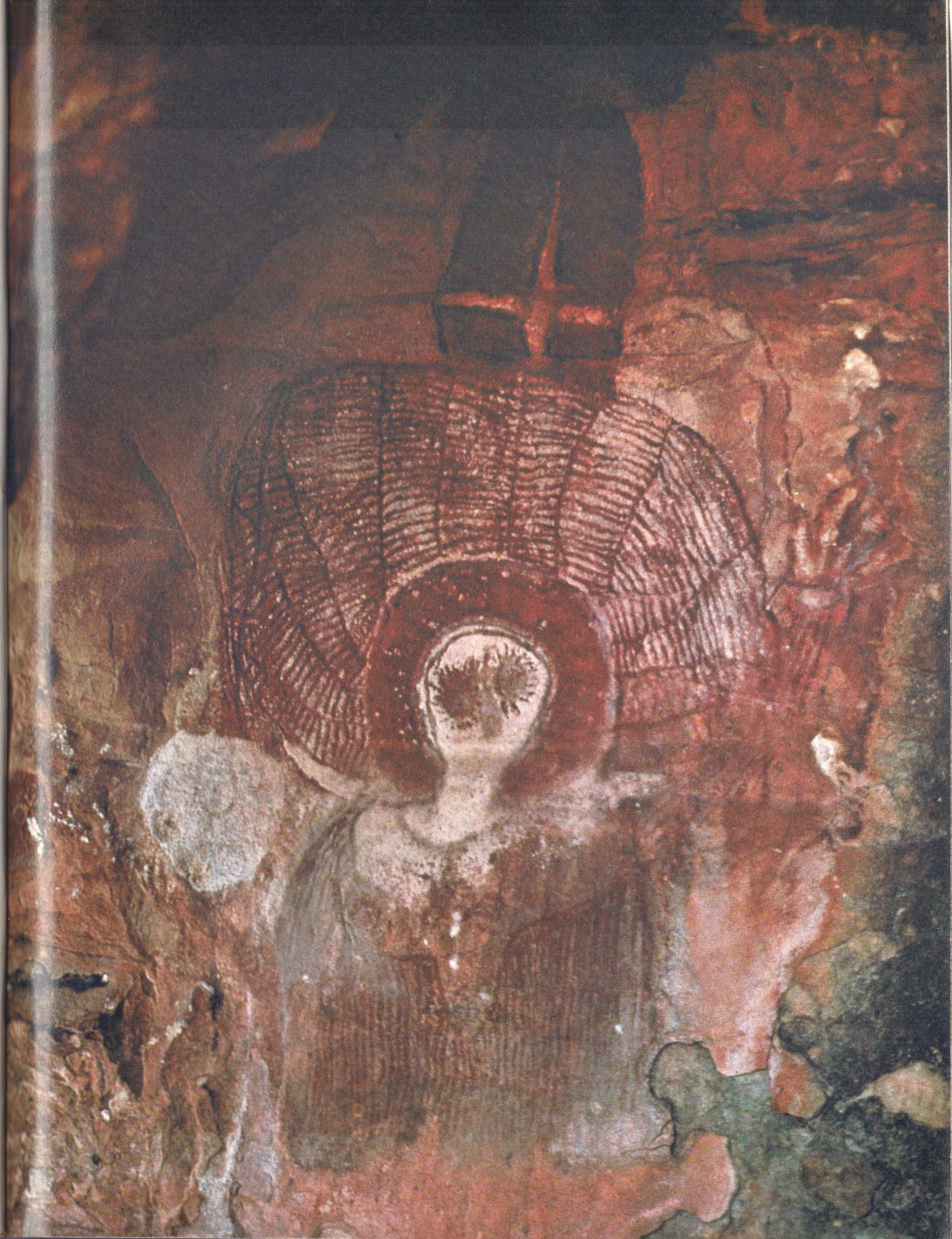
This startling theory, steadily gaining strength among researchers in Australia and overseas, is based upon Wandjina figures — a form of Kimberley art which is unknown and unresembled anywhere else in the world.

Wandjina paintings, named after the Aboriginal demi-gods which they were supposed to represent, were noted by the first European arrivals in the Kimberley, who were fascinated by their strangeness and beauty. But only in the past decade, since Armstrong's moon landing proved interplanetary travel to be a practicality, has the possible significance of Wandjina figures been recognised.

Formerly regarded as a figment of a highly artistic but somewhat riotous imagination, they are now beginning to look not only realistic, but very familiar indeed.

Wandjina paintings are confined to rock walls or caves in remote and almost inaccessible spots along the coastline and in the rugged interior of the Kimberley. The size varies considerably, but the main features are always the same.

They show what appear to be human-type bipeds with white hoods extending down to the shoulders. The hood lacks a mouth aperture but is dominated by two round, dark discs which could be outsize eyes or goggles. Around each head is a kind of halo — sometimes close-set with zig-zags or stubby protrusions all round, sometimes like a spider web surrounded by longer protrusions. Below the shoulders, the figures are clad



Photograph by Patrick Baker, WA Museum

rather prosaically in hip-length smock-type garments and baggy trousers.

For a region where traditional garb was confined to hair waistbelts and occasional penis sheaths, these are unlikely figures.

In fact, not one characteristic of the Wandjina has any resemblance whatsoever to any other aspect of Aboriginal art or to any being that local artists are likely to have seen or even imagined.

The figures seem completely alien to ancient Kimberley culture. Yet all their main features — clumsy-looking suit, goggled helmet and "halo" which could be communications antennae, are irresistibly reminiscent of one of modern civilisation's most recent gods — the astronaut.

It is possible, or even probable, that the mysterious Wandjina paintings commemorate visits to Earth, and to the Kimberley in particular, by visitors from space.

To examine the question thoroughly, it is necessary, and instructive, to investigate what the Aboriginals themselves believe about Wandjinas.

The Kimberley tribes have always been noted as among the most formidable of the original Australians. Well-built and averaging nearly six feet tall, they were hardy coastal seamen (100 km canoe voyages were common), skilled hunters and fierce fighters. As late as the 1890s, a hundred-strong gang led by a renegade police tracker named Sandamara terrorised a 40,000 sq km region for several years, raiding cattle stations, ambushing ox-trains and outshooting police posses in pitched battles before their leader was betrayed and shot.

In other words, Kimberley natives are not easily impressed. Their critics might call them arrogant. They are certainly contemptuous towards another widespread form of local art — the elegant little stick-men, strangely resembling those in European caves, which archeologists have pin-pointed by the archaic weapons shown as probably more than 2500 years old.

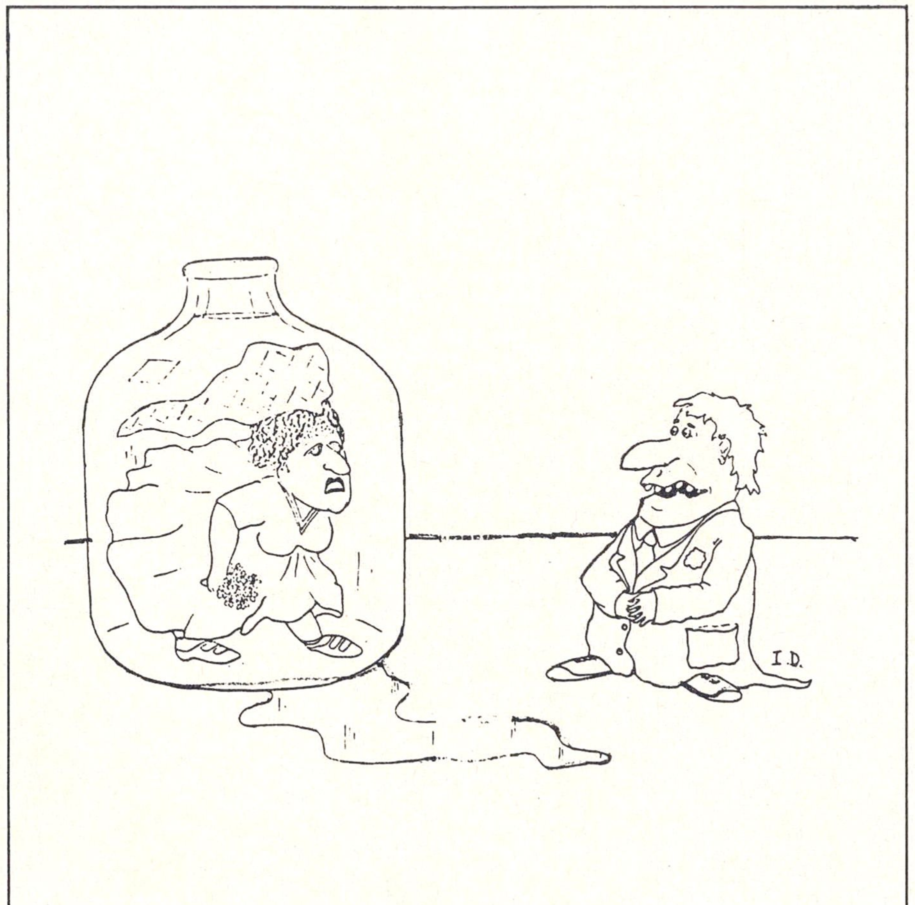
To European historians these Bradshaw figures, named after their discoverer, are highly attractive and worthy of respect.

To local Aboriginals, they are objects of contempt. No one knows their origin, and no one cares.

"They are rubbish paintings — the work of a silly bird," a tribal elder told Western Australian Museum archeologist Ian Crawford some years ago.

"What man would bother to paint these pictures? Such a man would gain no respect for wasting his time in this way."

Yet the Aboriginal attitude to Wandjina paintings is in very marked contrast indeed. They are regarded with awe, almost with fear, and until recent years at least their preservation and well-being was an important responsibility for local clan councils.



"And they all said it would never last."

Like the Bradshaw figures, their origin is unknown. Carbon dating is impossible with this type of art, and its age is made still more obscure because of the lack of any feature relating to local culture. In fact, Wandjina figures are as "foreign" to Kimberley Aboriginals as they were to early European explorers, who believed they must be the work of other visitors to the Kimberley.

Yet all their strange characteristics and features are regarded as religiously significant by Kimberley Aboriginals, who for untold generations delegated their best artists to "touch up" the paintings periodically at ceremonies which had the nature of sacred festivals.

Their capacity to awe is often increased by the eerie, majestic beauty of their settings.

A recent Western Australian Museum expedition which I accompanied to some of the most important Wandjina sites found an atmosphere as impressive and as evocative as many Gothic chapels.

On the way to the Wandjina sites, the expedition stopped at desolate Carronade Island.

It got its name in 1916 when a shore party from HMAS Encounter, patrolling the Timor straits on the lookout for German raiders, found two cannon with apparent Portuguese markings up-ended in the beach sand.

Equating ancient cannon with pirate ships, they dug up half the island in search of buried treasure.

They found none — but from our viewpoint, evidence of 16th-Century occupation would rewrite Australian history and be of far more value to historians and archeologists.

This possibility was increased by an old beachcomber's story. He claimed, years ago, that Aboriginals who then inhabited the island, regularly enacted a corroboree in which they repelled an attack by two boatloads of "enemies" — each of whose boats bore in the bows a cylinder of rolled matting which appeared to represent cannon.

But the beachcomber is dead and we failed to find any trace of European occupation.

The cannon may have been set up for protection against Aboriginals by Indonesian trepang fishermen, who for centuries camped on the north coast to boil and dry their catches.

The Javanese are known to have cast their own cannon from moulds which they made around much older European weapons.

It was time to test theories of pre-Dutch occupation by examining Aboriginal sacred sites further west along the coast, and to check whether local legends indicated early visits by outsiders.

With this in view, we landed at one of the more important sites, Llangi, where sacred carvings in beachside caves overlook a jade-green sea.

There are old legends here which seemed supported by more recent stories of an anchor being found and by our own investigation of a pile of apparent ballast stones — often the only relic of a very old wreck.

The stones, though of an unusual color, may be of local origin. But we made another remarkable find ashore — an Aboriginal cave burial in which the body, beneath its traditional bark outer covering, was found to be wrapped in ship's canvas and bound with what seemed to be sheet ropes. An Aboriginal crewman from a pearling lugger, or the European victim of a far older wreck? The mystery has not yet been solved.

One thing became increasingly evident as we headed along the coast — that the ancient Aboriginals had an unerring eye for natural beauty. The sacred sites were often elusive, in spite of identifying legends still preserved at Kimberley missions, and usually a hard slog to reach. But the discomforts were well worthwhile — not only for the colorful images but for the charm and majesty of their locations, especially at the Wandjina sites.

Sometimes, the figures have been painted along a natural art gallery, with a rock overhang to protect them from the worst of the weather. Sometimes they are on the low roof of a cave, in which the artist must have lain on his back like Michelangelo painting the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.

Sometimes, most impressive of all, their site combines a cave, an art gallery and a cathedral. One site we visited lay within the "undercroft" of a red sandstone bluff on which wind and cyclonic rain had sculpted a caryatid-like frieze. Below the frieze, thick pillars supported and divided a series of caves in which paintings confronted us at every turn; while in niches high in the rock walls we found red-ochred human bones like those of medieval bishops.

The paintings which form the focal point of these places of worship can range in size from little more than a metre to reclining giants more than eight metres long.

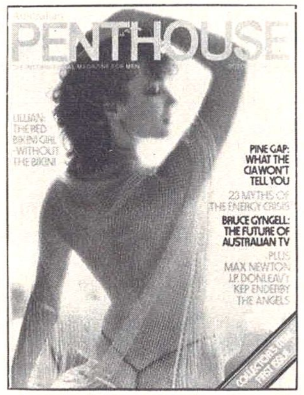
Because of their positions on low roofs or in narrow, dark rock passages, they are often infuriatingly difficult to photograph adequately.

But their white shapes, looming through the gloom, and the impassive stare of their black orbs, make it easy to understand their status as objects of awe, to be venerated and placated.

Within recent years, a visitor whose campfire smoke drifted across a Wandjina painting was urged so strongly by

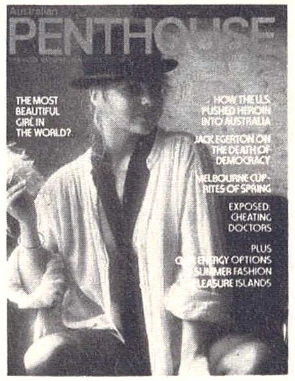
catch up with the real
Australian
PENTHOUSE

Limited copies of the first three issues of Australian Penthouse (national edition) are now available.

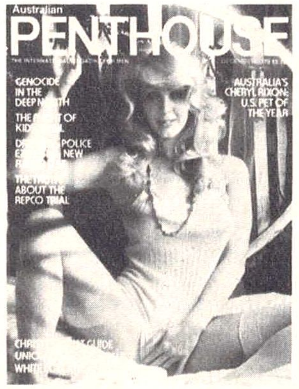


The October edition of Australian Penthouse is already a collector's item. Featured are Lillian Gasinskayay — the girl in the red bikini — without the bikini, Cheryl Rixon and Verity Hamilton.

Also exposed in the first issue are the 23 myths of the energy crisis, what the CIA doesn't want you to know about Pine Gap, what Bruce Gyngell knows about the future of Australian TV, what the Australian Government doesn't know about managing the economy, the politics of rock 'n' roll and much more.



November features Joanne Latham, the English girl said to have the most beautiful body in the world, plus two more Australian pets. In this issue you will also learn how the US pushed heroin into Australia, who are the doctors behind the great Medibank rip-off, how Australia's top businessmen are potential victims of international terrorism, and you'll meet the political power broker who wants to turn Australia into a dictatorship — for the good of the country.



Australian TV star and model Cheryl Rixon, voted Pet of the Year by US Penthouse readers, is the subject of an 11-page color pictorial in December Australian Penthouse.

December Penthouse also uncovers the brutal children's rehabilitation system, genocide Australian style — how the Government set out to destroy the identity of former happy-go-lucky islanders to our north, the power of the trade unions and the battle between the unions and your freedom.

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She lifted the lid off the 'escort' game

For weeks, Liz Lill posed as an 'escort' for one of Sydney's best-known agencies. Now, for the first time, you can read her amazing story about Sydney's most flourishing business. She tells you about the men, about the girls, about what really happens, and what she found out about the whole business. It's the first full inside story, and it's in January FORUM magazine — **out now!**

Bangkok — if the name fits . . . In this exclusive Forum report we reveal the astounding range of sexual delights offered by Asia's most exotic capital. We probe the nightclubs, bars, and massage parlours in the city where love is a way of life.
Hardcore facts are hard to find: Parliaments make wild statements but there is no conclusive evidence that pornography hurts anyone. Many scientific studies of porn contradict each other. Forum reviews the evidence.
Supersperm: The true story of the tiny sperm (there are 300 million in each cubic centimetre) and his heroic swim upstream — battling hostile elements, and murderous enemies — to reach his goal. Forum hails the unsung hero.
The four-minute smile: The first four minutes of meeting may determine what your boss, or your lover, thinks of you forever. Forum shows how to use that time for your advantage.
Plus: FORUM Adviser * International News * Open FORUM * Down Under * And our new personal contact section: Soul Mates. All in the new, enlarged FORUM — January issue out NOW!

OUT NOW!

FORUM
INTERPERSONAL RELATIONS

Aboriginal guides to move out before the outraged god summoned a storm that he did so — speeded on his way by a sudden wind which blew up from a clear sky.

At a Wandjina site at Warrender, in Admiralty Gulf, we were prodded anxiously by our Kalumburu helper, Jack Karadada, to get well clear before nightfall; and truth to tell, we did not need much urging . . .

Wandjina are generally explained away by local Aboriginals as weather gods, with the head and shoulders representing clouds and the zig-zag around the halo signifying lightning. Yet from accompanying legends, their behavior was surprisingly un-godlike.

Many of the legends tell of bloody battles between Wandjinas and local tribes, of fights to the death between Wandjinas themselves and of the stealing of women by Wandjinas — sometimes from Aboriginals, sometimes from each other.

One of the best-known stories recounts in detail how the Wandjina Wodjin led his followers against Aboriginals at Wanalirri, dividing his forces for a successful "pincer movement" and making his home there after the ensuing victory and massacre.

Wodjin's dwelling-place is still sacred and subject to taboos, as is the Tunbai battleground where Aboriginals still point out some of the salient features — including a stone avenue which is obviously not the work of nature.

Overall, the legends give a strong impression not of intangible gods but of visitors who arrived after the existing Kimberley landscape was created, who were aggressive and efficient enough to drive out or massacre local tribes, who in fact proved so all-powerful that from being hated they became worshipped — after their departure, at least.

There is other evidence that Wandjinas were superhuman rather than disembodied dieties.

Many of their individual names have been preserved and handed down, and in some instances two or more Wandjinas are said to have had the same name. Their "portraits" are pointed out in different caves associated with their individual exploits.

Perhaps that most telling indication of invaders rather than gods is the belief that Wandjinas control "baby spirits" which are responsible for the birth of children.

Attributing procreation rights to a diety is probably a comparatively painless way of rationalising the sexual bullying of a conqueror, which cannot be successfully resisted and needs, therefore, to be sublimated.

One of the most unusual aspects of the Wandjina cult is that many of them were women — inappropriate gods for the exceptionally male-oriented society of the Aboriginals. Apparently, female Wandjinas were a pretty liberated lot, too. One well-known legend describes an argument between four of them as to which should "have" a well set-up young warrior who happened to pass by. Another story tells of an outraged Wandjina's intervention when he found a group of others fighting for the favors of his apparently complaisant wife. The husband killed the rest, but was fatally speared in the process. The pillar-supported rock slab pointed out as his resting place at Llangi, on the north-west coast, is believed to have been the inspiration for the tree-platform burials long traditional in the Kimberley.

These platform burials had another significance. No Aboriginal death was ever believed to be blameless, so the platform was surrounded by a ring of stones, each representing someone who might be connected with the death. As the corpse disintegrated, body fat trickled over the edge of the platform. If it splashed on a stone, that stone's "owner" was guilty. The Wandjina-inspired burial system thus embodied a procedure for a criminal trial — a recollection that Wandjinas' non-godly forebears had been responsible for administering justice?

Even the divine functions of Wandjinas might be interpreted as having a special significance. Cast in the role of weather gods, they include among their most dramatic manifestations the terrifying displays of thunder and lightning which often accompany the arrival of north-west monsoons. Space scientists have pointed out that dazzling light and a deafening rumble are also the main impressions which space ship landings and take-offs would leave upon a terrified and superstitious local populace.

Again, how long ago? Although there is as yet no scientific method of establishing the age of Wandjina paintings, the fact that Bradshaw figures have apparently survived for 2500 years means that Wandjinas, too, could have an unimaginably long ancestry.

Unlike Bradshaw figures, their survival has been assisted by the religious obligation to renew them when necessary — although that practice has begun to fade in recent years with the increasing scepticism of younger Aboriginals.

What is beyond question is the faithfulness of the tradition.

The Wandjina sketched by explorer George Grey when he landed briefly on the West Kimberly coast in 1837 has the same characteristics as "modern" Wandjinas created more than 100 years later. Supervised by tribal elders, the repainting of old and faded Wandjinas was even more scrupulous — each line and feature lovingly renewed with resin-bonded ochre in white, black, red and yellow, amid soothing incantations to avoid disturbing and thereby rousing the wrath of the "god" concerned.

The significance of these is a mystery to the Aboriginals. They believe they did not create the Wandjina paintings, but inherited them from the Wandjinas themselves.

In fact, they say, these works of art were not paintings originally, but actual images, left on rock surfaces by Wandjinas when they died and preserved and redelineated as a sacred duty ever since.

The emphasis on preserving details and features with complete exactitude suddenly gained startling significance when our expedition arrived at one of the Kimberley's most impressive and beautiful cultural sites on Bigge Island, in the Bonaparte Archipelago.

Among dozens of paintings there, we found not only luggers like the one in which we were making the expedition, but faithful reproductions of much earlier visits. They included pipe-smoking men in baggy pants and clumpy shoes, a small boat, and a larger craft with two close-set masts like the galliot which accompanied Abel Tasman's north-west coastal exploration 335 years ago.

What impressed us enormously about these paintings, apart from their apparent age, was their conscientious and accurate attention to detail.

The small boat was shown with oars, and a man rowing with the aid of rowlocks — the Aboriginals only paddled canoes, but had obviously grasped the difference immediately. The larger vessel was drawn in skeletal form, so that seamen could be shown below decks and the masts could be seen extending to the bottom of the ship. The drawing even showed a lee board — the archaic stability-aid which identified the vessel as several centuries old.

The Bigge Island paintings provide irrefutable proof that Aboriginal artists were highly observant and painstakingly factual. Confronted by people and objects completely alien, they had presented them not merely as visual reproductions but as technical diagrams owing nothing to the imagination.

Are the Wandjina paintings a completely untypical example of such artists abandoning this cool precision and, for no apparent reason, soaring into the realms of inspired fantasy? And if so, did those fantasies focus merely by coincidence on clumsy, practical, almost prosaic figures which are the exact opposite of most religious visions?

Or is the truth both more straightforward and yet more unbelievable? That countless centuries ago, on the fringe of the Dream Time, Kimberley Aboriginals did encounter visitors from space, and chronicled them for posterity as they chronicled their later visitors from Europe?

If so, the ancestors of the north-west's station hands and pearling crews were present at the most exciting outback race meeting of them all.

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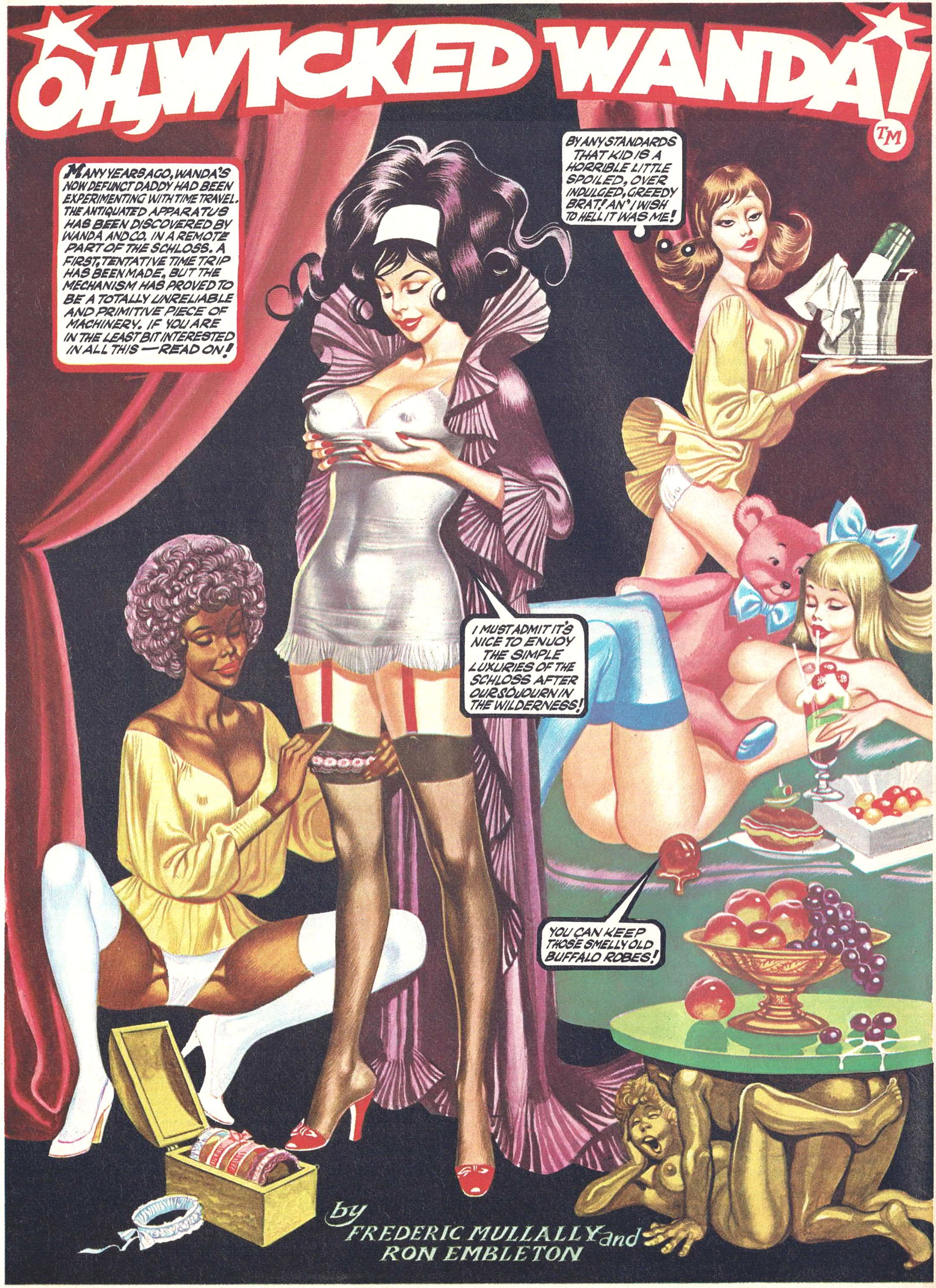
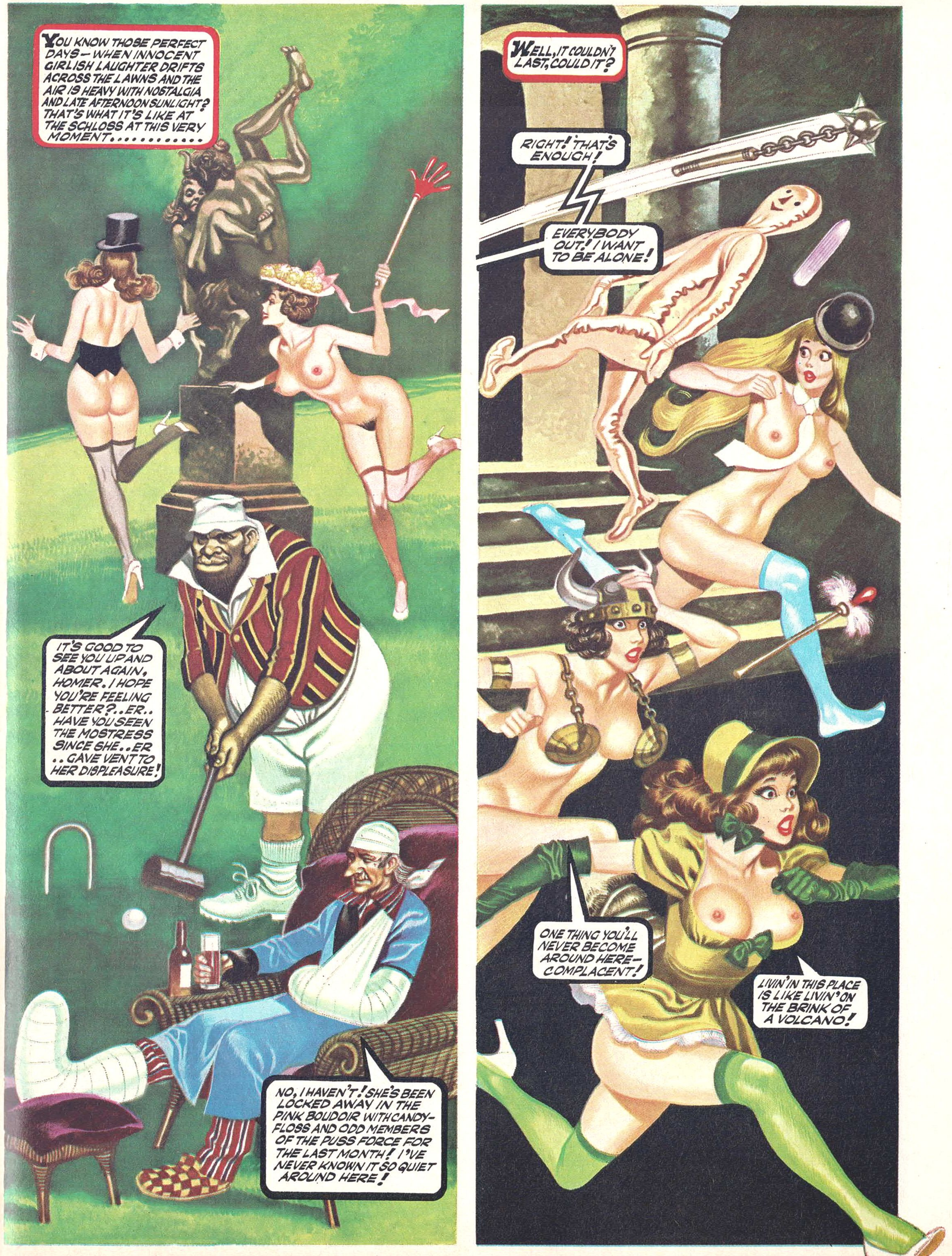
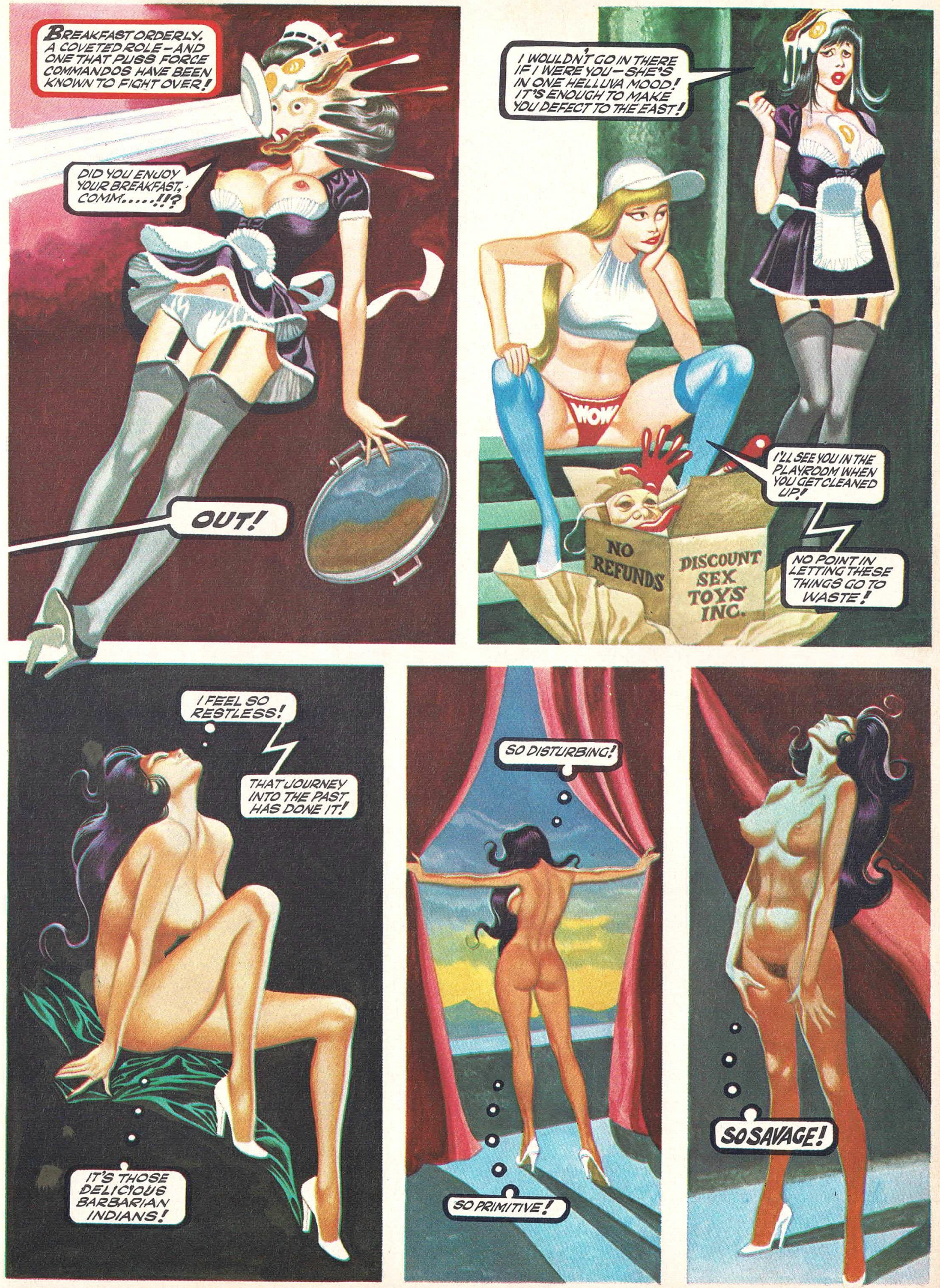
CAREFUL, THEY'RE STARKERS!

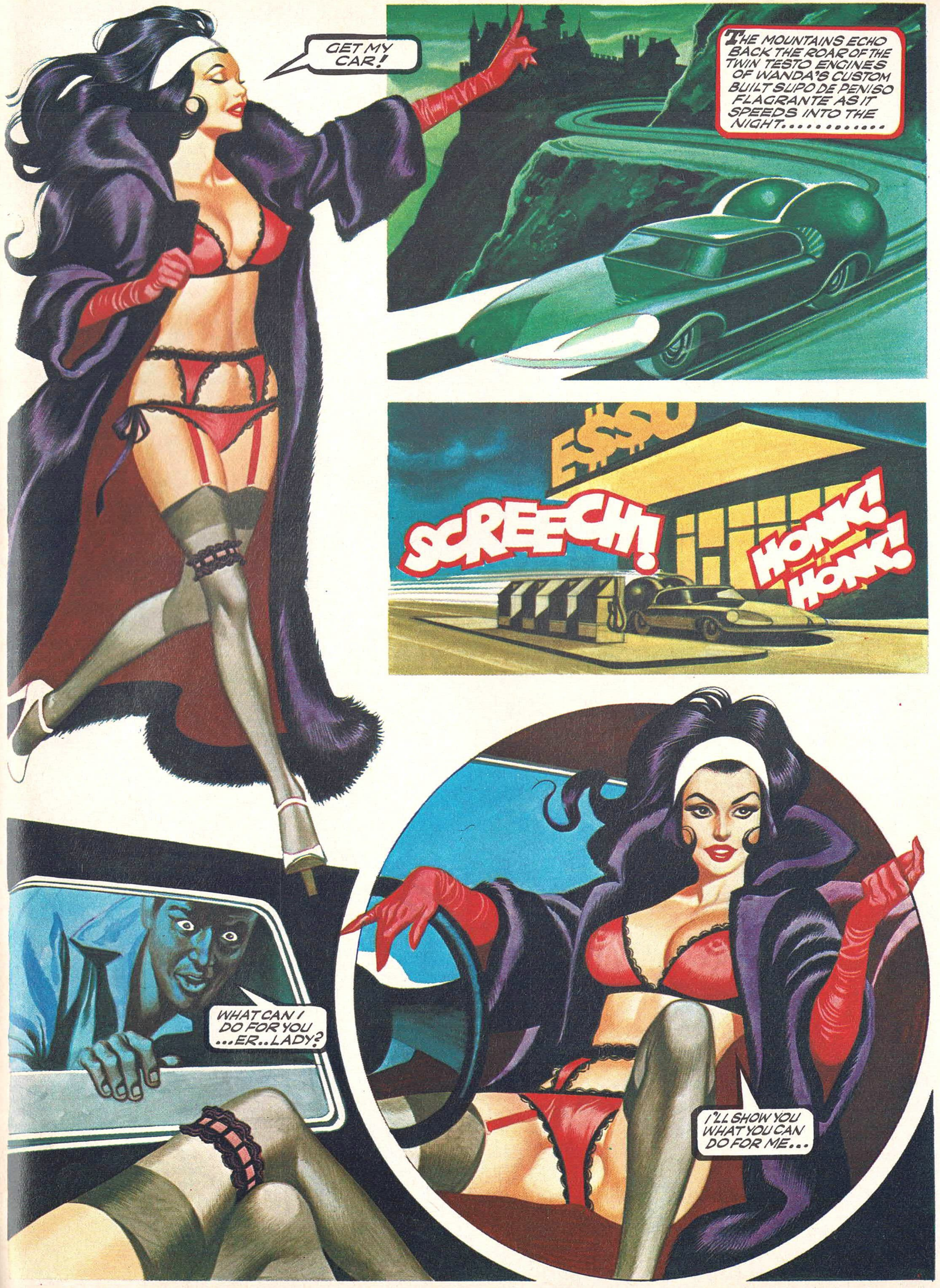
OH, WICKED WANDA!

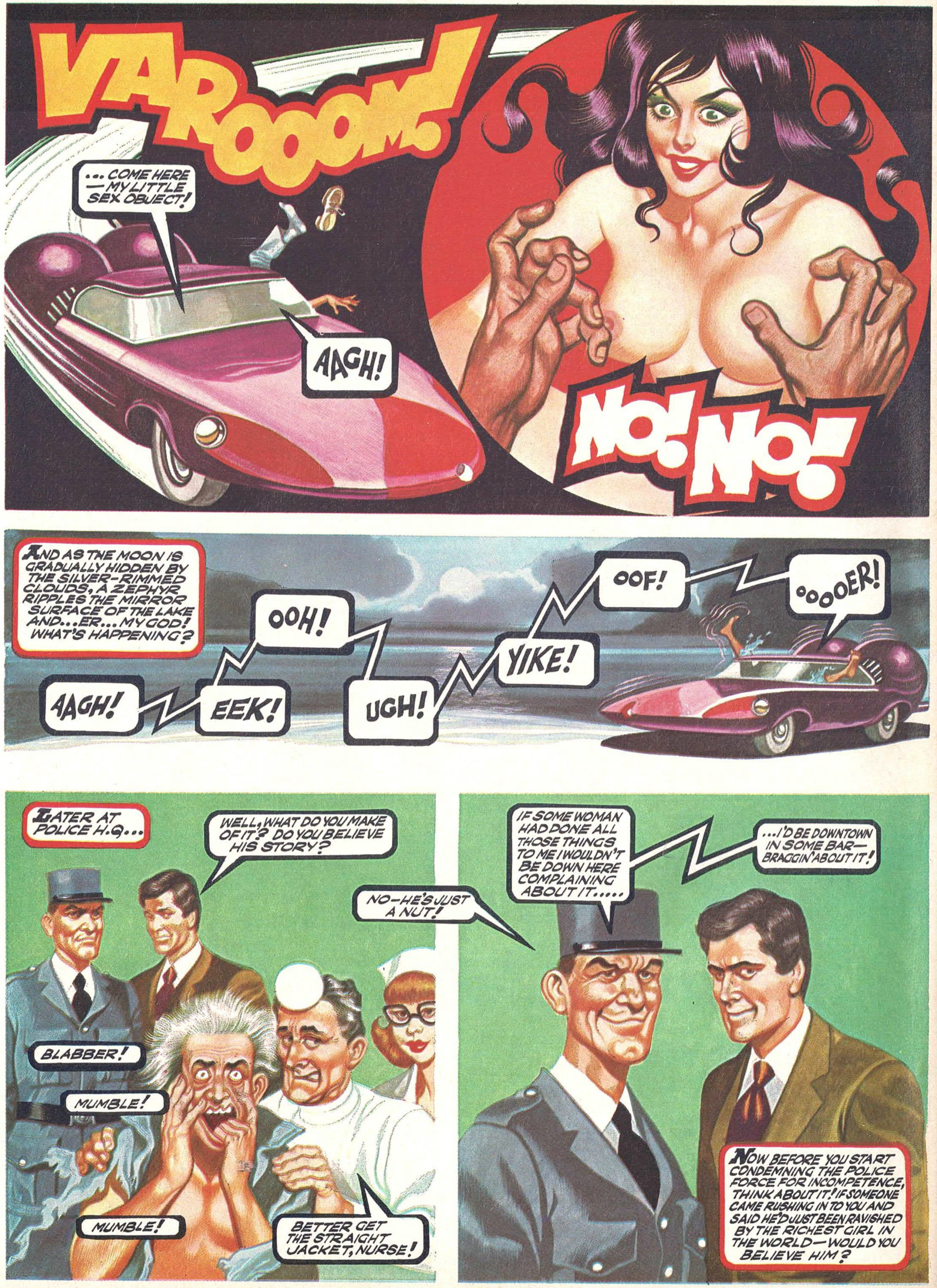

TM
MANY YEARS AGO, WANDA'S NOW DEFUNCT DADDY HAD BEEN EXPERIMENTING WITH TIME TRAVEL. THE ANTIQUATED APPARATUS HAS BEEN DISCOVERED BY WANDA AND CO. IN A REMOTE PART OF THE SCHLOSS. A FIRST, TENTATIVE TIME TRIP HAS BEEN MADE, BUT THE MECHANISM HAS PROVED TO BE A TOTALLY UNRELIABLE AND PRIMITIVE PIECE OF MACHINERY. IF YOU ARE IN THE LEAST BIT INTERESTED IN ALL THIS — READ ON!
BY ANY STANDARDS THAT KID IS A HORRIBLE LITTLE SPOILED, OVER INDULGED, GREEDY BRAT! AN' I WISH TO HELL IT WAS ME!
I MUST ADMIT IT'S NICE TO ENJOY THE SIMPLE LUXURIES OF THE SCHLOSS AFTER OUR SOJOURN IN THE WILDERNESS!
YOU CAN KEEP THOSE SMELLY OLD BUFFALO ROBES!

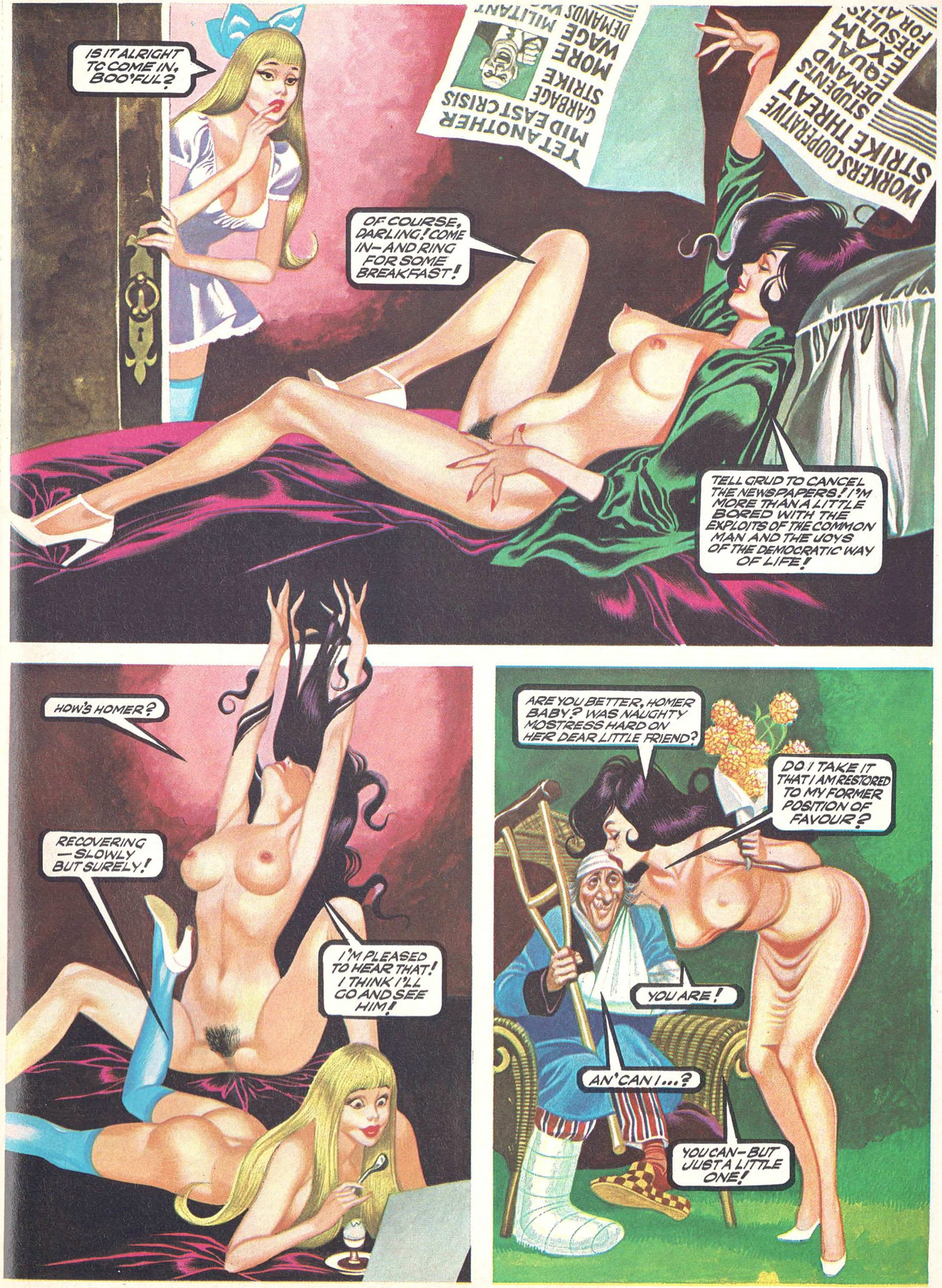
by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON

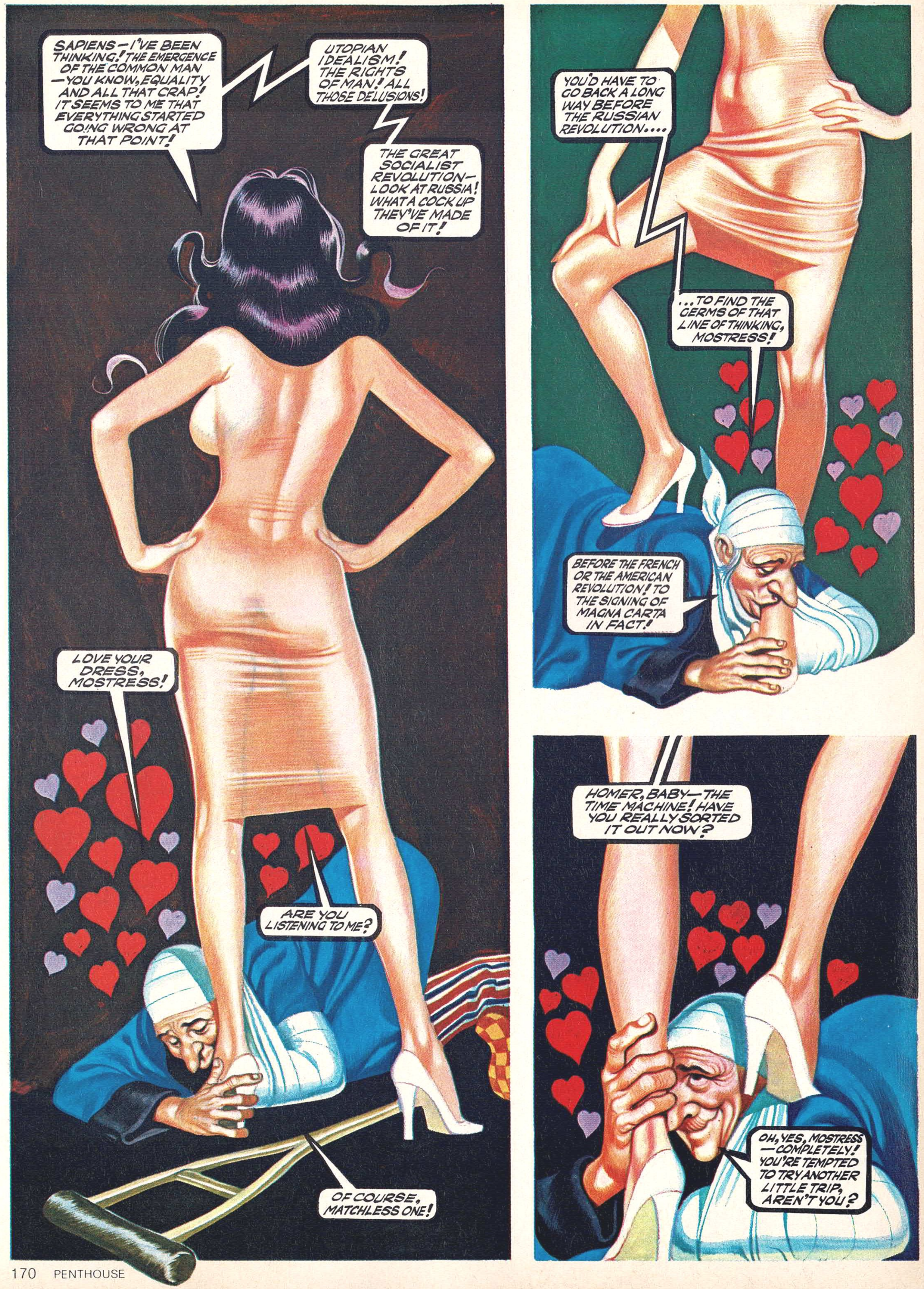

YOU KNOW THOSE PERFECT DAYS — WHEN INNOCENT GIRLISH LAUGHTER DRIFTS ACROSS THE LAWNS AND THE AIR IS HEAVY WITH NOSTALGIA AND LATE AFTERNOON SUNLIGHT? THAT'S WHAT IT'S LIKE AT THE SCHLOSS AT THIS VERY MOMENT..............
IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU UP AND ABOUT AGAIN, HOMER. I HOPE YOU'RE FEELING BETTER?..ER.. HAVE YOU SEEN THE MOSTRESS SINCE SHE..ER ..GAVE VENT TO HER DISPLEASURE!
NO, I HAVEN'T! SHE'S BEEN LOCKED AWAY IN THE PINK BOUDOIR WITH CANDY-FLOSS AND ODD MEMBERS OF THE PUSS FORCE FOR THE LAST MONTH! I'VE NEVER KNOWN IT SO QUIET AROUND HERE!
WELL, IT COULDN'T LAST, COULD IT?
RIGHT! THAT'S ENOUGH!
EVERYBODY OUT! I WANT TO BE ALONE!
ONE THING YOU'LL NEVER BECOME AROUND HERE — COMPLACENT!
LIVIN' IN THIS PLACE IS LIKE LIVIN' ON THE BRINK OF A VOLCANO!

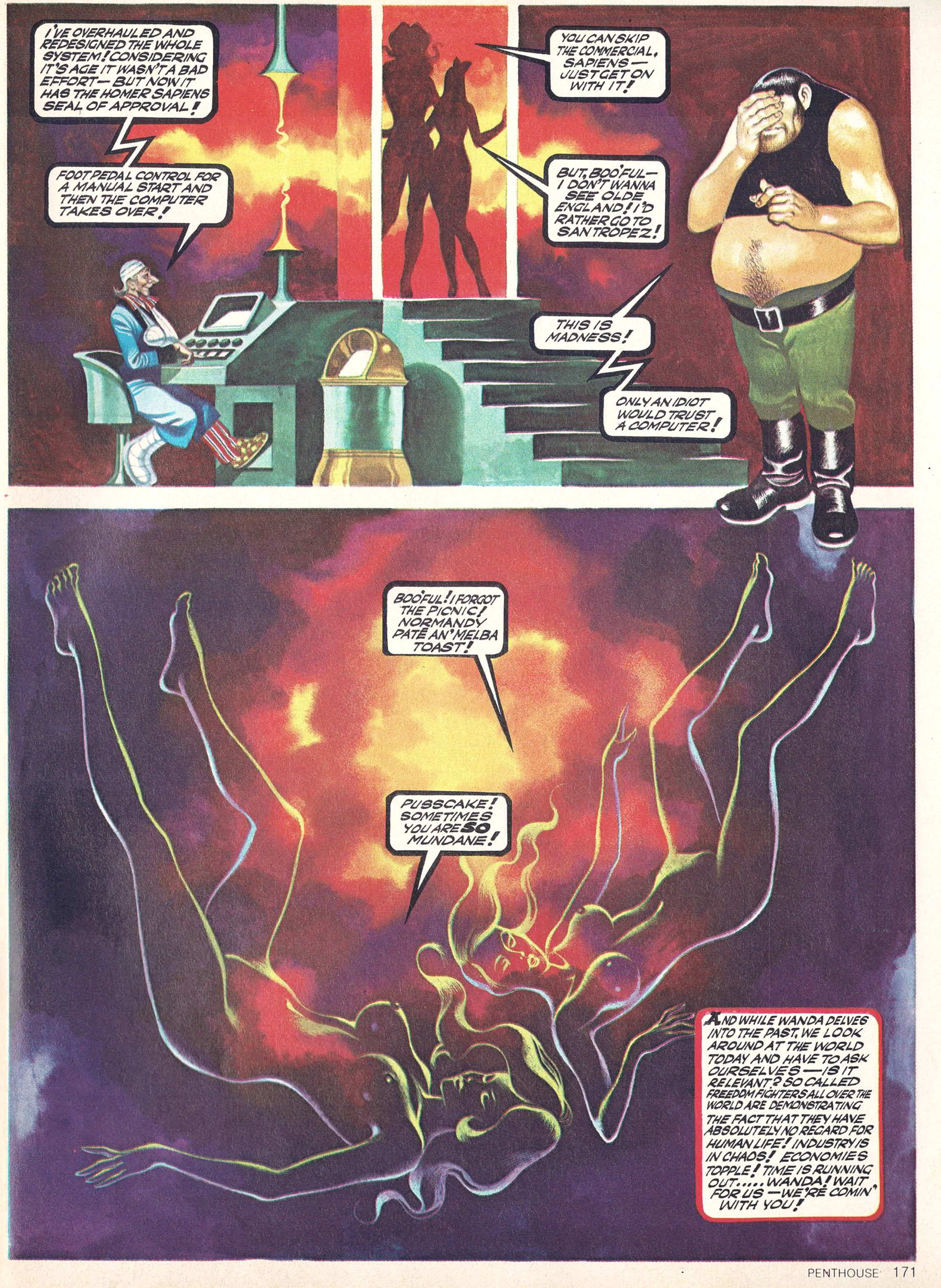

BREAKFAST ORDERLY. A COVETED ROLE—AND ONE THAT PUSS FORCE COMMANDOS HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO FIGHT OVER!
DID YOU ENJOY YOUR BREAKFAST, COMM.....!!?
OUT!
I WOULDN'T GO IN THERE IF I WERE YOU—SHE'S IN ONE HELLUVA MOOD! IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE YOU DEFECT TO THE EAST!
WOW
I'LL SEE YOU IN THE PLAYROOM WHEN YOU GET CLEANED UP!
NO POINT IN LETTING THESE THINGS GO TO WASTE!
NO REFUNDS
DISCOUNT SEX TOYS INC.
I FEEL SO RESTLESS!
THAT JOURNEY INTO THE PAST HAS DONE IT!
IT'S THOSE DELICIOUS BARBARIAN INDIANS!
SO DISTURBING!
SO PRIMITIVE!
SO SAVAGE!


GET MY CAR!
THE MOUNTAINS ECHO BACK THE ROAR OF THE TWIN TESTO ENGINES OF WANDA'S CUSTOM BUILT SUPO DE PENISO FLAGRANTE AS IT SPEEDS INTO THE NIGHT........
E$$O
SCREECH!
HONK! HONK!
WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU ...ER..LADY?
I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT YOU CAN DO FOR ME...


VAROOOM!
...COME HERE —MY LITTLE SEX OBJECT!
AAGH!
NO! NO!
AND AS THE MOON IS GRADUALLY HIDDEN BY THE SILVER-RIMMED CLOUDS, A ZEPHYR RIPPLES THE MIRROR SURFACE OF THE LAKE AND...ER...MY GOD! WHAT'S HAPPENING?
AAGH!
EEK!
OOH!
UGH!
YIKE!
OOF!
OOOOER!
LATER AT POLICE H.Q...
WELL, WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT? DO YOU BELIEVE HIS STORY?
BLABBER!
MUMBLE!
MUMBLE!
BETTER GET THE STRAIGHT JACKET, NURSE!
NO—HE'S JUST A NUT!
IF SOME WOMAN HAD DONE ALL THOSE THINGS TO ME I WOULDN'T BE DOWN HERE COMPLAINING ABOUT IT.....
...I'D BE DOWNTOWN IN SOME BAR— BRAGGIN' ABOUT IT!
NOW BEFORE YOU START CONDEMNING THE POLICE FORCE FOR INCOMPETENCE, THINK ABOUT IT! IF SOMEONE CAME RUSHING IN TO YOU AND SAID HE'D JUST BEEN RAVISHED BY THE RICHEST GIRL IN THE WORLD—WOULD YOU BELIEVE HIM?


IS IT ALRIGHT TO COME IN, BOO'FUL?
YET ANOTHER MID EAST CRISIS
GARBAGE STRIKE
MORE WAGE DEMANDS
MILITANT
WORKERS COOPERATIVE STRIKE THREAT
STUDENTS DEMAND EQUAL EXAM RESULTS FOR ALL
OF COURSE, DARLING! COME IN—AND RING FOR SOME BREAKFAST!
TELL CRUD TO CANCEL THE NEWSPAPERS! I'M MORE THAN A LITTLE BORED WITH THE EXPLOITS OF THE COMMON MAN AND THE JOYS OF THE DEMOCRATIC WAY OF LIFE!
HOW'S HOMER?
RECOVERING —SLOWLY BUT SURELY!
I'M PLEASED TO HEAR THAT! I THINK I'LL GO AND SEE HIM!
ARE YOU BETTER, HOMER BABY? WAS NAUGHTY MOSTRESS HARD ON HER DEAR LITTLE FRIEND?
DO I TAKE IT THAT I AM RESTORED TO MY FORMER POSITION OF FAVOUR?
YOU ARE!
AN' CAN I...?
YOU CAN—BUT JUST A LITTLE ONE!


SAPIENS—I'VE BEEN THINKING! THE EMERGENCE OF THE COMMON MAN—YOU KNOW, EQUALITY AND ALL THAT CRAP! IT SEEMS TO ME THAT EVERYTHING STARTED GOING WRONG AT THAT POINT!
UTOPIAN IDEALISM! THE RIGHTS OF MAN! ALL THOSE DELUSIONS!
THE GREAT SOCIALIST REVOLUTION—LOOK AT RUSSIA! WHAT A COCK UP THEY'VE MADE OF IT!
LOVE YOUR DRESS, MOSTRESS!
ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?
OF COURSE, MATCHLESS ONE!
YOU'D HAVE TO GO BACK A LONG WAY BEFORE THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION....
...TO FIND THE GERMS OF THAT LINE OF THINKING, MOSTRESS!
BEFORE THE FRENCH OR THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION! TO THE SIGNING OF MAGNA CARTA IN FACT!
HOMER, BABY—THE TIME MACHINE! HAVE YOU REALLY SORTED IT OUT NOW?
OH, YES, MOSTRESS—COMPLETELY! YOU'RE TEMPTED TO TRY ANOTHER LITTLE TRIP, AREN'T YOU?


I'VE OVERHAULED AND REDESIGNED THE WHOLE SYSTEM! CONSIDERING IT'S AGE IT WASN'T A BAD EFFORT—BUT NOW IT HAS THE HOMER SAPIENS SEAL OF APPROVAL!
FOOT PEDAL CONTROL FOR A MANUAL START AND THEN THE COMPUTER TAKES OVER!
YOU CAN SKIP THE COMMERCIAL, SAPIENS—JUST GET ON WITH IT!
BUT, BOO'FUL—I DON'T WANNA SEE OLDE ENGLAND! I'D RATHER GO TO SAN TROPEZ!
THIS IS MADNESS!
ONLY AN IDIOT WOULD TRUST A COMPUTER!
BOO'FUL! I FORGOT THE PICNIC! NORMANDY PATÉ AN' MELBA TOAST!
PUSSCAKE! SOMETIMES YOU ARE SO MUNDANE!
AND WHILE WANDA DELVES INTO THE PAST, WE LOOK AROUND AT THE WORLD TODAY AND HAVE TO ASK OURSELVES—IS IT RELEVANT? SO CALLED FREEDOM FIGHTERS ALL OVER THE WORLD ARE DEMONSTRATING THE FACT THAT THEY HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO REGARD FOR HUMAN LIFE! INDUSTRY IS IN CHAOS! ECONOMIES TOPPLE! TIME IS RUNNING OUT.... WANDA! WAIT FOR US—WE'RE COMIN' WITH YOU!

A SAAB FOR ALL SEASONS

The Saab 900 gets its durability from racing on unpaved roads, its high-tech styling from jet fighters, and its power from a turbo engine.

BY JOHN HAMPSHIRE

In the Sixties, it was safety. In the Seventies, car makers were confronted with two issues even more crucial to the continuation of the motor car as a form of personal transport — energy use and pollution controls. The answers they come up with in the Eighties will probably determine the shape of our society.

When the problems really started to bite in the middle of the decade, manufacturers had to scramble for answers which would let them keep producing cars — for some years at least — which had all the desirable attributes of cars made up to then, with as few of the gas-guzzling and emission vices as possible.

In that sense, Saab of Sweden were the first to bite back. In 1977 the company introduced the series 99 Turbo. It was able to act so quickly because, as luck would have it, it had already considered turbocharging its four-cylinder passenger cars as a way of avoiding the cost and design problems of shoe-horning a six-cylinder motor into the engine bay to satisfy demands for more power.

This meant Saab was able to introduce the 1979 900 series Turbo with two years' intimate experience up its sleeve, when

turbo
TURBO
AKM-219

General Motors and Ford in the US were just reaching serious production levels with their turbo cars, and anyone in Australia without financial access to a Saab or Porsche Turbo had to settle for bolt-ons if he wanted the boost.

It's almost inevitable that the increased power aspect of the Saab Turbo will be the first item of any conversation about the car, but it shouldn't be allowed to dominate discussion entirely. The fact is, the car has a degree of *intellectual* appeal rarely derived from the general run of tin boxes with a wheel at each corner.

The Saab Turbo had instant appeal to everyone who rode in it while I was testing it, but it is really only on reflection — as you analyse all the clever design which gives the car its immediate impact — that you come to appreciate how much thought has gone into every aspect of the machine.

The turbocharger is a desirable unit in today's energy-conscious terms because it supplies, on demand, the power of a much bigger motor. When that power is not required — usually about 80 percent of driving time — smaller motor economy is gained. In pollution terms, the more efficient burn associated with an increased supply of air in the combustion chamber reduces considerably the sulphur, nitrogen and carbon compounds emitted after each firing.

Turbochargers, in principle, are simple: exhaust gases are used to drive a small turbine, which delivers compressed fresh air to the engine. This allows more fuel to be burned at each piston stroke, which means more power. Yet within that simple statement of the principle lies a complex array of factors which must be exactly attuned to each other for the system to work, or even just to avoid destroying the motor.

Saab's turbocharger *works,* and in probably the best way possible to satisfy the city and country demands of most drivers. The key to its successful use is the dashboard turbo gauge, which responds to inlet air pressure. It tells you, as the needle flicks up and down a white, orange and red line, when the motor is running "off-boost" (white segment) — that is, with air being supplied at a rate no greater than a non-turbo engine would receive — what degree of boost (orange) is being applied and whether too much boost (red) is being applied. Other safety elements react to the threat of overboost, so you should never see the needle in the red.

This gauge — as well as the jet-like thrust when you pull the turbo in — lets you know exactly how you stand at any engine speed, which means the choice is yours: drive for speed, drive for economy or mix both in your own proportions.

Fuel consumption is not stunningly good for a two-litre four-cylinder car, as one might expect with the turbocharger. My figure over 1400km, including a 1120km round trip from Sydney to Armidale, was 13.69l/100km (20.63mpg). The best I obtained was 12.17l/100km (23.21 mpg), not so far removed from Saab's own figure of 11.5l/100km (24.56mpg), achieved under the DIN constant-running test.

For maximum fuel economy, Saab suggests changing gears at very low engine speeds, effectively keeping the car running at under 2200 rpm where the turbo starts to cut in. Adhering to this, while slow, is easy. The Turbo is not a traffic-light demon, but comes into its own at consistently high-speed highway running.

The advice to drive at such low engine speeds also demonstrates a great deal of faith in the relatively small motor to withstand the potentially very damaging stresses which affect engines under high load at low speed. The free-revving Saab motor showed no signs of not being up to the task.

Two other important motor vehicle functions manifested themselves favorably on the long run: comfort and handling.

The blue velour seats, as well as aesthetically matching the blue metallic paintwork, are outstandingly comfortable for driver and passengers. Only the most unfortunately afflicted driver could not adjust the seating to suit him perfectly, achieving the proper working relationship between feet and broad, well-placed pedals, and hands and comfortable, leather-bound steering wheel. Important to the ability of the driver to place himself where he feels most comfortable is the fact that no compromises need be made to retain excellent forward and side visibility, and an adequate rear view.

Handling is nothing less than sensational. The Saab Turbo is the lean and hungry quarterhorse of the thoroughbred motoring stable, capable of quick, nimble lunges, rapid bursts of acceleration, light-footed twists and turns and razor-sharp responses.

The 900 is built on a wider and longer chassis than the 99 series and, combined with the front-wheel drive, this helps to give the three-door version and its Pirelli P6 tyres a limpet-like grip on the road. The five-door version (mainly because of its greater weight) is set up for the Michelin TRX tyre, which I am told performs in an equally efficient way. Some writers have reported that the P6s can break away suddenly in wet conditions, but I found wet traction to be perfectly satisfactory.

The 99 Turbo had quite a bad inside wheel-hop problem under power, which had been thoroughly corrected in the 900. You can still get that nasty juddering through the steering wheel — a problem intrinsic to front-wheel drive designs — but you have to work a lot harder to make it happen. Many drivers would never experience it.

On the highway the balance between the positive, power-assisted steering, the weight distribution and the power of the turbo unit make the Saab Turbo one of the fastest point-to-point vehicles on the Australian market.

Once you get up to speed and are driving "off-turbo", any need for power to pull you through curves and up hills is met by putting the foot down and moving the turbo gauge needle into the orange. The effect is felt instantly, and a close watch ahead must be maintained because of the speed with which you can come up behind lesser vehicles.

Naturally, a car with such potential speed must be equipped with brakes to match, as is the Saab. The servo-assisted discs — larger on the front than the back — worked superbly both times I had the test car, the first with considerable wear on the pads and the second time at about 15,000km with fresher pads.

A test car life of 15,000km is very hard on any vehicle, which is entirely the point: the idea is to see what bits fall off or stop working. In a mechanical sense, no major work has been required. The brake pads have been changed and a cut tyre replaced. Most impressively, the clutch remained light, smooth and progressive over the test periods, despite the severe caning it must have received.

Two problems had developed: the Philips 868 radio, which didn't impress me overmuch, had one faulty speaker; and the bonnet roller just ahead of the driver's door rattled most annoyingly once off the smooth city freeways. The roller is there each side because the bonnet has to roll forward to clear the front grille before elevating from the rear.

This makes opening the bonnet in a garage quite a performance for the onlookers, who get another kick when they peer at all those pipes in the engine bay. Yet the layout is simple and straightforward, and I should imagine not too difficult to work on.

The problem with the roller is accentuated because the suspension is quite rigid for a sedan of this type. Saab has chosen not to sacrifice positive handling traits for a softer, quieter ride, and how well you accept that depends on what you expect from a car. The American magazine *Popular Science* gave the five-door Turbo zero out of five for quietness, while *Modern Motor* here rated it five out of five.

One clear mark against the car for me was the inability to direct fresh air onto the face without also having either heated or cooled air being delivered somewhere into the car. The factory air-conditioning controls are very well laid out and it works well, apart from that one point — although the cooled air system makes quite significant demands on engine power.

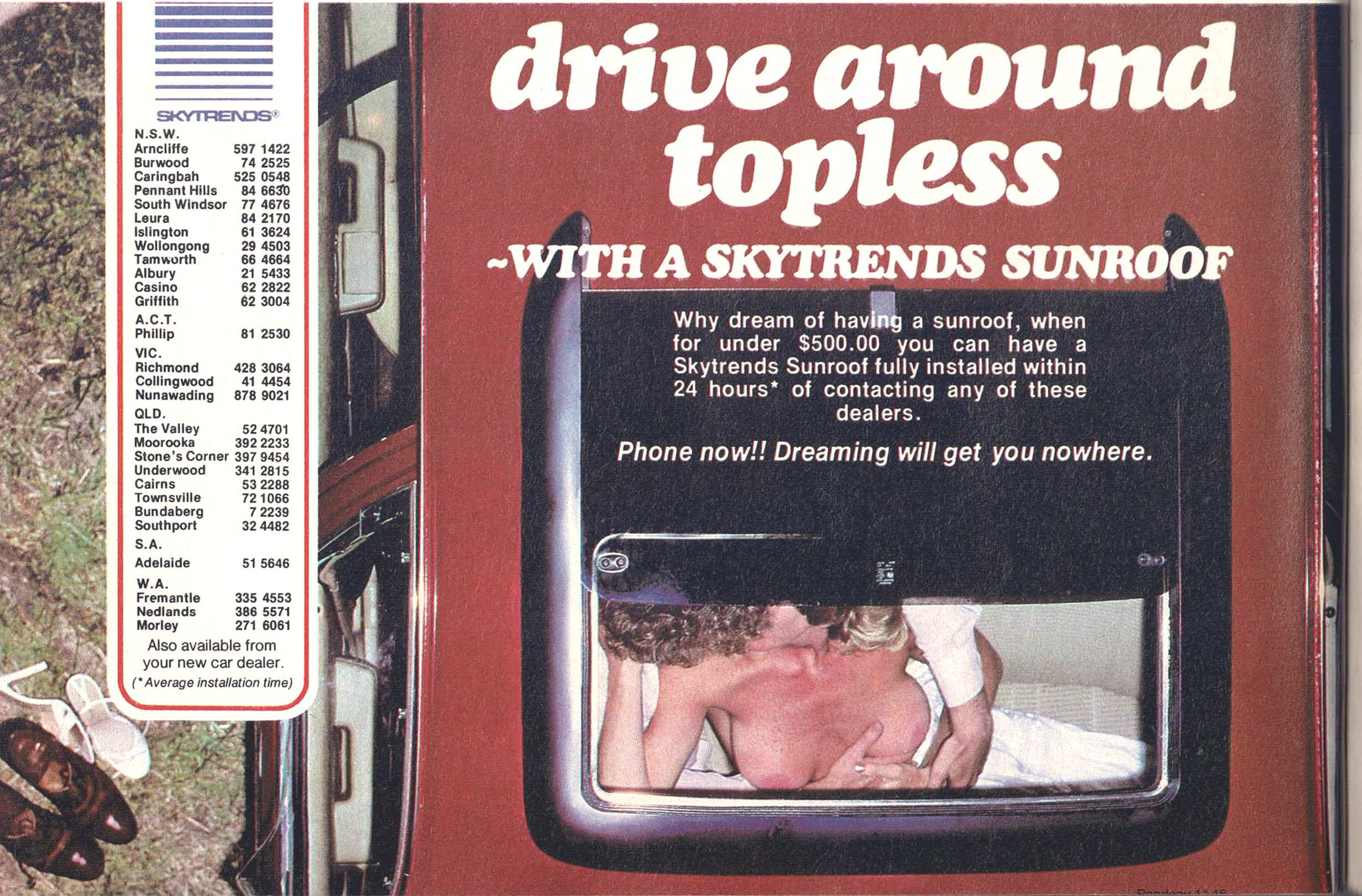
This may seem a trivial issue on which to criticise a car, but the fact remains that the Saab Turbo three-door ($23,500) and five-door ($24,600) are in a market where such points are not expected to arise. Also, the rest of the car is so damn good, bad points stick out.

If any more incentive were needed to recommend the five-door as one of the best family cars on our market, the fact that the 1980 range will have a five-speed gearbox would do it. The extra flexibility will add a nice touch to a car which is quick, clean, economical and which has a surprising amount of available room. The rear seats can fold away to provide more space than some station wagons, and the hatchback has no sill to impede entry.

In common with another famous Swedish marque, the Saab range is sturdily built and has ample evidence of the close attention to corrosion required of a Scandinavian car.

The flexibility, economy and power of the Saab have inspired some owners to wax lyrical. One lady lucky enough to be able to afford a five-door Turbo as the family car said simply: "It's the best car I've every owned." She has had more expensive cars at her command.

Experience with my family while testing the three-door version did highlight the convenience two more doors would offer. Apart from that, I can say the Saab Turbo was one of the most enjoyable and well-behaved cars I have tested.



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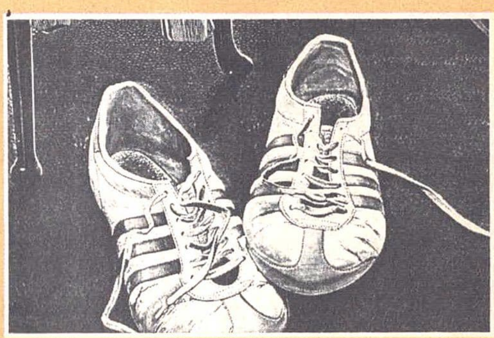
The Runner

SPECIAL BACK-TO-SCHOOL ISSUE

Australia's education system is in an unholy mess. From the dream of the Wyndham report came the great explosion of money into universities and colleges of advanced education — started by Menzies, fed by Holt, Gorton and McMahon, force fed by Whitlam, and perpetuated as a bureaucratic gargoyle by Fraser. The result is that the universities are wealthy beyond their dreams, bloated with students, and totally corrupted in their intellectual standards. And from their hallowed portals come students armed with useless degrees and Mickey Mouse diplomas.

In this series of special reports Maxwell Newton looks at the vast money explosion and concludes that in order to spend their newfound riches, universities have accommodated more and more of the intellectual dross who are, not to put too fine a point on it — dumb. David Hirst reports on the worst colleges in the nation and tells how you can spend years studying "bullshit" courses to better prepare yourself for a lifetime of unemployment.

Vanda and Young — Harry Vanda and George Young are the most enigmatic musicians in the nation — and the most talented. Freelance rock writer Ross Stapleton traces the Easybeats legacy from the days of booze, drugs and bust-ups through to today when Vanda and Young are acclaimed around the world as songwriters and record producers *par excellence.*

Ten Visions of the Future — As Australia enters the Eighties, Max Teichmann, senior lecturer in politics at Monash University, postulates two directions for the nation in this decade. The first, and most likely, presents the view of a cynical, fragmented population, exploited by its self-serving political leadership. For the second, Teichmann says: "There is another possible, and more beneficial, chain of events which can be achieved — a unique society with problems of its own, solutions of its own, and opportunities of its own."

The Runner — He runs. That is, he "jogs". Every morning he puts on his tracksuit, a pair of fancy running shoes, and trundles out into the misty streets. And as he passes the pain barrier he rises to his own very special level of ecstasy — in the arms of his lovers. Melbourne writer Ross Dimsey's humorous fiction work will strike a chord with all joggers — and lovers.

Painted Ladies of the Amazon — We consider ourselves civilised. We have all the trappings of a materialistic society. We are divided over morals, hung up on sexual relations. Deep in the Brazilian jungle live tribes of Indians, discovered by white men only 40 years ago, who are still untouched by our moral codes or diseases. This series of pictures and an extract from the forthcoming book *Xingu* (William Collins) is an absorbing study of the ultimate alternative society.

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